DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

5¢ a copy

May 2, 1931

# Collier's

THE N EKLY

## Protection

*A novel as up-to-date as tonight*

**By** *the author of "Little Caesar" and "Iron Man"* **— W. R. Burnett**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOTHER'S DAY SUNDAY MAY THE TENTH

# *Mother's Choice is—* Mi Choice

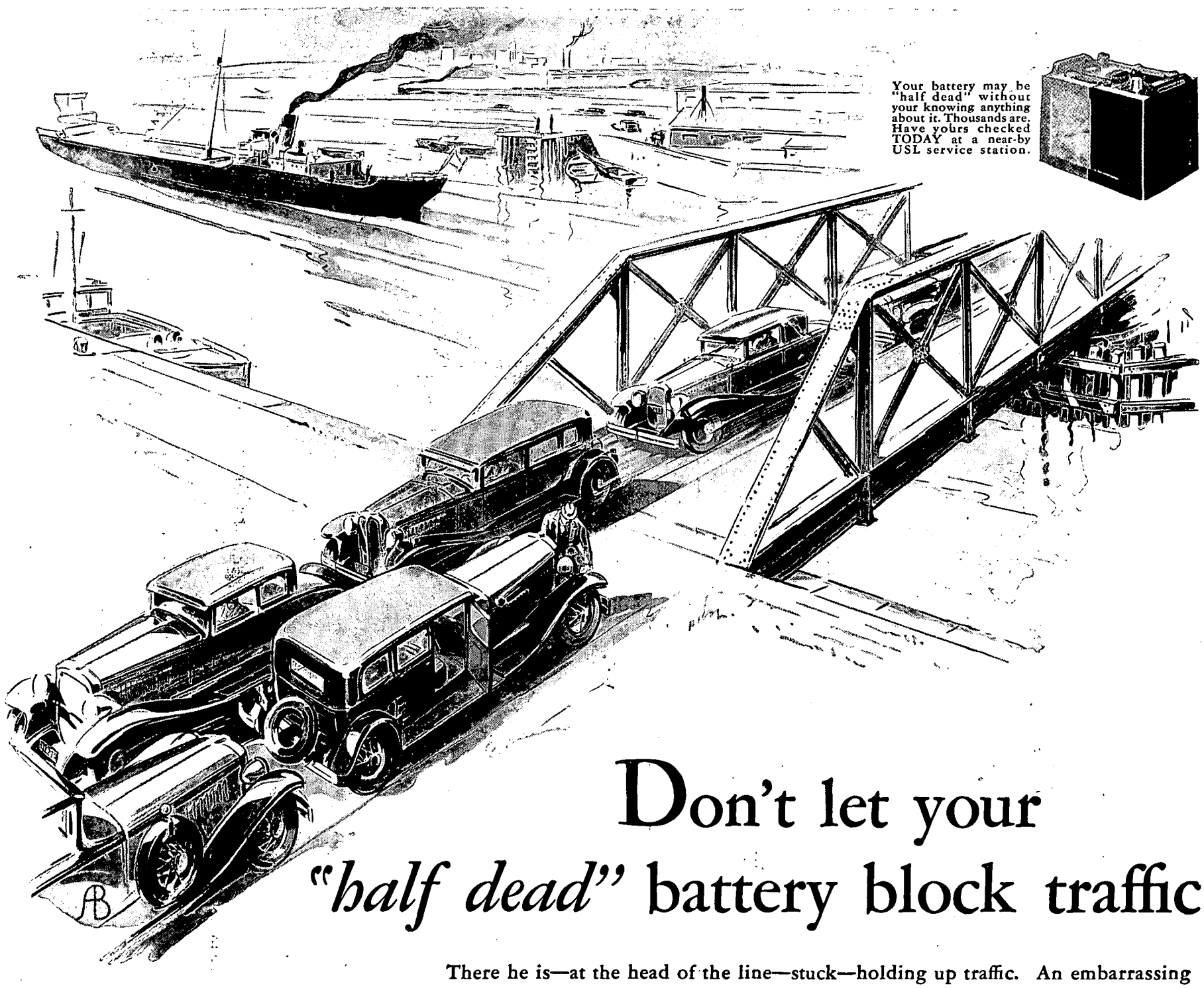
May tenth—a day of loving appreciation for the dearest mother in all the world. A little token from you then will be more precious to her than the big things you plan to give later. A box of Mi Choice superfine chocolates will be a welcome reminder of your love and thought for her happiness. Your dealer has Mi Choice in 1, 2, 3 and 5 pound boxes. Or order direct—$1.50 per pound or 25c for a miniature trial package, sent prepaid on receipt of price. Simply address 3301 Franklin Boulevard, Chicago.

BUNTE BROTHERS *(Established 1876)*

*Makers of Fine Candies For Every Occasion*

CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Your battery may be "half dead" without your knowing anything about it. Thousands are. Have yours checked TODAY at a near-by USL service station.

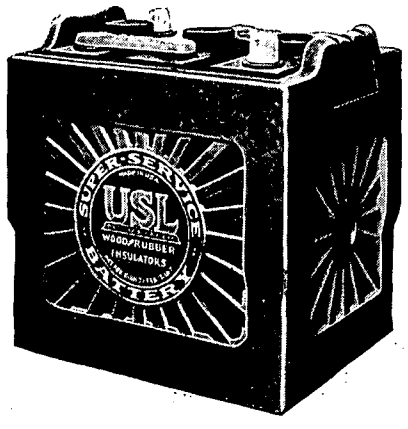
# Don't let your *"half dead"* battery block traffic

There he is—at the head of the line—stuck—holding up traffic. An embarrassing situation! Yes, and one that you yourself may be in *tomorrow* if the battery in your car is "half dead" now.

Few of us realize how much winter operation takes out of a battery—how nearly ready to quit it may be right now. It doesn't pay to take a chance.

No matter what make of battery you are using, drive NOW to a near-by USL service station and have it tested. Don't wait until neglect has killed it. That's what causes most trouble. Regular attention by USL Service Stations has prolonged the life of millions of batteries.

Many motorists are playing safe and actually saving money by taking advantage of the liberal USL Trade-In Plan. Ask your USL dealer to explain it. Get ready to enjoy summer driving! See the USL Service man now!




For motorists who demand the utmost in quality and long, dependable service, there is no better battery than the USL "Super-Service." Other dependable USL batteries are available at surprisingly low prices. In fact, a sturdy 13-plate USL "Frontier" battery costs only $7.35.

USL BATTERY CORPORATION • • NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

*Other factories at* Oakland, California . Toronto, Canada . Sydney, Australia . Manchester, England . Paris, France

## USL BATTERIES

*LONG LIFE—DEPENDABLE POWER*

OTHER USL PRODUCTS—Bus and Truck Batteries • • Station Type Batteries for Auxiliary Power and Telephone Service • • Trainlighting and Signal Batteries • • Dry Batteries for Radio, Ignition, Flashlight and Telephone Service • • Electric Arc Welders • • Radio and Industrial Condensers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

# THIS WEEK

*May 2, 1931*



Cover—George de Zayas

Page 7—W. R. Burnett

PROTECTION, Part I: An exciting new novel. Hold your hat.

Page 10—Corey Ford

SAILOR, BEWARE! With better luck this would have been a love story.

Page 12—W. B. Courtney

NOT GUILTY: Justice, besides being blind, is sometimes deaf.

Page 14—B. L. Jacot

A PARTY IN THE PARK: This *is* a love story.

Page 16—Sax Rohmer

YU'AN-HEE SEE LAUGHS, Part X: Won't somebody do something about this?

Page 18—Jo Pennington

ABOUT THE HOUSE: When, why and how to build.

Page 19—John B. Kennedy

SHRINKING STAR: Walter Huston, the shy fellow

Page 20—Edward Tomlinson

WHAT WAS THE SHOOTING ABOUT? Why revolutions happen.

Page 21—The Short Short Story

BAY WINDOW: By Dana Burnet

Page 22—Grantland Rice

LOOKING FOR A FIGHT: The lost art of fighting.

Page 25—Alan LeMay

GUNSIGHT TRAIL, Part IX: The conclusion, we regret to say.

Page 26—George S. Brooks

AND CHEAP ENOUGH: A lawyer's triumph which we deplore.

Page 28—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

PROGRESS OR PROTEST? The Democratic plan.

Page 30—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 34—Freling Foster

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD!

Page 62—Editorial

MEN OF THE WORLD


## Next Week

THE title of a highly interesting article William G. Shepherd has written about alien criminals is "What's Moral Turpitude?" The question is not merely rhetorical. We want to know because an alien criminal cannot be deported from this country unless he has committed a crime which merits that base but vague stigma. The phrase was put in the law to beat the white-slave traffic and smart lawyers have made it the shield and anchor of the alien gunman and racketeer.

So we have become more hospitable than we intended to be and a great many playful fellows who should be annoying their own home folks, if anyone, are robbing our banks, enjoying our jails for short periods, engaging in multifarious rackets, selling liquor and carrying on as if they belonged here. Uncle Sam's attempts to send some of them home have resulted in amazing stories.

—

TRAVEL is also the theme, in a general way, of George Weston's short story "Let's Get Married." How do you suppose those girls you see in the Sunday papers find the men they marry? They travel—Bar Harbor, Palm Beach, California, Europe. But if you are a working girl and live in a boarding house you can't travel, can you? Yes. You can travel from one boarding house to another. You'll see a great deal of the world that way.

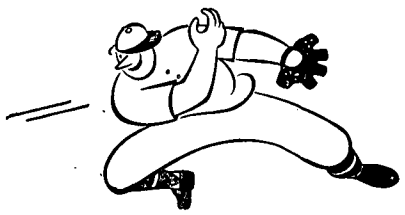
Mr. Weston's two young women decide to try it and they prove once again that you don't have to travel a thousand miles for adventure.

—

THE glamorous days of the packet trade on the Mississippi are lived again for you with all their bustle and color by Marse Harris Dickson in "River Boom." "Jedge" Dickson's memory of the River begins with the last burst of romance on its bosom. The spreading railroads were to cut it off quickly, but while it lasted it was a picturesque time, gay, graceful, prosperous, one of the wonders of the world. A fascinating article in which you will detect a bit of a sigh for departed glories.

—

AND there's a baseball story by Richard Connell about one of those ludicrous, golden-hearted lads whose unconscious antics make you laugh while you want to weep. They called him "A Moose on Roller Skates" and he was just "naturally on-handy," but he was a thoroughbred. You'll like the story even if you can't (heaven forbid) tell the difference between an inshoot and a home run.



PLUS Courtney Ryley Cooper's short story, "A West Wind;" William MacHarg's popular Detective O'Malley in another exploit; the Short Short Story by Guy Gilpatric; Aileen Riggin's article about bathing suits; W. R. Burnett's new novel; Sax Rohmer's heathen bad man, who keeps on laughing at the most unhumorous happenings; Grantland Rice, Professor Work, Freling Foster with a fresh load of amazing facts. There's more here than meets the eye.

## Any Week

YOU may not be glad to know it, but we sustained no serious injury when knocked right out of our chair a few days ago. It came about thus: Reaching page fourteen of the Marietta (Ohio) Times, without mishap we came upon a single paragraph of warning. Our secretary was urging the doctor to hurry when we came to.

"Notice is hereby given," the item read, "that we will do our best to protect our church property from being used as a loading station by rum runners. By order of trustees of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Barnett Ridge, Washington County, Ohio."

Had this intelligence come to us from a less reliable source we would have rejected it as an attempt to slander the birthplace of Wayne B. Wheeler, the home of the Anti-Saloon League, Colonel Simeon Fess and Private Walter F. Brown who, if you're interested, is Mr. Hoover's Postmaster General.

—

STILL weak, we read with sympathy a sizzling letter from Mr. Jonas O. Lange of Bismarck, North Dakota, who takes seven pages to tell us that in sixty-six years of life's ups and downs he has become an expert on what's good and what isn't. But, says he, Collier's Radio Hour is "rotten and should be legislated off the air."

There is at least one feature of our radio hour that Mr. Lange seems to have overlooked. It is that no law has been enacted making it unlawful for him to refuse to listen.

—

WE'VE had a number of demands lately for the identity of Uncle Henry. The old boy's fine satirical observations are written by Mr. George Creel. The voice you hear on the radio each Sunday night is that of Mr. W. P. Adams.

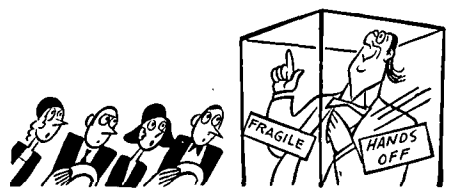
—

"COLLIER'S comes to us through our daughter, Mrs. M. J. Corbett, North Portland, Oregon," says Mr. Charles F. Johnson of Tsinan, Shantung, China, "and it's a very welcome visitor."

This and similar applause from Johannesburg, South Africa; Jerusalem, Palestine; and Melbourne, Australia, gives us a feeling of importance. Makes us a little humble too.

—

"IF COLLIER'S were any less interesting," writes Miss Eugenia May Helfenstein of St. Louis, "I wouldn't have chosen to read it last Friday night instead of going to a party that turned out to be a brawl."




BUT we're getting smug. Therefore we sock ourselves on the button with a warning from Mr. Thomas G. McArdle of Los Angeles that he will discontinue reading us and urge his friends to follow suit unless we work up more reverence for "men who by the vote of the people occupy high places like governor, representative, senator and even President." Unable to generate this blind worship of occupants of high places we are, says Mr. McArdle, "tolerating reds and radicals."


Vol. 87, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio.


Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

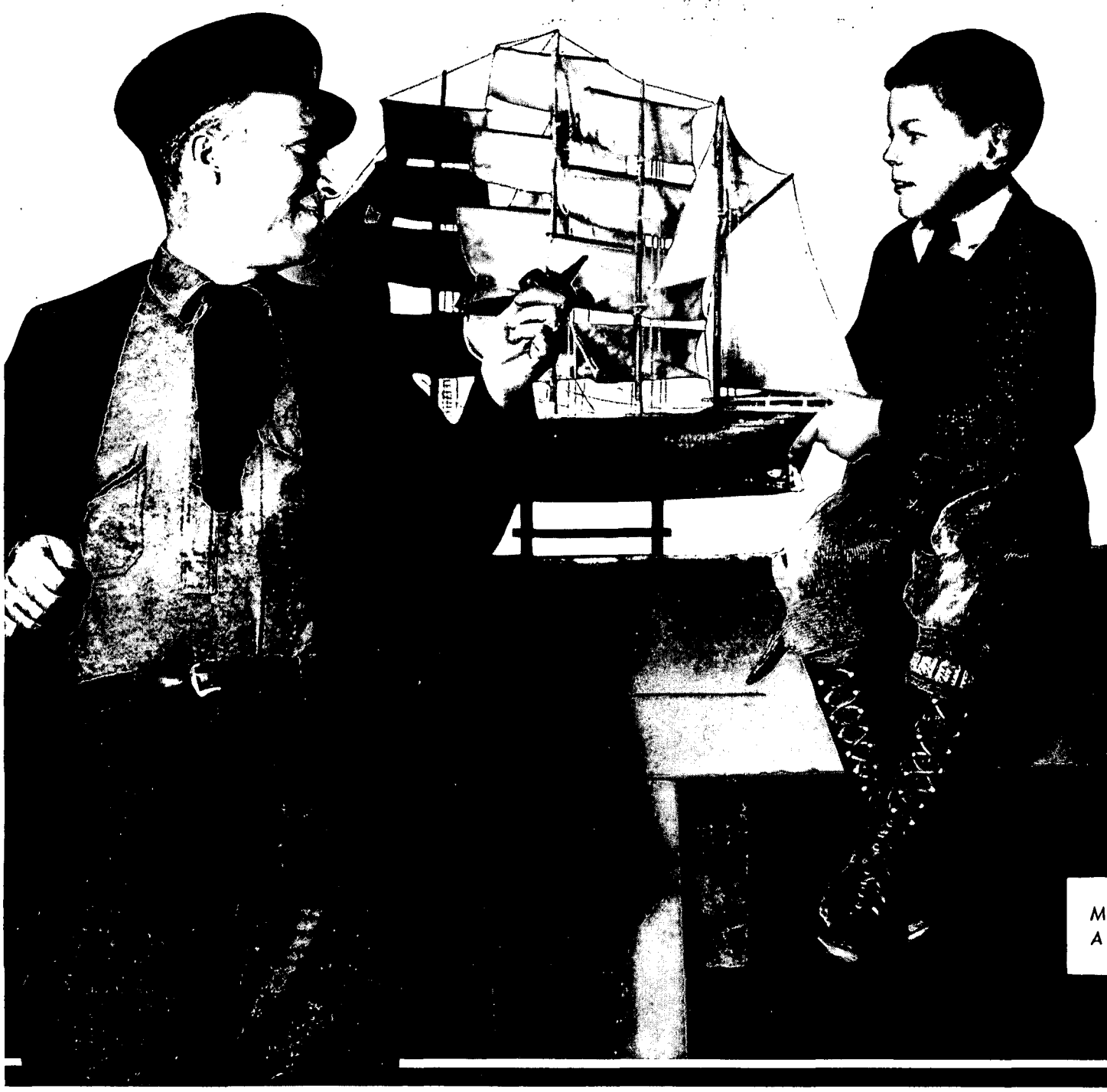

Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

***$2.00 a year in the United States and Canada; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.***





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

# KNOWING WHAT TO DO . . . AND DOING IT

What a wealth of friendly feeling arises from doing things for people! Knowing how and then carrying through, no matter what the difficulties may be.

Every motorist wants quick acceleration in his car, so we decided that Oakland and Pontiac owners should have that advantage in extra measure. And now it's interesting to look back and see how we got it. . . .

Increase the compression ratio . . . therefore strengthen connecting rods and wrist pins. . . . Build the crankshaft and its bearings to take the heavier power thrusts—strengthen clutch, transmission, universals, propeller shaft and axles. . . . Check everywhere to see that with the new quality we kept every desirable old one. . . . New materials, new design, new precision manufacturing . . . and constant watchfulness.

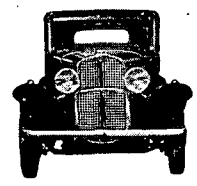
Was it worth all that time and expense, just for a few seconds' speedier getaway? We thought so, and now apparently thousands of motorists agree with us.

Of course you don't want the endless details involved in giving you more and smoother power, larger brakes, Fisher bodies of even greater comfort. You go by results. And so, with due apologies for this one excursion into mechanics (satisfying to our pride as craftsmen!) we will let the cars speak for themselves. You'll find them surprisingly responsive to anything you may ask of them on the road.

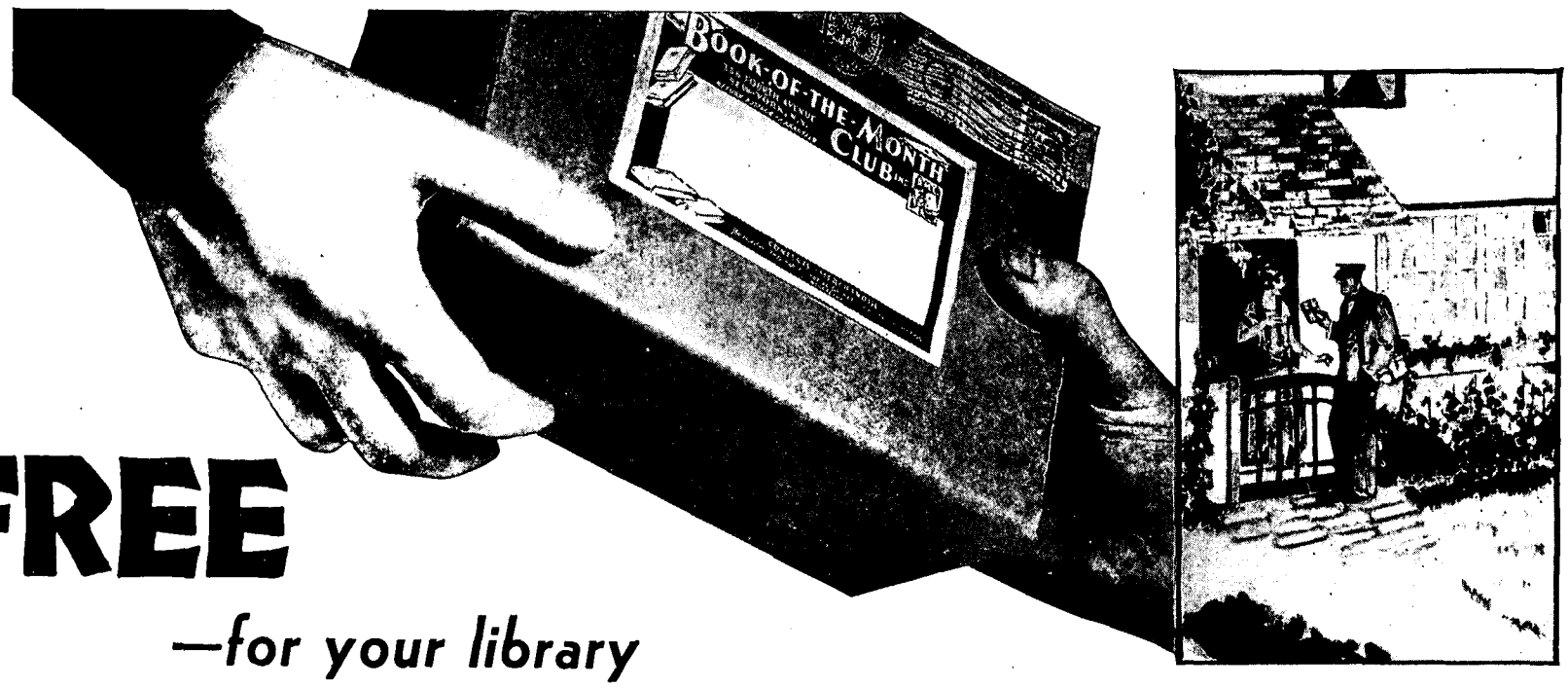
**OAKLAND 8** **PONTIAC 6**

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

Bodies by Fisher



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# FREE

*—for your library*

# The Complete SHERLOCK HOLMES

**in two volumes—1000 pages each—SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE MEMORIAL EDITION**

## —if you join the Book-of-the-Month Club now. It costs you nothing to belong . . .

A great many people (we know) have been inclined to join the Book-of-the-Month Club, but have neglected to do so largely through oversight. This special offer is made, frankly, to overcome this procrastination by making it worth while for you not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you get full information now about what the Book-of-the-Month Club does for you, and then decide once for all whether you want to join. The fact that approximately 100,000 judicious readers belong to the organization—that they represent the most prominent people in every profession and every walk of life—that not a single one was induced to join by a salesman or by personal solicitation of any kind, but did so after simply reading the facts about what the Club does for book-readers—all these are indications that it is worth your while at least to get these facts as quickly as possible, and then (if you want to) join. Your only obligation, as a subscriber, is to support the Club by buying from it four or more books a year, out of from 200 to 250 reported upon by the judges. Surely, within the next year, the judges shown here will recommend at least four new books you will be anxious not to miss. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure of getting these, get the many other undoubted conveniences the organization gives book-readers, and also get this two-volume Conan Doyle Memorial Edition, free, for your library? Send the coupon below at once, and get full details as to how the Club operates.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. 475
386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost, a booklet outlining how the Book-of-the-Month Club operates. This request involves me in no obligation to subscribe to your service.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

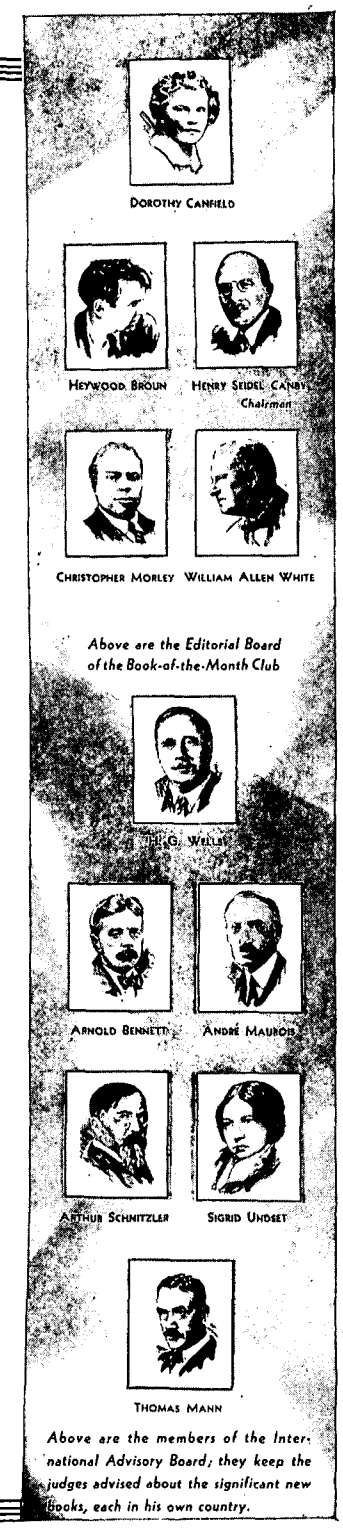
Books shipped to Canadian members through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada) Limited

**IMPORTANT**
***Please Read***

At the moment of authorizing this advertisement (March 27th) there are only 2700 odd copies of *The Complete Sherlock Holmes* left, out of a very large original edition. These are rapidly being taken, so that if you are at all interested, it is advisable to send the coupon at once. This is the first time in the United States that all of Sherlock Holmes (four novels and fifty-six short stories) have been printed in one collection. The complete contents are:

**VOLUME ONE**
The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes
*(12 short stories)*
Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes
*(11 short stories)*
The Return of Sherlock Holmes
*(13 short stories)*

**VOLUME TWO**
A Study in Scarlet
*(complete novel)*
The Valley of Fear
*(complete novel)*
The Sign of the Four
*(complete novel)*
The Hound of the Baskervilles
*(complete novel)*
His Last Bow
*(8 short stories)*
The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes
*(12 short stories)*




*Above are the Editorial Board of the Book-of-the-Month Club*

*Above are the members of the International Advisory Board; they keep the judges advised about the significant new books, each in his own country.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

*The National Weekly for May 2, 1931*

# Protection

*An ambitious man fights for power and love in a game without rules*

## By W. R. Burnett

MICHAELSON laughed, and knocked the ashes from his cigar with his little finger in order to show off a big diamond ring. Stein glanced across the room at Harworth and sat tapping with his cane.

"All right," said Harworth. "But talking about it is one thing and collecting is another."

Michaelson leaned forward in his chair and shook his finger at Harworth.

"Sure. But I collect. I don't take no chances with big accounts. Life's too short. Them kind of accounts ain't no good, anyway. Once you get the money, that's all you need to worry about."

Harworth turned the check Michaelson had given him over and over but said nothing.

"See what I mean?" Michaelson went on. "The guys that run accounts, big accounts, are squawkers. All they're looking for is a chance to welsh. Once you got their dough, give 'em the boot."

"Don't let 'em get in you in the first place," said Stein; "that's the best way to save a lot of trouble."

"Sure, sure," Michaelson replied. "Sounds easy, but when a guy's lost his roll, maybe five, maybe ten grand, and he asks you if you can't stake him to a grand or so, what the hell! He'll play it back."

"Well," said Harworth to Michaelson, "all I got to say is, I wish I had a couple more men like you, Sam."

Stein looked up but said nothing. His face was dark and melancholy and seamed. His hair was grizzled and there was something patriarchal in his expression.

"OH, I do my best, Mr. Harworth," said Michaelson, flushing with pleasure. "Look," he went on, "you gave me a break when I needed one damn' bad. What I say is, play square with a square guy. Give me a chance and I'll double our take next month."

"How's the protection?" asked Stein.

"I'm looking after that," replied Michaelson sharply.

"I asked you a question."

Michaelson turned his sharp, pale, hawklike face toward Harworth.

"Well?" Stein insisted.

"Look," said Michaelson, "don't you trust me on that angle, Mr. Harworth?"

"Sure," said Harworth.

Michaelson threw a triumphant glance at Stein, but Stein said:

"Who said anything about trusting! I asked you a plain question. I'm managing things here till I get further notice. I looked that expense sheet over and I didn't see no mention of money spent that way."

"Well," said Michaelson, looking at the carpet, "I don't keep no account of it, see? I can't. Bourke gets his fifty bucks a day and I got to take care of the dicks a little at a time."

"Wait a minute, August," Harworth put in. "Don't go so fast. The take this month is away over last month. What you kicking about?"

"Sam," said Stein, "I want that protection money accounted for next month."

"Can you beat that!" exclaimed Michaelson. Then he addressed himself to Harworth: "I guess he thinks I'm crooked!"

STEIN laughed, a single snort, then turned away and lit a cigar. Michaelson looked from one to the other.

"Hell! Can you beat that!"

"Never mind," said Harworth, getting to his feet and looking at his watch. "What time you got, August?"

Michaelson hastily pulled out an expensive watch, platinum, thin as a silver dollar and with his monogram in gold on the back.

"Five till three, Boss," he said, displaying the watch.

"I'm going to give that bohunk a going over. I told him two-thirty. I guess he thinks all I've got to do is sit around and wait for him."

Harworth took a cigarette from a humidor on the table beside him and lit it. Stein said:

"He's a busy guy, Frank."

"Is he? Busy doing what? Telling everybody what a great man he is!"

Michaelson laughed and got up.

"Through with me, Mr. Harworth?"

"No. I want to ask you one question."

"Shoot."

"How did you collect from Joe Bergson and Faro Welch?"

Michaelson waved his cigar.

"It's a business secret."

"Well?"

Stein sat looking up at Michaelson, tapping with his cane. Michaelson rubbed his chin for a minute, looking from one to the other, then he said:

"Mr. Harworth, how many big accounts you got standing out at the Casa Alvarado and The Machine?"

"Plenty."

"Big ones?"

"Five or six in the thousands."

"How about your restaurants?"

"None there."

"All right. I'll collect every big account you got for ten per cent."

Harworth said nothing but turned to look at Stein. Stein shrugged.

"What's your system?" he asked.

"Never mind. Never mind. I ain't asking for a thing; just ten per cent. And I ain't taking it out. When you're satisfied you pay me. Is it a go?"

"Why not?" said Harworth.

"Well—" Stein smiled. "Sounds all right. Going to sic Canovi on 'em?"

Michaelson started and Stein smiled again.

"It's a bum system," he grimaced.

"They pay just the same, and that's the main thing. Canovi just has a quiet

**Harworth was in evening clothes and a top hat; he had a monocle screwed into his right eye. He looked slighter in dark clothes**



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

little talk with 'em and they pay. Sometimes they leave town and someone pays for 'em, that's all. See?"

"Nothing doing," Stein. "We don't need money that bad."

Harworth stood looking from one to the other, perplexed. He said:

"Say, let me in on this."

"Well," said Stein, "Sam here's got a nice little gentleman friend named Canovi. When people don't pay up he drops around to see them and asks them how they'd like to stop a few bullets!"

"Yeah, but it's just a stall. He don't even pack a heater."

"Don't what?"

"He don't carry a gun. It's all a bluff. It's the old run-around."

Harworth's face hardened. "Why not?" he said. "It's better than suing. I'll send you a list, Sam; and the ten per cent goes."

"Frank," Stein put in, "that's a bad move. You don't need the money."

"It's settled. I'm sick of carrying a half-dozen rich mugs on my books. Let 'em pay up; they've got it."

"IT'S a cinch," said Michaelson, putting on his hat. "Rich guys're always the hardest to collect from. They got it, and they know you know they got it. They can afford to stall. All right. Send me the list. I'll 'clear up your books in thirty days."

"Well," said Stein, "I wouldn't stand for murder myself."

*Illustrated by Donald Teague*

Harworth started slightly, but said nothing.

"Listen to the guy," Michaelson explained. "Say, them guys never take a second look at Canovi. They pay up. Canovi's got eyes! He looks like he ate rattlesnakes for breakfast, but he's as nice a guy as you'd want to meet."

"You bet!" said Stein.

There was a knock at the door and Joseph came in.

"Well?" called Harworth.

"Mr. Hrdlicka wants to see you, Mr. Harworth."

"All right."

"I'm on my way," said Michaelson. "See you soon."

"Wait a minute."

JOSEPH opened the door for Hrdlicka, a big, dark, powerfully-built Bohemian, who was wearing a short black double-breasted coat, striped trousers and white spats. He bowed.

"I'm very late, Mr. Harworth. I was detained."

"Detained, eh? When I say two-thirty I mean it! You expect me to wait around here all day?"

Hrdlicka flushed, but said nothing.

"Hello, Anton," said Stein.

"Hello, August."

Hrdlicka took a chair beside Stein and handed him a big envelope containing the monthly account.

"Anton," said Harworth, "give Sam those six big accounts. He's going to collect them."

Hrdlicka looked at Michaelson for a moment, then took a second envelope from his pocket and handed it to Harworth, who gave it to Michaelson.

"It's all there," explained Hrdlicka. "Addresses, references and all. I thought you were going to sue."

"We'll try this first," said Harworth.

"It's a cinch." Michaelson walked to the door and then added: "Good-by, Boss."

Joseph showed him out and they heard him talking and laughing in the hall; then the door slammed.

Stein tapped the paper he had in his hand.

"That's what I call a real account. You're making money hand over fist there, Frank."

"Business is good," said Hrdlicka. "Both places are packed every night but Monday. On Saturday we turn 'em away."

Harworth shrugged.

"August, when you get through with Hrdlicka come back to my room. I want to see you."

Then with a curt nod he went out. Hrdlicka rose half out of his chair to acknowledge the nod, then sank back with a profound sigh. Stein bent over the accounts, but Hrdlicka demanded:

"What did I ever do to Mr. Harworth?"

"Nothing, nothing. It's because you was late, see? He's awful damn' touchy about things like that. He thinks you done it on purpose, trying to make him look small. He's a funny boy, that way."

"I couldn't help it."

"Never mind. Just remember: when he says two-thirty make it a quarter past and then he'll be all smiles, see?"

"I like him," said Hrdlicka. "He's a very interesting young man. So successful at his age."

"Well," Stein looked up over his glasses, "he's earned it. He was kicked around like a football. Never had a chance. His old man run one of the toughest saloons in Ohio. But that's between us, see? Don't never let him find out I told you!"

"Not for anything," said Hrdlicka.

**"It's a cinch. Send me the list. I'll clear up your books in thirty days"**

When Stein came in, Harworth was sitting with his feet on the window sill, reading a newspaper. It was warm and the window was wide open. A strong, cool breeze was flapping the curtains and far away over the housetops Stein saw Belmont Harbor, full of moored sailboats and launches, and beyond, the open lake, deep blue in the early evening.

"Hello, August," said Harworth, turning.

He was smiling now and his habitual set, harsh expression softened.

"Hello, kid," said August, putting his hand on Harworth's shoulder. "How you making out? I'm hungry."

"It's only about six-thirty," said Harworth, but he rang for Joseph, who appeared almost immediately.

"Yes, sir," said Joseph.

"Tell Ella to hurry things up. August is starved."

"Yes, sir," said Joseph, hesitating.

"Well?"

"I don't want to bother you, Mr. Harworth, but I wonder if . . . I mean my wife's sick and it's been a big expense to me and I was just wondering. I didn't want to bother you, but . . ."

"Need money?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Fix him up, August."

Joseph bowed slightly, then he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Harworth. But we was talking last night. All of us, I mean—Sandy and Ella—and we was saying we ought to thank you for the way you treat us."

"All right, Joseph," said Harworth, irritably.

Joseph went out.

"Just because I play fish for that bunch of chiselers—" began Harworth laughing. "Only I know what it means not to have money."

"They swear by you, kid."

Harworth got up and stood looking out the window. August took out one of his big black cigars and lit it.

"Frank," he said, finally, settling himself into a big chair, "I don't like your friend Michaelson. He's tough."

"He gets results."

"Sure. But how? You know I never wanted you to get mixed up in that gambling racket, anyway. You're making enough money legitimately."

"ENOUGH?" Harworth turned. "What do you mean—enough! I want to make millions. Hell, this is piking."

"Well," said August, "I've seen the day when a five-spot looked pretty good to you."

"All right! All right. You knew me then, didn't you?"

"Sure."

"Listen. I'm not started yet. I haven't begun to open up. This is pocket money."

August laughed, but said nothing.

"No kidding. I'd like to get into the big money."

"Well, you're in bigger money right now than I ever hoped to see. Nine to ten thousand a month don't look bad to me if you'd only keep some of it."

"Yeah, but it comes in dribbles. You know. You never feel like you've got anything."

"How about your investments?"

"I don't think that way. Money is money. A house is a house."

"A nigger financier," said August, laughing. "He's got to have spot cash or he thinks he's broke. How you made all this dough in the first place is a puzzle to me!"

"Well, just like any other guy that makes money. I got the breaks. That Zimmerman Point proposition put me up in the good-money class." He came over and put his hand on Stein's shoulder. "And I had plenty of good advice."

**"Say—!" said Canovi. Then he stood**

"Thanks for the compliment. But why don't you take my advice any more?"

"What do you mean?"

"About Michaelson. He's a crook. And about that strong-arm stuff. You'll get somebody killed and wouldn't that be nice!"

"No danger." Harworth thought for a moment, then said: "You can't just kill a guy."

"Can't you?"

Joseph came in.

"Dinner's ready, Mr. Harworth."

"Thanks."

Joseph went out. As soon as the door was closed, Harworth seized Stein by the wrist and pulled him to his feet.

"Come on, August, you old glutton."

HRDLICKA opened the door of the dressing-room and came in. Lily was lying on a couch at the side of her dressing-table, reading a magazine. Campi, in evening clothes, was walking up and down, smoking.

"Just had a call from Stein," said Hrdlicka. "Harworth's on his way down here."

"Thanks, Anton," said Lily, lowering the magazine.

She was small and slight, with blondined hair and dark eyes. Her feet were small and well-arched and her hands were long and slim. Her face was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

staring at Harworth's pale, set face

heavily made up as she was ready for her first number.

"We'll move the first number up five minutes," said Hrdlicka. "He probably wants to see you."

Campi shrugged and turned away. He had a narrow, dark face and patent-leather hair. He was tall and slender and looked well in clothes, except that he was usually overdressed. He was very nervous and couldn't stay in a chair any length of time. His eyes were big and dark and his black eyebrows met above his nose.

"How's the crowd?" he asked.

"Good. Very good," said Hrdlicka.

When Hrdlicka had gone Campi laughed and turned to Lily.

"Well," he said, "get all set."

"He makes me sick," exclaimed Lily, throwing her magazine on the floor.

"Oh, yes," said Campi.

"Well, he does."

"It's a free country."

"Is it?"

"That's what they tell me."

LILY got up and stood with her hands on her hips, looking at Campi.

"Now don't start that."

Campi swore under his breath and turned away.

"Who got me into this?" she asked.

"Well, it's good dough, isn't it? We're fixed. Getting twice what we're worth."

"Think so?" she asked him, angrily.

"Sure. You belong in a chorus; back row."

"Shut up."

Campi shrugged and, taking out a flask, drank from it.

"Just as long as you can put your feet under a table and buy liquor you're satisfied," said Lily.

"Well, what more could I want?"

He laughed, put his flask away and sat down on the couch. Lily went to the dressing-table and began to dab powder on her face.

"He's a big chump," said Campi. "How he ever made all that dough I'll never tell! He don't know straight up." He got suddenly to his feet, went to the door and came back, imitating Harworth, with a set, harsh expression on his face, swinging his arms as he walked and swaggering.

"Hello," he said in a slightly hoarse voice, nodding curtly.

Lily leaned against the dressing-table, laughing. Campi shrugged and sat down on the couch again.

"You don't know him like I do," said Lily.

"I hope not."

"Say, don't get smart. I mean he's bugs, off his nut. What does he want to wear a monocle for and all that stuff? Why, he looks to me like he ought to be shoveling coal, with them shoulders of his, but here he is, all dressed up like a chorus man."

"He thinks he's society," said Campi; then he bit his thumb at the wall and made a derisive noise with his lips.

"And that ain't all," said Lily, but turned back to the mirror without going on.

"Come on," said Campi; "let's have it."

"No, you wouldn't understand."

"But you do, eh? Well, that's a compliment."

"All right, brainy."

There was a knock at the door. Beyond the dressing-room a jazz band began to play.

"Your number, Miss Devereaux," someone called from the hall.

"O. K."

LILY bent over and kissed Campi, then she went out. Campi stretched out on the couch and closed his eyes.

In a few minutes Cassella, the head waiter, opened the door and hissed:

"Giovanni! Beat it! Here comes Harworth."

Campi leaped to his feet and hurried out into the hall, where he stood talking with Cassella. Harworth was coming down the hall with Hrdlicka, who was just behind him, talking deferentially. Harworth was in evening clothes and wearing a top hat; he had a monocle screwed into his right eye. He looked slighter in dark clothes, but his enormous shoulders bulged under his coat.

"Hello," he said, nodding curtly.

"Hello, Mr. Harworth," said Campi. "Haven't seen you for a long time. We missed you around here."

"Been busy."

"Can I get you something?" asked Cassella. "A drink?"

"Don't use it."

"Of course not," said Hrdlicka, frowning at Cassella. "Go look after things, Louis. I'll take care of Mr. Harworth."

Cassella went back into the club. Harworth jerked his thumb toward Lily's dressing-room.

"I'll wait here. Say, Hrdlicka, Lily's through for the night."

Hrdlicka and Campi exchanged a glance.

"She's got two more numbers," said Campi. "One with me."

"What of it?"

"We'll fix it. We'll fix it," said Hrdlicka. "You dance the Apache with Miss Raymond, Campi."

Campi set his jaw but said nothing. Harworth took out his billfold and offered Campi a fifty. Campi smiled and bowed, taking the bill.

"All set," he said.

Harworth nodded and went into Lily's dressing-room. Hrdlicka and Campi stood looking at each other.

"Well," said Hrdlicka, "it's his place."

"Sure," said Campi, "but why don't he unscrew his face a little and smile. It wouldn't hurt him none."

"Quiet," Hrdlicka whispered, glancing apprehensively at Lily's door.

HARWORTH stood looking out the window of Lily's apartment. A cool breeze had sprung up and it felt good, beating against his face. The clock was striking one. Lily sat watching him, her face pale and drawn. Why didn't he go?

"Well," he said, turning.

"I'm tired."

He nodded but didn't move. He stood looking at the floor. In repose his face was much softer, sad even. Lily had noticed this many times and was always puzzled by it. She thought of him as brutal; even Campi had tender moments and sometimes would tell her that he loved her, even if he didn't mean it, but Harworth was always taciturn.

"I'm going," he said.

She got up and came toward him. He picked up his hat from a chair and started for the door.

"Frank," she said, trying to make her voice tender, "you know what you promised me."

Harworth smiled.

"Well, it goes." He stood thinking for a moment. Then he went out into the hall and opened the door. "I'll have Hrdlicka make you out a check. Good night."

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

"What for?"

He went out.

She went back into the room and, shrugging, began to get ready for bed; then, suddenly, she burst out crying.

Harworth had Sandy drive him down to Stromberg's, an all-night restaurant in the Loop. When he got out, he said to Sandy:

"Hungry?"

Sandy smiled.

"Yep."

Harworth handed him a bill.

"Get yourself something across the street."

Sandy took the bill, but said:

"Nope. I'll go in with you and sit at the counter. This joint's tough this time of night."

Harworth looked at Sandy. He was big, red-headed and freckled; back in '17 he had been a pretty good middleweight, but he had gone across during the war and got himself shot up. Now his left arm wasn't any good. Harworth liked Sandy.

"All right," he said.

He went in and Sandy followed him. The cashier, an Italian, glanced up from his paper, then stared at Harworth, who had put his monocle into his eye and hadn't taken off his top hat. The cashier winked at one of the waiters, who grinned.

"Right this way, sir," said the waiter, bowing and winking at a group of men at a big table in the center of the room.

"Whoops!" said one of the men. "Look at Algy."

Sandy stood leaning on the front counter, meditatively rubbing his chin. Harworth took off his hat and sat down.

"What'll it be?" asked the waiter.

Harworth ordered a sandwich and a cup of coffee, then took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Oh, girls!" said one of the men at the big center table.

There was a roar of laughter. Harworth glanced at them, then looked away, averting his eyes. They nudged each other.

THE restaurant was crowded; all the booths along the walls were full and there was a steady murmur of conversation. Harworth smoked and glanced over the restaurant. It was a pretty tough-looking crowd.

"What a nice boy!" said one of the men loudly.

Harworth grew pale, shifted uneasily, then called:

"Talking to me?"

All the men at the big table turned suddenly to look at him.

"Oh, girls," said one of them, an Italian with a low, wide brow and a brutal, dark face, "he's alive."

"Pipe down," said Harworth, calmly.

Sandy sauntered back through the restaurant, rubbing his chin and watching the men at the big table. There was a long silence and people at the other tables began to crane their necks. Some men in the back stood up. The cashier came back quickly and whispered to the Italian, but he pushed the cashier away. Turning, he called to Harworth:

"Nuts, you!"

*(Continued on page 38)*

**"Frank," she said, trying to make her voice tender, "you know what you promised me"**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Sailor, Beware!

*Biff McLarnin hits the Path to Happiness—the romance of a simple soul who believed what he was told*

## By Corey Ford

*Illustrated by Adolph Treidler*

"Now, some guys fall fer some dames an' they get took for plenty. Why? 'Cause they ain't wise; that's where I'm different"

ALL GOBS WELCOME! FREE DOUGHNUTS AND COFFEE!

TONIGHT

"Every Sailor's Star of Hope"

CELESTE LA RUE

will talk on Honesty and the Better Self. Get a Load of Virtue! Grab Yourself a Halo! Have Strength in the Right!!!

AUSPICES OF THE SEAMEN'S SOCIAL UPLIFT SOCIETY

BENEATH this inspiring poster, his elbows resting on the mahogany counter over which halos and doughnuts were being distributed impartially to the clamoring arrivals from the fleet, Biff McLarnin hunched forward on his high stool and studied his fists unhappily.

Upon Biff's ordinarily amiable features was a look of profound discontent. His massive arms rose like flying buttresses to support the sagging weight of his dejected shoulders. His low brow was lower still in a pleated frown; his flattened nose, pounded and rearranged by countless hard gloves which had roosted there during his pugilistic career in the navy, was wrinkled in protest; even his pithecanthropoid jaw drooped with melancholy. A precious night of liberty ashore, sacrificed to learn the virtues of Honesty and the Better Self! Biff felt he was being imposed upon.

"You wouldn't think of goin' somewheres we could get some better coffee, Larry?" he inquired timidly.

The blue-clad figure on the stool beside him made no answer.

"I mean, o' course, we could come back when the speeches begin."

He stole a cautious glance at his companion. Larry Hansen rocked determinedly on his high stool, his white hat thrust back to the nape of his neck, his arms folded on the counter, his calves wrapped around the legs of the stool and his toes locked securely over the rear rung. Larry's was a slender face, and handsome; it lacked the rugged honesty of Biff's peasant features, but in place of this admirable virtue was a quality of shrewd and cynical intelligence which made him plainly the leader of the pair. Under his impassive silence, Biff visibly wilted.

"I WAS only thinkin'," he added lamely, and extended his white cup wearily toward the polished coffee-boiler.

"Stop thinkin'," ordered Larry. "I'm doin' the thinkin' for both of us till after tomorrow."

Biff picked restlessly at a reddened patch of skin on his knuckles, relic of his afternoon's workout on the ship, and squirmed.

"It ain't as if it was good jamoke, even," he brooded, swirling the gray liquid in his cup and glaring reproachfully at the poster overhead. "If it was good jamoke, I wouldn't say a word. But it ain't even good jamoke, though."

"It's free, ain't it?" said Larry.

"That's just the trouble," sighed Biff. "If I'd paid for it, I could send it back."

"Yeah, an' if it wasn't for you bein' here," retorted Larry, "you'd be out grabbin' off some floosie, an' three months o' trainin' would all be shot to hell."

"Who? Me?" asked Biff in hurt innocence.

"Yeah, you," replied Larry evenly. "I ain't takin' no chances ya losin' ya bout tomorrow night. I seen this Hanrahan work, an' he's good."

"Aw, him," scoffed Biff. "I'll put that stumble-bum away in the first round. You watch me."

"You bet I watch you," nodded Larry. "I ain't takin' my eyes offen you for a second. Not with all them babes cruisin' along the Drive—"

"Now, Larry, you got me wrong," uttered Biff in an injured tone. "I'm offen the babes."

"You heard me," repeated Larry. "The ship's got too much dough on you now to run any risk."

"But, Larry, I tell you, babes don't mean nothin' to me," assured Biff earnestly. "Do you know how I feel about babes?" He spread his hand in a horizontal fan, palm downward, and traced a contemptuous arc. "Shallow water. They're all just shallow water."

"Swallow your coffee an' let's get into the hall," yawned Larry. "The speeches is gonna begin."

"No, but I look at it this way, Larry," pursued Biff between gulps. "You play aroun' 'em, and you git boint. Now, some guys fall fer some dames an' they get took for plenty. Why? 'Cause they ain't wise, that's why; that's where I'm different." He set down his empty cup, and ran his mouth along a blue sleeve. "I'm telling you, Larry," he added, rising and trudging after his companion, "babes is all alike."

Several indecisive piano notes wandered aimlessly from the front of the adjoining hall, evidently lingering in space in the vague hope that sooner or later there would be enough of them to form a quorum and elect a tune. The jam of navy-blue backs filled the narrow doorway, and Larry and Biff halted irresolutely. In the hall beyond them the vacillating piano, having succeeded at last in casting the majority of its notes for Sailor, Beware! promptly adjourned; amid the ensuing breathless silence a feminine voice began to speak. Biff's cauliflower ears made an instinctive effort to prick.

"Hello, sailor-boys. . . ."

Biff craned his neck. The voice, it seemed to him, was not unpleasant.

". . . call me Celeste; I just want you to think of me like I was your own sister. . . ."

"BY THE WAY, Larry," inquired Biff with elaborate carelessness, "what sort of a racket is this Social Uplift Society?"

"I heard a bunch of rich society women founded it to improve the morals of the Navy," shrugged Larry. "They give a smoker when the fleet's in, and hire some dame like Celeste to give the boys a little pep talk and uplift their minds."

"She ain't a preacher or anything to do with a church?" nervously.

"No, she's just brung here to spread sweetness and light," said Larry. "They call her the Little Sister of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fleet. Supposed to be pretty good-looking. . . ."

"Whaddye say we shove forward," suggested Biff eagerly, "where we could see something?"

They commenced to wriggle and shoulder their way slowly through the packed phalanx of gobs, who gave way before them with that instinctive deference due to the light-heavyweight champion of an American battleship, and an outstanding contender for the Navy belt. Beyond them, at the far end of the hall, the voice of the invisible Celeste rose and fell in dulcet tones, seductive, wheedling, panting, occasionally retreating in an almost inaudible sigh of luxuriant appeal.

". . . and help you boys to find your Better Self. I mean by that I want to bring out the best that's in you. Come on, now, you sailors, come on and each take my little tiny fingers in your great big hand, and let's just pretend"—her voice had sunk now to a confiding whisper—"let's each pretend that we're just talking together, heart to heart—just us two holding hands in the dark—"

Biff felt a curious surge of warm blood to his head. Within his clenched fists the palms of his hands were damp. His scalp tingled.

"LEMME go first, Larry," he panted in a hoarse whisper. "I kin make better time through this crowd."

". . . let's just snuggle closer together, now, you and me, and let's just ask each other a little question. Let's just put your lips right up close to my ear—" her voice was very intimate and coaxing—"and whisper: 'Now, Celeste, have I done everything today to bring out my Better Self? Have I tried to achieve the best that's in me? Have I really been Honest, and Truthful, and Righteous?' Come, sailor-boys, let's just look deep into each other's eyes—"

Celeste broke off with a perceptible shiver. Between two spectators, directly before her, there was emerging slowly a low forehead, then a slightly flattened nose, then a whole perspiring countenance whose thick and battle-scarred features were melted together at that moment into a slightly revolting expression of mooning and reverent idiocy. She removed her fascinated stare with an effort.

". . . look deep into each other's eyes," she faltered, "and find . . . the Path to Happiness—"

To Biff McLarnin, looking deep into her eyes as he was bidden, the Path to Happiness seemed at that moment a very negligible distance indeed. The dewy vision of innocence he beheld might have stepped intact from an Easter post card, still surrounded by lilies and bluebirds and an appropriate rhymed sentiment. In her pure young presence he felt himself abashed, clumsy, somehow unworthy of such loveliness. He gazed up mutely at her doll-like face, framed in a diaphanous halo of white-gold hair, her two tiny hands pressed timidly to her girlish cheeks, her great gray eyes widened in appeal, her full lips quivering and bubbling as she spoke; and through his inspired mind raced a series of tender associations: lilies, his former Sunday-school teacher named Miss Vetch, bluebirds, angel cake, Mary Miles Minter, lace valentines, fairies, a little girl who was dead now, a tooth-paste advertisement, angels— His brief rapture was terminated by an impatient punch in the kidney, and a familiar whisper behind him:

"Hey, shove over—can't you?—lemme get a look at her, too."

WITH a sigh at this crass interruption, Biff grudgingly lifted one arm. Larry wriggled his head eagerly through the gap, and stared in silence a full moment at the Presence.

"O . . . kay," he concluded critically. "She ain't a bad number, at that."

Biff felt a blush of shame spreading to the roots of his hair. This callous comment in the very presence of a divine being shocked him profoundly. With a sense of disappointment he realized that, after all, his unfortunate pal was essentially made of baser metal. Poor Larry, with his crude background and ignorant point of view, could never hope to appreciate the delicate and flower-like spirit which trembled here before him like the dew upon the rose. Biff only hoped that Celeste would not suspect they were together.

". . . we must always remember what the Good Book has to say and that Honesty is the best policy. Always be Honest, never tell a lie. Never deceive your fellow men. And that," the divinity concluded, darting a brief but significant nod at two assistants who stood with poised tambourines in the rear of the room, "is all that I want you boys to carry away with you tonight."

The two assistants began to circulate slowly among the hypnotized sailors, extending their tambourines silently.

"Always be Honest," she repeated above the methodical thumping, "never deceive anyone, be Trustworthy and Righteous and true to your Better Self, and you will all reach the Path to Happiness. And now, while the rest of the collection is being taken, we'll all sing that beautiful old hymn, Asleep in the Deep."

Biff stood in a trance. The features of Celeste were blurred in his eyes in a dim religious haze; her golden hair shone with glory; her eyes were stars; her tender voice as she led the hymn, accompanied by a few straggling voices in the congregation and the steady thud of coins upon the taut rawhide of the tambourines, blended into a choir of cherubim.

"BIFF," said Larry, "I'm gonna ask that skirt to the fights tomorrow night."

"Lissen," pleaded Biff desperately, "you can't date up a dame like her. . ."

"Watch me." Larry shrugged, hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his trousers, and shouldered through the group confidently. He halted before the Little Sister of the Navy. "Hiya, babe?"

"Hello, sailor-boy," dimpled the Little Sister coyly.

"Some spiel tonight, kid. Ya laid 'em in the aisles." He grinned at her cordially, a wise and penetrating grin. "Yes, sir, that was a hot line ya handed 'em."

Every Sailor's Star of Hope twinkled demurely. "Aw, isn't he sweet?"

"Y'know, sweetheart, I was just thinking if ya was free tomorrow night, ya might like to take in some bouts on the Dakota. We're running off a little party. Whaddye say, babe? . . ."

"O. K. . . . sailor-boy."

Larry stared after her appraisingly as she turned and disappeared swiftly through the crowd. He shrugged with satisfaction, and strolled back cockily to Biff.

"That's how it's done, sonny," he said, beckoning Biff to a corner table. "I just told her you was fighting the feature bout an' I was your manager. She wanted to meet you, too, but I said you was a woman-hater . . . ."

Biff sank down opposite him gloomily. "Is she coming to the bouts?"

"Sure, she's coming with me," smiled Larry, "and afterwards we're gonna go places an' do things."

(*Continued on page 51*)

**She laughed and pressed his hand understandingly. "Remember that in the second round—sailor-boy." Biff's face flamed. "I'll remember"**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Not Guilty

## By W. B. Courtney

*Andrew Toth spoiled twenty years of his life in prison for a crime he didn't commit. Many similar cases have been investigated by Professor Borchard, whose hobby is checking up nearsighted justice. The examples cited in this article show how little, sometimes, a man's freedom is respected in this land of liberty*

Illustrated by Joseph Simont

ON THE evening of October 18, 1924, Mrs. D. R. Parsons, alone in her home at 906 West Fiftieth Street, Los Angeles, sat idly playing the piano. The blinds were drawn but through the screened windows the fragrance of the southern night seeped in from a quiet street. It was a serene hour, holding no hint of danger or intrusion.

"Stick 'em up!"

Mrs. Parsons turned to find herself facing a revolver held by a masked man. She screamed, but a quick and threatening gesture of the gun silenced her; and she raised her arms. The robber, stepping closer, stripped the rings from her fingers.

"Where's the rest of your jewelry?" he demanded. "Get it out, quick!"

Mrs. Parsons was too frightened to think of attempting to outwit the man; and, by the same token, too terrified to control her mind. In her panic-stricken anxiety to save her life by delivering to the thug whatever valuables she had she fussed and searched and couldn't find a thing. He misinterpreted her agitation:

"Quit your stalling," he warned, "or I'll kill you!"

She whimpered that what she sought might be in the adjoining room, the den, and he forced her to lead him in there. Suddenly he noticed that the den window shade was up, exposing the activities in the room to any passer-by in the street. His rage and his handling of the gun grew so menacing that Mrs. Parsons screamed again and bolted for the door. He fired, and she fell with a bullet in her back as the bandit fled.

Mrs. Parsons, while in the hospital, gave the police a vivid description of her assailant. His eyes and voice seem to have impressed her most; the former were blue and piercing, she said, and narrowed to slits when he glared at her over his mask. The police then searched her house for clues; they discovered that the bandit had entered through a window on the first floor, and fingerprints were found on the screen.

### Too Much Efficiency

A few days later James W. Preston was arrested in Los Angeles for wearing a naval uniform illegally. The local newspapers presently carried stories saying that his fingerprints matched those found on the Parsons screen. Mrs. Parsons read these accounts, and when Preston was brought to her bedside she at once identified him as her assailant. His eyes, she told the police, were the eyes which had narrowed at her over the robber's mask; and his was the unusual voice that had ordered her to "stick 'em up!"

An unsavory record added enormously to the weight of the positive identification the prosecution held against Preston. He had deserted from the army, been dishonorably discharged from the navy, jailed for vagrancy and caught in a lie to the court when he attempted to establish an alibi for the Parsons job. The jury quickly found him guilty and he was sent up to San Quentin under sentences running from eleven years to life.

Thus, you will of course assume, another criminal was taught that crime can't win; and that was the end of the matter. But it wasn't. And Professor Edwin M. Borchard, Hotchkiss professor of law in Yale University, who, with a staff of research workers and assistants, has embarked upon a widespread investigation of miscarriages of justice through mistaken identity and circumstantial evidence, cites the Preston case as an outstanding example of the former.

"It also serves," Professor Borchard told me, "to illustrate another condition which jeopardizes the liberty and sometimes the lives of persons wrongfully accused. That is, overzealousness on the part of police officials in securing convictions, which sometimes leads to the suppression of evidence."

### 'Twas all a Mistake

The startling truth, he went on to explain, is that the fingerprints found on the Parsons screen were not Preston's. This information was withheld from Preston's attorney by the prosecutor; and no attempt was made to correct the mysterious stories which had appeared in the newspapers about the fingerprints, and which had no doubt influenced Mrs. Parsons. The fingerprint evidence was not mentioned in the trial proper, and the public impression about it which had been created by the false news stories was all the information the jury had.

Preston was thrust into San Quentin and remained there more than a year. But all this time someone was trying to get at the truth. Sergeant H. L. Barlow, fingerprint expert of the Los Angeles Police Department, doubted Mrs. Parsons' identification when he learned that the screen prints were not Preston's. From that time he conducted a patient search through the fingerprint records of all persons arrested.

"Stick 'em up!" Mrs. Parsons turned to find herself facing a masked man

In May, 1926, Earl M. Carroll, known to the world in which he moved as "The Weasel," was arrested on suspicion of burglary. Carroll was a brazen sort of fellow, who railed at the routine of examination and listing to which he was subjected at headquarters; and he expressed the utmost contempt for that part of the process which included the taking of his fingerprints. "This is all the bunk," he said, in effect: "Say, listen, if I told you what I know about fingerprints an innocent man would be released from San Quentin tomorrow."

But Carroll was not as secure as he imagined in his vague boast. Sergeant Barlow had at last got his man: "The Weasel's" fingerprints matched exactly those found on Mrs. Parsons' screen. Presently the surprised scoffer at science was lodged in the penitentiary in place of Preston, who was granted a full pardon by Governor Richardson after he had served a year and a half for a crime he did not commit.

### Society Incurs a Debt

There was a sad sequel; Preston was arrested for vagrancy and haled into the Oakland, California, police court, where he said pathetically to the judge: "I don't like to say the prison record damned me. What it did was to throw me out of step. I don't seem to have

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some prosecutors are more interested in establishing records for zeal than in securing impartial justice for those caught in the toils

"Many persons are in jail in our country suffering for crimes of which they are wholly innocent"

much confidence any more." Whereupon Judge Tyrell released him in custody of his wife, remarking that society owed him a debt.

"It is difficult," remarked Professor Borchard in summing up the case for me, "to excuse the prosecuting officials for withholding from the jury the vital fact that the fingerprints of Preston did not match those on the screen. But here at least we have a clue to one of the great weaknesses in our system, which puts a premium on mere scores. We are too prone to judge the efficiency of a policeman by the number of arrests he makes, of a district attorney by the number of convictions he secures, of a judge by the number of prisoners he sentences. Our unconscious habit is to laud judicial industry rather than sincerity. In Europe court officials are just that—court officials, whose chief aims, interests and ends are to administer justice. Here our court officials are too often political timber. Some men are no sooner appointed district attorneys than they see themselves candidates for governor, and prosecute their office with that ambition in view. They angle for the limelight by giving their best efforts to cases which have publicity value, and are interested more in establishing records for zeal than in securing impartial justice for those caught up in the toils. Very occasionally even judges prove that they are not beyond the allurements of political preferment.

"The Preston case demonstrated, furthermore, the fact that convictions which rest solely on identification by the victim of a crime are often likely to be erroneous, for such evidence is, by reason of the victim's inflated emotions, most unreliable.

"California is one of three states which provide compensation for the completely innocent victims of miscarried justice. Preston, however, never received any; just why, I cannot imagine."

Professor Borchard is the author of the California compensation law. His early efforts toward state indemnity for errors of criminal justice were centered in a bill which was introduced in the United States Senate by George Sutherland of Utah in December, 1912. The World War killed the momentum of that drive, although Wisconsin and North Dakota, in addition to California, put the provisions of the bill into their laws.

### A Fundamental Law

"If," explains Professor Borchard, "the government commandeers your automobile in war time for the use of the army, or if it takes over the stock in your factories or stores to relieve flood victims; in short, if property is taken from you at any time for the public use, our fundamental law prescribes that just compensation be paid to you. Your personal liberty is in a sense your property; it is certainly a private right quite as sacred as the right of property. You are as much entitled to compensation for unjustified loss of one as for the other. Yet in the majority of instances in the United States you are fortunate to get as much as an apology."

Professor Borchard's activity in behalf of the wrongfully convicted is purely a hobby; he is not even a criminal lawyer. His sphere is international law, wherein he is one of the country's distinguished authorities. He has been assistant solicitor of the Department of State, law librarian of Congress, and has served as counsel for the United States and foreign countries in important international arbitrations, and as representative of the United States in international conferences. Since 1917 he has occupied his present chair in Yale. He is a member of the Institute of International Law and of other learned societies, and is the author of numerous books and papers on his specialty.

No doubt you and I share with a hundred million other Americans the belief that imprisonment because of mistaken identities might conceivably happen to the other fellow—but never to us. Or in smug sectional pride you tell yourself that such things might happen in some remote place, but not around your home.

Well, Professor Borchard's scores of exhibits are living proof that mistaken identity or circumstantial evidence might strike into the shadow of jail, or even the death house, you or any man, woman or child in any state of the Union.

Any one of you, for instance, might have been Edward A. Kimball that exciting day in Baltimore, pulled out of the ordinary routine of a law-abiding citizen's life and hustled into court as a felon. Kimball's woes all came about because Michael Funicielo, an Italian who had a prosperous motor-truck business in New York City, was gullible.

Funicielo, it seems, had met and engaged in dealings with a man named Costello, who eventually had persuaded him to go to Baltimore for a business conference. At the Emerson Hotel there, in company with two partners going under the names of Moyer and Rose, Costello had worked upon the New Yorker a bit of flimflam as neat as anything ever conceived by "Get-Rich-Quick" Wallingford and "Blackie" Daw.

Late in the afternoon of June 10, 1925, Funicielo, in the first frenzy of the realization that he had been robbed, dragged Police Sergeant William Curd over to a bench near Gate 4 in the Baltimore Union Station, pointed to Kimball, who was sitting there quietly reading a paper as he waited for a train to Philadelphia, and shouted: "Here is the man!" Despite his indignant protestations, Kimball was arrested; and he was unable to give what the police considered a satisfactory account of himself.

### The Evidence was Tight

Kimball stated that he had no gainful occupation but lived upon the income from a trust fund he had inherited. He was a member of various religious and philosophical societies and spent his time attending their meetings. He was a university graduate in both law and medicine. He had been sightseeing in Washington and Baltimore the past few days, and that afternoon had taken a bus ride to Annapolis. All very reasonable, we laymen might think; but the police couldn't believe that a man of Kimball's claimed education and means would be puttering around as he related. He was held for the larceny of Funicielo's $15,000 and tried before a jury in Judge Eugene O'Dunne's court.

The evidence was tight. The lecturer

(*Continued on page 58*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was half an hour late for lunch, but Lorna and Frobisher had not noticed it

*Youth in distress on the turbulent Ocean of Love—and that lion-hearted hero, Winslow Moult, on the job*

# A Party in the Park

## By B. L. Jacot

*Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins*

THE Hon. Winslow Moult fixed the girl sitting opposite him sternly. "Sister," he commanded, "tell me about this parcel."

At first she did not seem to hear. Her big hazel eyes, heavily fringed under the half-inch brim of her chic felt hat, were dreamily contemplating the solid wall of bottles behind the sink of this Montmartre café. If any thoughts lay behind that perfectly etched profile, certainly it would have seemed they were not of ragged, brown-paper parcels.

"Come, now!" urged Winslow Moult persuasively. "Let's face it, sister. You know my motto? Good! Well, trust Winslow. He won't let you down. Always ready to help—and whom more than you? Haven't I known you since you fed on the bottle? Wheeled you in your pram? Helped you with your evening bath?—not recently, of course. Doesn't your mother—and rightly—consider me a friend of the family? You bet! Come on, sister. Let's have it."

The girl recalled her eyes with a sigh to fix this inquisitorial friend of her childhood doubtfully. Winslow, it seemed to her, had not stopped talking since he thrust her into this café ten minutes ago. "Let's have what?" she asked.

"The parcel, sister!"

"Oh!" With a quick movement of her gloved hand she tried to withdraw the bulky package lying on the table between them, but her companion had been expecting the move. With one lean fist he pinned it firmly to the marble.

"Let us be frank, shipmate," he said. "I will not deceive you. As soon as I saw the parcel and noted that wistful look in the eye, I said to myself: 'Something wrong! The girl has a secret sorrow.' Was I right? You bet I was. While you were sighing and fixing the middle distances I poked a hole here—"

"Oh!"

This elegant young man with the long horse-face shook his head critically. From the hole in the end of the package the tail of a shirt protruded: he eased it out a trifle to reveal a man's suit, socks, and two pairs of patent leather shoes. "Not done, sister!" he reproved. "No one, considering the young girl of today, is broader-minded than I am. I grant you a—"

"Winslow!" A pink flood had come to stain her peerless complexion. From long experience she knew that this man could never keep his finger out of the pie of other people's business; in matters where Cupid's shooting was erratic his status as an intervener was almost professional. And it happened that she would rather have had anyone in Paris discover these personal effects than Winslow Moult. There was nothing of Cupid about her association with Teddie Frobisher. "Winslow," she begged, "let me explain."

HE INCLINED his head. "I'm waiting, sister."

"These—these things belong to a friend."

"The boy friend?"

She bit her lip under a row of pearly teeth. "No. Just a friend. I collected them for him from the cleaner's."

Tapping the heel of one of the shoes with a knuckle, her companion shook his head. "Good," he commended. "Shows quick thinking. But it doesn't go, shipmate. No man has his boots dry-cleaned." He drew out the neckband of a shirt and examined the marking.

"Teddie Frobisher," she put in quickly.

"So I see."

For a while she held his eye levelly. There was something above chic slimness in this healthily complexioned girl that appealed to Winslow. Lorna Rayleigh in her friendly, boyish way was always ready to give a fellow a hand with the job of the moment. She was not the sort that sat tight and smoked a cigarette when a tire had to be changed. And when a fellow's rooms were in a mess after a party you would generally find her stopping on for a while to get the place straight.

That sort of good nature brought its own reward, and the fact that the tough end of any proposition just naturally was edged her way showed in the premature, matronly kindness in her eyes. At nineteen, Lorna was ready to be a mother to anything from stray cats to the odd saxophonist with a front tooth knocked out, and this unusual trait was not lost on Winslow.

"Shipmate," he began, "let me tell you something. I—"

"Winslow, I'd rather you didn't."

HE HELD up a hand. "Just wait a minute, sister. There's more in this than meets the eye. You imagine I met you outside this café? You're wrong, shipmate. I was up on the Rue Gaston Larue and I saw you come out of the place. I said to myself—"

"You—you saw me?"

He inclined his head. "Sister, I did. No side doors about these French pawnshops. Out you came like an old-timer let loose from ten years behind the bars, clutching the parcel. I followed you."

Lorna stopped drumming her fingers against the saucer supporting her cocktail. "How could you!"

"Simple," Winslow told her. "I just did. And am I glad I did? Don't make me weep! I wanted to help. I wanted to lend a helping hand."

"I think," she summed up, "you're

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

odious. Just because Teddie Frobisher—"

"You've hit it, sister. Tell me about that old scout. Isn't he the old boy friend with me? Wasn't I at school with the poor skate? I heard he had tough luck—was writing stories somewhere here in Paris, cut off by the old folks at home. Nobody to love him and slip the hot-water bottle in his bed. I wanted to look him up, shipmate."

For a while the girl considered the middle distances once more, then she turned on her shadow with a sigh. "There's nothing mysterious in this," she began. "I met Teddie in Paris here about two months back, and he had the idea of making money by writing stuff for the papers at home. He didn't seem to be cashing in to any noticeable extent, so he came and stayed with Mother and me in our attic place on the Rue Blanche."

"GOOD stuff!" Winslow flicked the ash from his cigarette reflectively. When this girl's father, Professor Rayleigh, died he left a reputation in Pure Mathematics but little to support his widow and daughter. The Rayleighs had moved to Paris, away from the old life, and by dropping completely out managed to make both ends meet in the middle. "And so you led the old boy home, and put out his socks, and slipped the hot-water bottle into—"

"I did not!" She paused dreamily. "I knew Teddie pretty well in the old days. It seemed a shame he should mess around in Paris looking for work and eating any old thing at any old time—if he had enough cash to pay for it."

"And he used to be rolling in the stuff!"

Lorna acknowledged it with a sigh. "And now," she said, "he's rolling in it again."

Winslow arched his eyebrows politely. "How do you mean, sister? Rolling in it—and you getting his clothes out of pawn for him? Be frank."

Lorna Rayleigh liked this man Winslow Moult: she liked most people by instinct, but she had known Winslow as long as she had known Teddie Frobisher, and that was as long as she could remember.

"IF YOU tell him you saw me getting his things out," she threatened, "I'll never speak to you again, Winslow. You know how careless he is? He just forgot—and so I ran around with the papers for him. The government runs these places over here, and it takes about four folios and half a dozen seals to raise a couple of francs on an old blanket. But, as I was saying, I popped them in for him, so naturally I thought I'd better get them out. Don't let me down, Winslow. He thinks the concierge did the job."

Her companion reflected: he was thinking of the tough end of the proposition and the way it had of working round to this girl—a girl, too, who could get anywhere or anything on her looks alone. It was not as if she were homely, and built for the rôle. "Yes," he recorded at length. "I'll bet you were the one to run round to the hock-shop. I shouldn't be surprised if you cleaned his shoes. But tell me about this rolling in it. You intrigue me. I was picturing the lad starving in the foreign capital rather than accept charity from that semi-aunt of his who brought him up. His guardian—and paid pretty handsome for it, too. Not that she needed the cash, sister. Am I right?"

"Never righter." The soft line of her lips had tightened. "Lady Cuninghame could buy a couple of railroads and not notice it—and when Teddie lost his money she practically threw him out. You've not heard about this money of his?"

"Some distant relation," stated Winslow, "left the old soak four million in steel before he was born. He only had to be born to rake in the residue of the aged relative's estate. Am I right? Well, all I know is someone started contesting the settlement last year, and Teddie found he hadn't a chance—born too soon, or too late. Wasn't that the business, sister?"

She was stuffing the shirt tail back into the parcel. "It was. His lawyers told him he hadn't a hope. When I met him walking to save a bus fare along the Boulevard Gaille he was worth just what he stood in—and, believe me, that boy looked as if he wasn't going to forget it."

"Tough!" offered Winslow. "Tough, sister. You're right. And not a word to his pals. Just walks off."

She reached for her gloves and pulled them on. "Well, it was good fun while it lasted. We hunted jobs and meals together for just two months—I guess he treated me like a sister. Then last week his lawyers wrote that everything was fine. They had arranged a settlement with the people who had started the raid on his pile. Teddie's worth four million again now. Or maybe it's only three. I'll say it came as good news."

Winslow slipped a ten-franc note under his saucer and joined the girl on her feet. "Going on home from here? Good. Let me step along with you and edge into the family circle once again. I'd like to see this poor skate, Teddie—"

She shook her head. "You'll have to look for him at the Bristol," she said.

"The Bristol?" Something in her voice surprised Winslow.

"He's staying there with Lady Cuninghame. The lawyers must have tipped her off about the settlement. Anyway, she arrived almost as soon as Teddie knew he was a millionaire again and not just anyone looking for a job with the language against him. She just smiled when she saw the old Rayleigh homestead on the Rue Blanche and led him off. He went like a lamb. . . ." She laid an impulsive hand on his arm. "Oh, Winslow—why is he like that? He's twenty-three, isn't he?"

HE PATTED that hand as they turned into the Rue Lepic. "Teddie is the sort of fellow who doesn't like to hurt anyone's feelings," he explained. "Some folks are born that way, sister, and I should say that man has never done anything to hurt anyone in his life. Call it soft, if you like—"

"Teddie *soft?*" She laughed on an edgy note. "Why, he's just full of grit. Would you call a man soft who refused to take a penny with him when he pulled up stakes to find a job in a place where he wasn't known? Looking for any sort of job at twenty-three, when you've always been a millionaire—and when you don't know a thing about anything, even the language, and won't let any of your friends find you to help you? All because . . . because you think you've been living on money that doesn't belong to you. I think—think . . ."

Her head was turned away and her slim shoulders bunched. Winslow watched her for a moment in silence, taken back at the swiftness of it, then: "Spill it, sister," he urged. "Something on the mind? Yes?"

She shook her head. "Nothing," she denied in a queer, strangled voice, but as she said it she turned round on him, changing her mind. "Yes, there is! That woman—that woman brought a girl over with her. Aleyne Rivers-Marsh, about the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. And—and now that he's rich again, she's going to land Teddie. I know she is! But he doesn't. . . . Oh, oh!"

A gleam came to the eye of her companion, like fire in a charger when the bugles call. It looked like a dirty deal to him. "Give me that parcel!" begged Winslow Moult. "This seems like a job to me. Something told me as soon as I spotted the parcel. Don't worry, I—"

She stopped him with a tug on the arm. "If you ever go near that hotel," she said, "I'll hate you for life."

He called a taxi. "After I've seen you home I'm going to look up an old friend of mine. I'll drop the parcel where it belongs on the way. Are you going to step into this taxi, sister?"

For a moment Lorna hesitated, then, with a sigh, she stepped aboard.

Lady Cuninghame had known the Hon. Winslow Moult from the age when he brought his hoop with him on his

*(Continued on page 59)*

**He was certain of one thing as he kept his vigil. Something wonderful was going to happen. It did**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Yu'an Hee See Laughs

## By Sax Rohmer

*Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan*

*The Story Thus Far:*

A GANG of international criminals is plotting to capture, rob, and sink the steamship Wallaroo, en route to Australia from London. Directing operations is a mysterious Oriental: Yu'an Hee See. Obeying his every order are Aswâmi Pasha, Dr. Oestler, Franz Hartog, MacIles, Kid Brown, Dr. Hess and scores of other conscienceless aides.

Shadowing the gang is Dawson Haig, of Scotland Yard, who, hot on the trail, takes passage on the Wallaroo. Among the passengers is the girl he loves—Eileen Kearney, who goes ashore at Port Said, and vanishes! Guessing her fate (she has been drugged and abducted), Haig—who believes she has been spirited away to Kench, Egypt, *one of the gang's bases—resolves to save* her. Disguised as a man he has killed in self-defense—Joseph Rasta, one of Yu'an Hee See's hirelings—and armed with the dead man's credentials, he journeys to Kench. But Eileen is not there.

Desperate, hoping to find the girl, Haig obeys orders (intended for Rasta) and hastens to Yu'an Hee See's headquarters, a small Arabian town on the Red Sea. Only a few of the gang had ever seen Rasta—no one, apparently, suspects Haig. Then—having seen a powerful 38-foot motor boat—a veritable cruiser—belonging to the gang, having pieced together fragments of conversation he has overheard, he realizes, at last, the meaning of his quarry's activities. He must save Eileen. He must save the Wallaroo. But how? Surrounded by enemies, his life in peril every moment, he tries to formulate a plan. The attack on the Wallaroo may occur any moment—he must act quickly. . . . Kid Brown, cockney and ex-fighter—Aswâmi Pasha's bodyguard—acting on his chief's orders, escorts him to a magnificent palace—Yu'an Hee See's *harêm*. The Kid is not entirely bad. Like MacIles, he does not relish the idea of attacking a British ship. "You're goin' to help patrol the garden," he says kindly. "Now I'll introduce you to your new pal—the Jackal—and show you round."

Meanwhile, Eileen—a prisoner, kindly treated but watched every moment—wonders what tragic fate awaits her. . . .

### X

TO EILEEN every day in that lacquered room was a week of suffering.

A luncheon, upon which London's most popular grillroom could not have improved, she left almost untouched. It was served by a tall, silent Negro wearing a white robe and a *tarbûsh* with a golden badge. Céleste supervised, showing a maternal solicitude for the girl's comfort. With a glance of her eloquent eyes and a shrug, she had conveyed the news that they were spied upon. Eileen became aware that the scroll-work ventilators were really hidden spy holes.

She thought of the bathroom, recalling an impression of dim voices, above, which had disturbed her in the bath. A warm glow spread all over her body and, filled with a fierce resentment, she sprang up, hands tightly clenched, and walked out onto the balcony.

Céleste entered a moment later and, seeming to divine something of Eileen's frame of mind, coughed and laid her hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

"*Chérie,*" she said earnestly, in a low voice. "It is no good. You must keep yourself in hand for when something may be done."

"Oh, Céleste!" Eileen turned to her with blazing eyes. "I have been trapped, drugged, abducted. Knowing what must be to come—how can I keep calm?"

"It is hard, my dear—it is hard. But this time I think they have gone too far."

"They have gone so far as to commit themselves," said Eileen bitterly. "Whoever has taken a fancy to me might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. Who is he, Céleste?" she whispered urgently.

"Hush, my dear—hush! we are watched. Come in. There is a guard on the spy tower looking this way."

She dragged Eileen back, but not before the latter had stared across that unreally lovely garden to where, at a point upon the high wall, a sort of squat minaret upreared.

Looking out from its gallery was a man who wore European dress, with a *tarbûsh*.

"Oh, God!" whispered Eileen, and clutched Céleste, detaining her. "Oh, God! it *is!* It *is!*"

She stared and stared, choked down an hysterical sob, and then began wildly waving her hand.

*The man was Dawson Haig!*

"My child! Stop! Stop! Whatever you've seen, come in!" the Frenchwoman whispered urgently. "Come in, and say nothing. You understand?"

Eileen nodded. They stepped back. The beating of her heart seemed to be choking her.

"Don't look round, *chérie!* Don't look round. . . ."

THEY reëntered the lacquered room. "And so," said Céleste, in a high and cheerful voice, "two good things are to happen. You are to spend the afternoon in the garden until tea time, and as you will naturally be afraid in this room, I have permission to sleep on the divan, there, if you wish it."

"Oh, Céleste!" Eileen whispered, tears starting to her eyes—"you are an angel! Whatever would have become of me without you?"

Her heart was singing. She was dying to share her new knowledge with this friend unexpectedly found in the enemy's camp. But well enough she understood the need for silence. . . .

Billy had found her! Billy had found her!

Escorted by one of the gigantic Negroes, of whom there seemed to be a number about the house, she and Céleste presently descended a carpeted staircase, lighted at its landings by large, screened windows, and descended stone steps to the garden.

The air was deliciously fragrant, and in revulsion from her first despair, she inhaled it—exulting. Danger lay before her—unknown—appalling. But rescue was at hand! And there was a very, very heavy penalty to be paid by some unknown, unimaginable brigand who had planned this dastardly outrage.

The Negro dropped back ten paces, allowing the two women to stroll undisturbed about the garden.

There were many odd alcoves, and flower-covered arbors; and:

"Do not say too much, *chérie,*" Céleste whispered. "Even here we may be overheard. . . ."

But, nevertheless, in broken whispers, Eileen contrived to convey to the Frenchwoman that an English police officer, her friend, was actually here.

Céleste restrained her astonishment until they had passed a little stone building with deep, low wooden seats, on the roof of which a long-tailed, gray monkey was playing. But then:

"My God!" she exclaimed, "he is a brave man! I only fear . . ."

"You only fear—what?"

"Mr. King! Ah! this is not his real name—but we know no other! The man they call Excellency, who owns this house—the town—and all the country around."

"Mr. King?"

"Yes. He is a Chinaman."

"What! A Chinaman?" Sudden horror gripped Eileen. "Is he stoutly built, with very red lips, and a small black mustache?"

"Ah!" Céleste gripped her arm sharply with muscular fingers, so that she winced. "You have seen him? He has seen *you?* I understand. It was so with me—ten years ago, *chérie.*" Then, with a swift change of tone: "Hush! hush! my child—he is here. . . ."

Yu'an Hee See was walking along the path toward them under a pergola heavily laden with purple blossoms!

He was dressed in white and wore no hat. His eyes, in that smooth yellow face, resembled oblique black slits; his hair brushed back from his yellow brow gleamed when he stepped out into the sunlight.

PAUSING, he bowed, smiling. Eileen let go the Frenchwoman's hand and stood rigid, watching him.

"Our little American guest," came the flute voice. "You are angry with me, I can see. But you do not understand, Pale Flower, that I have saved you from grave peril."

Eileen, teeth tightly clenched, made no attempt to answer.

"All this I shall explain when I return," the Chinaman continued. "Then you will understand and thank me. Be at ease. I have had your apartment decorated in rose colors; because you yourself are so like a rose—a beautiful wild rose. This house and all in it is yours. If anything displeases you—it shall be remedied."

A hot retort rose to Eileen's lips. A warning touch of Céleste's fingers silenced her.

"I had not meant to intrude upon your promenade," Yu'an Hee See continued, "but it was very pleasant for me to find a new beauty in this beautiful garden."

He bowed, smiling—that smile which merely thickened his red mouth. He departed along a path to the right, his arms locked behind him. . . .

And from a high, latticed window Orange Blossom watched this scene, her tiny, milk-white teeth buried in her lower lip.

DAWSON HAIG felt like a man rejuvenated. His instincts, whether of head or heart, had been right.

He had found her!

How imminent her peril might be, he could not know. But whatever the truth, he could do nothing more, yet.

The ease with which he had penetrated to this secret headquarters at first had astonished him. As Joseph Rasta (he was indebted to the Kid for this knowledge of his surname) he had been received without question. To the pugilist's failure to remember him he owed his safety.

If his appearance should be known to anyone else in the great house, he could not tell, but considering the chain of circumstances which had led him there he counted this peril lightly now.

No doubt the box containing the real Joseph had been dropped in the Mediterranean, and with it had gone his big risk of detection. Should any of those who knew him appear in the gardens, there was ample opportunity to take cover.

He had been allotted quarters in a palm-thatched hut. These quarters he shared with a sinister-looking Creole—the Jackal—who spoke a sort of bastard French. He had no other companionship, and could gather nothing that was essential from his saturnine confrère.

His duties, as the fighter had clearly explained to him, were simple. Armed with a knobkerrie resembling the nightstick of an American policeman, and a Mauser automatic pistol belted to his hip, he took sea watches with the Creole, four hours on and four hours off, patrolling the vast gardens of the palace.

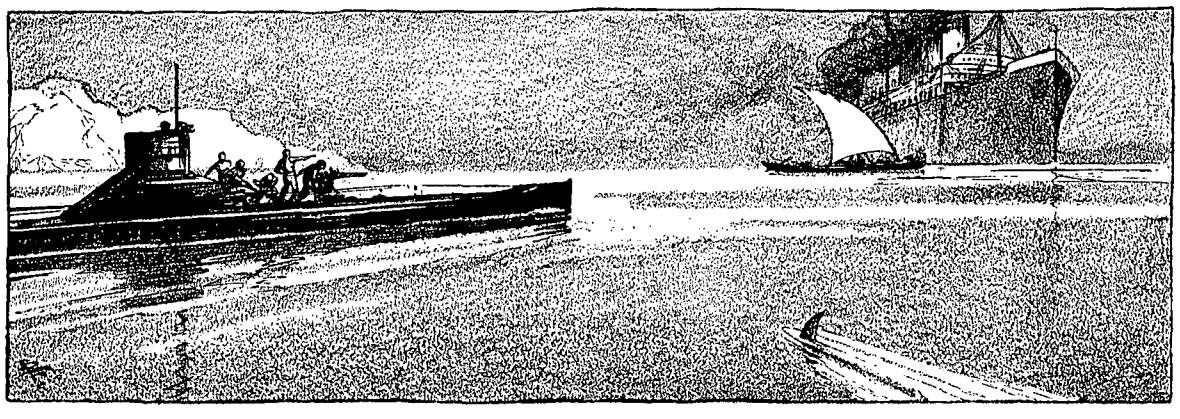
In short, he was employed as a killer. And the credentials of the real Joseph undoubtedly would have entitled him to this appointment. The Creole, with his beast-of-prey face and sunken, jaundiced eyes, was an equally admirable selection.

Haig endeavored to learn something about his predecessor and of the untimely event which had cut him off. But a snarl and a spit from his unpleasant companion alone gave the clue.

The Jackal, who also answered to the name of Jacques, spent his hours of leisure injecting cocaine into a needle-pitted left arm. He was served out with a liberal ration by headquarters. Under the influence of the drug—and he was rarely otherwise—the Jackal became a dangerous homicidal maniac.

There were a number of men, at least fifteen or twenty, Haig estimated, housed in a west wing of the building. This wing did not communicate with the gardens, and because of the sound of voices speaking many tongues he had been unable to come to any conclusion regarding them.

There were three



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You do not understand, Pale Flower, that I have saved you from grave peril"

separate enclosed gardens, shut off from the rest, and opening out from the southern front of the old palace. These were what the fighter had referred to as the *harêm* gardens.

A narrow causeway bordered the outer wall which circled these enclosures, having steps at intervals of twenty yards leading up to little watch-towers.

In one of the gardens he had seen a number of women: Orientals, languorous but contented. The second had proved to be empty.

But, on a balcony overlooking the third, he had seen *Eileen.*

When the Jackal relieved him he gave Haig a warning.

"No' go up steps of women's gardens —against orders. Only Uncle Tom and other eunuchs. If see. . . ."

Significantly he drew a yellow finger across his throat. . . .

Dawson Haig paced up and down the matting-covered floor of his stuffy quarters. So far, by sheer good luck, he had triumphed. But what was the next move? How could he communicate with Keneh?—or surely nearer, with Port Sudan? And until he had established contact dare he risk trying to reach that balcony high up on the third floor, which he knew to be Eileen's prison?

Jack Rattray paced morosely up and down the bridge of the Wallaroo. Jeddah lay due north a hundred miles astern. The sea was like glass. No news had come from Port Said.

FOOTSTEPS on the ladder aroused him. He looked up with a start. Captain Peterson stepped onto the bridge, carrying a radiogram.

"Look at this, Rattray," he said. "We've certainly got a Jonah on board this trip. Our troubles'll never end."

Rattray, sighing, took the message and read:

TO COMMANDER R. M. S. WALLAROO MAIN STEAM PIPE BURST STOP CHIEF AND TWO HANDS SERIOUSLY INJURED CAN YOU RENDER IMMEDIATE MEDICAL ATTENTION EIGHTEEN DEGREES THIRTY FIVE NORTH AND FORTY ONE DEGREES FIVE EAST SS MOUNT JUPITER JOHN KENDALL MASTER

Rattray looked up with a wry face.

"One of the Samuelson tramps," he commented, and glanced again at the message. "She's seventy miles east of the track, sir. Isn't there anybody nearer?"

The captain shook his head.

"I have already inquired," he answered resignedly. "So will you be good enough to alter the course, Mr. Rattray?"

"Will you work it out, sir?"

Peterson nodded and went into the charthouse. Captain and chief officer bent over the chart. . . .

"Right off the northwest peak of Farisan Bank," Rattray commented.

"So I see," said the skipper dryly. "What's he doing there?"

"Oh, the Samuelson scavengers go nosing into places nobody ever heard of."

Captain Peterson waved one hand vaguely.

"Carry on, Mr. Rattray," he said. "I'll tell Dr. Heatherley."

And the course of the R. M. S. Wallaroo was altered.

IN THE lacquered study of Yu'an Hee See, where the love-birds cuddled together in their gilded cage, the marquis, spectacles on nose, bent over a note which lay upon his table. Aswâmi Pasha stood at his elbow.

"It is regrettable," said Yu'an Hee See, glancing upward and aside through apparently closed eyes, "that such excellent business should be lost. The caravans have been delayed, as I ordered?"

"As you ordered, Excellency. Apart from which, no woman as specified is included in either."

YU'AN HEE SEE bent again over the writing; and:

"These fellows insist so upon white skins," he commented, and paused, hissing reflectively. "Circassians are difficult, now, and Europeans to meet such a specification as this. . . ."

He removed his spectacles, placed them on the table, and shrugged significantly.

"You will notice, Excellency, that the representative of the Bey is expected at Keneh on Saturday."

"I have noticed this, my friend," the Chinaman replied. "But we have other fish to fry. A young and pleasant woman whose qualities answer to these specifications"—he tapped a tapering finger on the paper—"would be difficult to obtain in so short a time, even under the most advantageous circumstances."

(*Continued on page 43*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# About the House

## By Jo Pennington

*Drawings by Philip S. Graham, Architect*

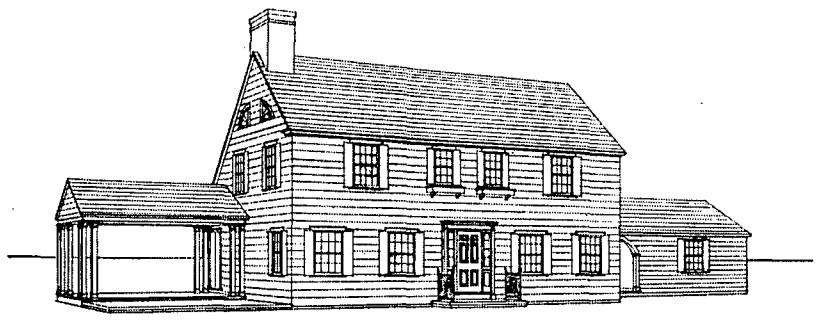
Above, Mr. Graham demonstrates how an architect's drawing which includes trees may purposely conceal defects of proportion. Left, the same house undisguised

***A little careful planning will do a lot for any house you are going to build or buy. And here are some pointers as to what it should include***

ONCE in the lives of most of us comes the moment when we decide to buy or build a house. It is a thrilling moment. But because the planning of a home is an experience that involves much deep feeling, we sometimes fail to give adequate consideration to the material problems that arise in connection with its building or purchase. As a rule, it takes a man and his wife about ten years to pay for their house. It is a very real tragedy when this burden of payment is borne on behalf of a jerry-built structure that has neither beauty, permanence, convenience nor a fair resale value.

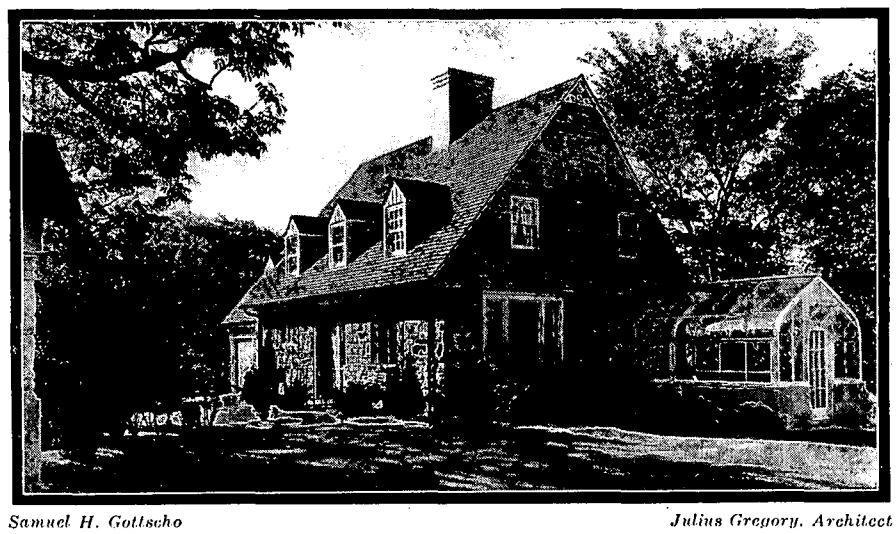
Before you buy or build a house, you should make a preliminary study of the problems of materials and design. You should consider fully the relationship of the house to the land on which it stands or is to be built, and its placing thereon. You should know what type of house is the safest investment from the standpoint of resale, and you should take fully into account the possibility of future additions. You should acquaint yourself with materials for outside walls; you should study the advantages and disadvantages of various types of windows; and you should be wholly roof-conscious because the roof, as much as anything else, gives the house its character. On the inside there are many things to guard against—mistakes in the arrangement of rooms, false economies that only add to the cost in the long run. And then, after the house is either bought or built there is the problem of planting and the question of walks.

Let us begin by assuming that you want to build a house. The very first step to be taken is the purchase of a scrapbook. In it paste pictures of houses you like, clipped from magazines and newspapers. This will not only help you to clarify and visualize your own ideas but it will give your architect a bird's-eye view of your taste.



### Choose an Appropriate Site

The next step is to select your land, if you have not already done so. In making your selection, remember that the character of the site will strongly influence the type of house you can build on it. Just as not every hat is becoming to every woman, so not every house is becoming to every piece of land. No reputable architect will even suggest possible types of houses within the price a man can afford to pay without first seeing the site on which he expects to build. The misguided wretch who falls in love with a pretty picture of a California bungalow and duplicates it on a piece of high, rocky ground in New England not only makes a fool of himself in the eyes of his neighbors, but may have a hard time finding a customer if he ever wants to sell. Such a house is as appropriate to such a setting as a straw hat to an Eskimo. The size of the lot, the contour of the land, the character of the neighboring houses and of the surrounding country all influence the type of house that can be built. Even if you have reason to be sure of your own good taste and sense of proportion, you should secure the help of an architect in deciding the type of dwelling best suited to your land.



*Samuel H. Gottscho* — *Julius Gregory, Architect*

**It is important that the small house be well proportioned and appropriate to its setting**

The placing of a house on its site is sometimes limited by the local zoning laws; but if there are no restrictions it is often well to set a small house on a suburban street fairly near the front property line, provided the lot and surroundings are adapted to this arrangement. This has the advantage of giving the family the use of the greater part of its land to enjoy as a garden. The road is, after all, only a highway. We have surely gone far enough beyond the Victorian idea of putting up a good front to believe that, so long as a house is in good taste, it will not spoil the vista of an avenue by standing fairly close to the road. The side of the house away from the street should be just as attractive as that facing it. The owner has as much right to enjoy the aspect of his dwelling from his own garden as the casual passer-by has to appraise it from his point of vantage.

So far as the type is concerned, it is not important to be able to classify your house as English, Colonial, Spanish, French or Dutch. It is only important that the small house be simple in outline and well proportioned; that it be appropriate to its setting; that its exterior be definitely related to its interior; and that its material be of good texture.

### Walls Make Personality

Materials for small houses are usually limited to four: wood, stucco, brick or stone. The last two cost more than the first two but they are more permanent, more individual and require less outlay for upkeep. Whatever materials are selected for outside walls, they should be limited to one or two at the most. A small house built of stucco is not improved by the addition of wooden shutters, iron railings, brick window trim, stone pillars, and tile plaques set in the walls here and there to break up the blank surfaces. Such a house has

(*Continued on page 54*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Shrinking Star

***Walter Huston, tired of trouping and starving, once quit the theater to become a successful electrical engineer. But seven years later the spell of the footlights brought him back and his next two moves were to the talkies and success***

## By John B. Kennedy

THE late Lon Chaney was escorting a friend through the retreats of the mighty in Hollywood. Places and faces of interest were pointed out until they came at last to a conference room.

"In this room," said Mr. Chaney, "are what I consider the brainiest men in the picture business. Brilliant men who are worth hearing."

Being privileged, indeed, having been invited to join the conference for a discussion on the invasion of the talkies, Mr. Chaney opened the door and passed in with his friend. This initiate beheld six gentlemen seated about a table, all wearing tortoise-shell glasses, all smoking expensive pipes to create an atmosphere of thought—and all talking in turn and out.

Mr. Chaney's guest sat in the background after making his bow to the great men. He waited, listened. The great men were talking about the weather. Graciously, after discussing everything affected thereby, from pictures to polo, they gave Mr. Chaney an opening.

"The talkies," said Chaney, "are here to stay. Instead of being the man with a thousand faces, I've got to be the man with half a dozen voices."

More hours of thought and talk. The conference ended.

"What do you think of it?" Chaney asked his friend.

"I think it's the best endurance contest for non-thinking I've ever attended," said the friend.

A frank young man, this Walter Huston. Young, that is, in appearance and spirit, although he has a son his own size and confesses to being forty-six.

Poor Chaney passed out of pictures without giving the world much evidence that he was as versatile vocally as facially. But the friend he had introduced to the holy of holies later made his appearance before a similar huddle and emerged from it with one of the juiciest contracts ever captured from the movies by a legitimate actor.

### Four Voices in One

And this happened not without stratagem. Mr. Huston had remembered Mr. Chaney's words. Mr. Huston was a man with six voices—when needed. His normal vocal organ is gusty, athletic—as he is—cheerful, a rolling baritone that would befit the village blacksmith or a musical comedy sailor.

One afternoon the microphone tester called for tests. Huston answered the call. He didn't know at the time that moneyed men of the outfit were hidden, but within hearing. At least, Huston says he didn't know, but in the light of what this correspondent has learned about Huston he's inclined to think he did. Anyhow, the test took place, and the moneyed men summoned the tester, asked him to send in the four men who had respectively impersonated a Mexican bandit, a Russian general, a New England backwoodsman suffering from repressed desires—and Abraham Lincoln.

Huston promptly stood forth, alone. One of the magnates wanted to know where were the other three.

"I did it all," said Walter Huston, or words to that effect, "with my little voice."

So it was. So it is that the most versatile voice in the talkies is not a young man just discovered, not a prodigy but a practiced old trouper who once went so bad on the stage that he quit cold; and who returned because footlight fever was in his blood. This is the vocal Lon Chaney—Walter Huston.

### An Early Setback

George M. Cohan says he's about the best actor on the American stage. But Richard Mansfield didn't think so. In Manhattan, whither Huston had wandered years ago from Toronto to be a strolling player, he discovered that you can't stroll very far on an empty stomach. He tried to get a job. An ad in a theatrical paper announced that the great Mansfield was about to produce Julius Cæsar. Supers were needed.

When Huston approached the stage door there was a queue three blocks long.

"Is there a matinée today?" he asked a cop.

"If you want to try for the job, stay in line," barked the cop.

Ranging with two score and more of actors, Huston got back-stage for a test. The part was four lines—a herald approaching and crying:

"Prepare you, generals: The enemy comes on in gallant show; their bloody sign of battle is hung out, and something to be done immediately."

Being forty-eighth in line, Huston had memorized the speech by the time his turn came. He got the job.

On the opening night, a property man thrust a suit of armor at him and on him. He sat for two hours in a stuffy dressing-room awaiting the cue. His four lines were etched on his mind, tied to his tongue, tied, indeed, so tightly that he became tongue-tied.

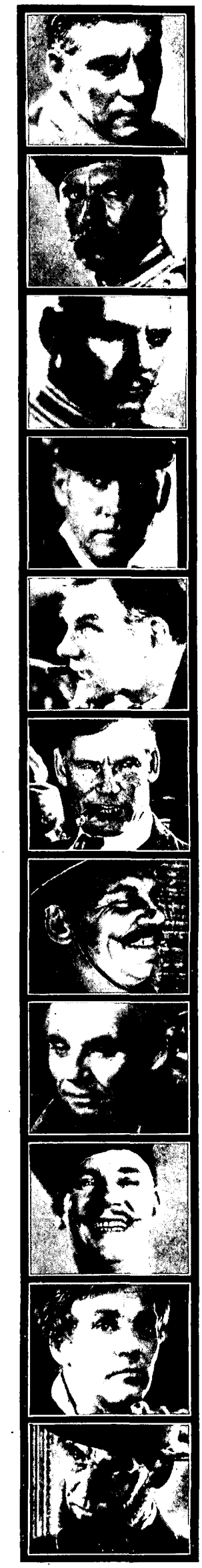
His cue came—on he dashed in clanking armor. Mansfield the Great awaited him looking exceedingly imperial.

"Prepare!" Huston cried. And that is all he cried. All else vanished from his mind.

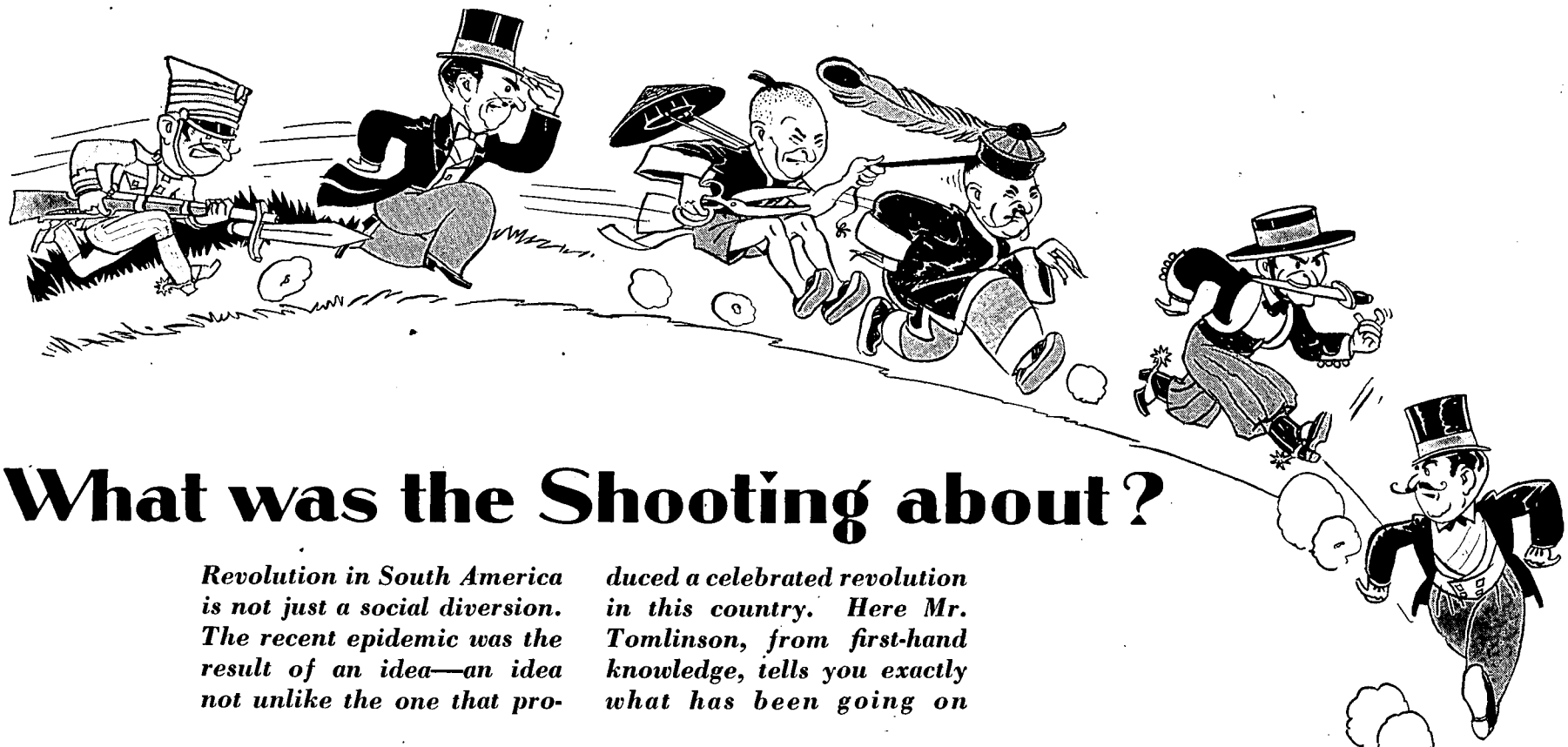
He reiterated "Prepare," until Mansfield, outraged, roared, "Be gone, varlet!"

Leaving this sad scene, we pick up young Mr. Huston some four years later. He's an actor, now, and by one of those common coincidences of the theater, he's working for and with

*(Continued on page 46)*



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# What was the Shooting about?

***Revolution in South America is not just a social diversion. The recent epidemic was the result of an idea—an idea not unlike the one that produced a celebrated revolution in this country. Here Mr. Tomlinson, from first-hand knowledge, tells you exactly what has been going on***

## By Edward Tomlinson

*Illustrated by Dick Spencer*

THE great hall of Havana's old university throbbed with perspiring humanity. World-famous jurists, lawyers, statesmen, internationalists, historians, poets and artists sat elbow to elbow on the official level. A cross section of the Americas —Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Indian and mixed—like too many sardines in a can, strained their necks from the balconies above, while mobs outside besieged and argued in all the languages of the hemisphere with guards and doorkeepers.

Suddenly flashlights began exploding, cameras clicked and thunderous applause rocked the place. A half-dozen women, sober of manner and somberly clad, made their way down an aisle, climbed to the platform and literally took charge.

At a special plenary session of the last Pan-American Congress, women, for the first time in history, bearded New World statesmen in their diplomatic den to ask equal rights for their sex in the twenty-one republics.

An Argentine newspaperman turned and said, "This, señor, is revolution in the Latin republics—women breaking with tradition, demanding political equality!" To which a youngish Brazilian added, "And this is only a sample of what is going on among us, especially in South America. Everywhere the people of all classes are beginning to demand a hearing. There is a quickening of the political conscience. They are no longer content to leave government to the keeping of a class, a group or a dictator."

### The Causes of Unrest

This dramatic event of 1928, as interpreted by the youthful Brazilian journalist, furnishes a key to the violent outbursts of 1930 when one after another of the South American countries answered in raucous roars to the roll call of revolution. The shooting in Bolivia, Peru, Argentina and Brazil, despite Latin America's record for upsetting governmental apple carts, was hardly the result of momentary matters, but rather "a quickening of the political conscience"—unwillingness "to leave government to the keeping of a class, a group or a dictator."

Since economic depression is the goat on whose swaying back we saddle most of the world's ills, the business and industrial situation in South America is responsible for this recent orgy of revolt, according to some observers.

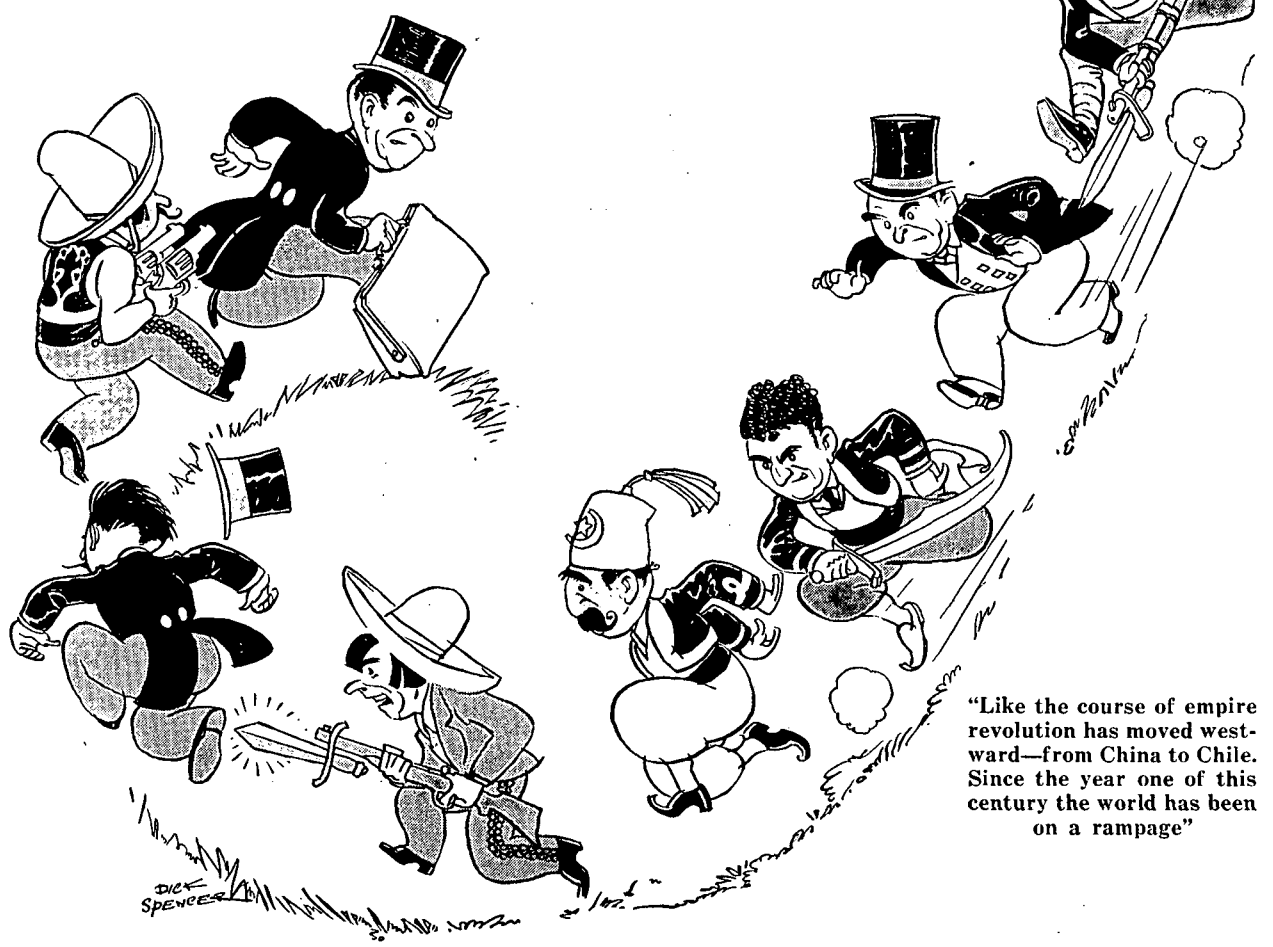
These conditions have contributed to South American unrest, to be sure, just as similar conditions have produced discontent and unrest in nearly every country of the world. But they have not been the chief cause of revolution by any means. It is probably safe to say they were the excuse.

Bolivia fired the first shot that reverberated up and down the deep valleys of the Andean country. Bolivia's material life depends principally upon tin, of which she possesses half the world's supply. And tin has been for some time in the dumps, with prices groveling in the dust. But the problem of tin is only incidental. Fundamentally, geography and ethnology furnish a far more serious one.

### Bewildering Bolivia

This country bearing the name of the great liberator is tremendous in area, so large no one knows its size, crisscrossed and cut into widely differing compartments by the highest mountains of the continent. Its civilized centers are separated not merely by miles but

*(Continued on page 55)*




**"Like the course of empire revolution has moved westward—from China to Chile. Since the year one of this century the world has been on a rampage"**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Bay Window

***A Short Short Story complete on this page***

## By Dana Burnet

*Illustrated by Robert Todd*

"Some unknown hoodlum threw a brick through our bay window. It was a full-sized brick"

HE MUST talk. I could see that from the first. And since my deck chair was next to his, it was logical that I should be his victim. But I made no particular effort to escape him. He was such a round, jolly little old man, so bright-eyed and bubbling, with such a naïve zest for life that I found him really charming. By the time we reached the Azores he had me hypnotized.

"Psychology!" he burst out, one night in the smoking-room. "There's something in it. There's a lot in it, if you ask me."

I hadn't asked him, but he went on happily: "I mean, this business of getting rid of your depressions. . . . No, no, the word is repressions. . . . Eh? Oh, yes. It's a great thing. Nothing like it. Now you take me."

I nodded to show that I had taken him. I was curious to know what the repressions of that elderly little bantam might be. "Here I am, John J. Trotter, retired banker, sixty-five years old and taking a trip I've wanted to take since I was a boy. On my way to the Mediterranean. Going around the world. Eh? Ha, ha! I wish my daughters could see me now."

"You have daughters?" I asked.

"Two of 'em. And fine girls they are, too. Their mother was a fine woman. All three of 'em, just alike. Good women, fine characters. I don't say a word against 'em. My wife's dead. Gone to her heavenly reward. Poor Susan! Well, well, she deserved it.

"But, my dear sir," he continued, "have you noticed that the noblest characters are often a bit—what shall I say?—a bit dominating? Eh? Well, perhaps it's the Lord's doing, but I've lived with three of 'em, and to be frank with you, sir, there have been times when I've regretted it. No, no! That's not what I mean—!"

"I think I know what you mean," I said.

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Trotter. "You see, I had ambitions as a boy to leave the small town where I was born—my home is in Westerly, Ohio—and go to sea. Then I grew up, fell in love with Susan, and married her. So I abandoned my dream. I got a job in the Westerly Central Bank and Trust Company. By the time my daughters were grown I was president of the bank and—if I may say so—the town's leading citizen, thanks chiefly to Susan's influence and spiritual guidance. I leaned on her, and she never failed me. Not once in all those years," added Mr. Trotter, with the suggestion of a sigh.

I ORDERED highballs from the bar steward. Mr. Trotter brightened and went on: "We lived then in the house on Center Street. . . . A big house, sir, and ugly. I give you my word, I've never seen an uglier house. But Susan liked it. It had plenty of closet space, and then, she didn't hold with handsome appearances. It was the inner grace that mattered to her. Susan was very strong on the inner grace. 'Virtue at the hearth is better than beauty on the doorstep,' she would say. And she was right. . . . Yes. But it was damnably ugly.

"The feature of it that bothered me most was a bay window on the first floor. It made the whole house look like a fat man with a big belly.

"I was getting a belly myself, sitting all day at my desk in the bank. Perhaps that's what annoyed me when I looked at the bay window. Eh? You think so? Then you'll agree with me that a little thing like that can prey on a man's mind and influence his life, just as the psychologists say it does. . . . Yes, sir. There's certainly something in psychology. I'm a living example of it.

"I got to dreaming nights of that horrible protruding window. But I never spoke to Susan about it. No, sir. She died in ignorance of my—what is the word?—my obsession. And she died nobly, sir, just as she had lived. Her last act was to send for our two daughters and make them promise they'd come to live with me in the old house. She didn't want me to be left alone. A beautiful thought, eh?

"So my daughters came to live with me. The younger was married, and had two children of her own—twins!—so that it was necessary to have a big house to hold us all. Ours was the biggest house in town. I might have torn it down, or remodeled it, but Susan's spirit still hovered over the place, and I didn't dare change anything. Oh, don't misunderstand me, sir! I'm not superstitious. But—to tell you the truth—the girls would have been horrified. And they were so like their mother. . . . Eh?

"Ten years went by. Every summer I thought I would travel—go to Europe—but somehow I always found myself in Ohio. Well! But I didn't just want to go to Europe—take a trip like any casual tourist. No. I wanted to run away for good—see the world!—as I'd wanted to when I was a boy. And there I was, a bank president and the grandfather of twins! I ask you if that wouldn't have seemed hopeless to you, sir?

"Then early this summer something happened. Some unknown hoodlum threw a brick through our bay window. It was a full-sized brick, so it must have been thrown viciously, with malice aforethought.

"OUTWARDLY, of course, I professed to be indignant. Inwardly I was delighted. As I stood there, the day after the crime, viewing the wreckage of that hideous window, it suddenly occurred to me that I was happy. For the first time in half a century I was happy.

"The thing I hated had been destroyed. And by some curious mental process—which I'm sure psychology could explain—everything else that I'd hated was destroyed along with it. Eh? Well, perhaps the word hate is too strong. . . . This is a strong highball, for an old man. I'm just learning to drink whisky. . . . Susan could never abide it. . . . Where was I?"

"Standing by the smashed window," I said, "viewing the wreckage."

"Ah, yes. I remember precisely how I felt. I felt like a boy. And, by heaven, sir, I no sooner felt like it than I *was* a boy. In that moment, in the twinkling of an eye, I became my young self again. And at once—oh, I tell you it was really a miracle!—all my boy's dreams came back to me. I was young and alive and strong and free. Yes, sir! I was free!

"Free of the house, free of Susan's ghost, free of my daughters, free of those da—those dear twins. This is strong liquor! And free of the bank.

"I PUT on my hat, drove downtown and resigned from the Westerly Central Bank and Trust Company. Resigned completely—and forever. Then I put on my hat, drove home and told my daughters I was sailing for Europe.

"So here I am. I don't say it was easy, but here I am. And if I ever go back to Westerly it'll be in a wooden box, with the cover nailed down. But the way I feel now, that won't be for some time yet. Your health, sir."

"Yours, Mr. Trotter," I said. "And while we're about it, let's drink to the unknown hoodlum who threw that brick through your bay window."

Mr. Trotter's bright eyes grew infinitely brighter.

"You've just drunk to him, sir," he said; and gave the most soul-satisfying chuckle I've ever heard from a human.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sullivan, Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, Johnson and Dempsey, the colorful ring kings of bygone days

# Looking for a Fight

***Primo Carnera might be heavyweight champion if he could punch. Young Stribling might if he were more aggressive. Jack Sharkey might if he had control. But while waiting for the removal of the "ifs" we long for the days of the Dempseys and Tunneys, the Corbetts, Fitzsimmonses and Sullivans when a fight meant just that***

## By Grantland Rice

BASEBALL still has its Ruth and its Hack Wilson, its Vance and its Grove, its Klein and Cronin and Gelbert, its Cochrane and Simmons and Terry and Gehrig, to mention only a few. The baseball heaven is literally studded with stars.

Golf, it seems, will have to do without Bobby Jones but it still has Sarazen, Horton Smith, Armour, Hagen, Mac Smith, Farrell and other headliners.

Tennis boasts its Cochet and Borotra, its Wood, Doeg, Shields and others on the amateur side, with Tilden and Richards on the professional list.

There are dozens of great swimmers, great hockey players, football stars and track and field candidates of a high order. When then will some heavyweight fighter step forward to prove that this boxing class has a real champion who belongs with those mentioned in other sports?

Recently Max Schmeling, rated as heavyweight champion in many states and by many nations, toured the south on an exhibition whirl. Unfortunately he was booked in a number of cities in which Jack Dempsey, the ex-champion, had also appeared. It has been five years since Dempsey wore the purple toga of his game, but in almost every one of these cities Dempsey outdrew Schmeling three to one, or even four to one.

Dempsey traveled through a series of ovations. Schmeling's reception in many places was about as warm as a Siberian outpost. The populace still remembered that Dempsey had proved that he could fight and that he always was willing to wade in and put on a good show. The same populace recalled that what pugilistic honors the German had gathered in his Sharkey encounter had arrived by the detour of a fluke.

Max Schmeling may be a very good fighter. He may be hardly any fighter worth peering at. Outside of a brisk start some years back he has done nothing at all to justify his high eminence in the game. The multitude won't take his skill and his greatness for granted until full proof has been furnished.

What about the others? Carnera, the 270-pound Latin Landslide, was supposed to submerge all who stood in front of him. A year ago he was bowling over the maimed and the blind, the decrepit and the defunct. Then he had to fight thirty rounds against Maloney and Paulino and nothing at all happened. Carnera drew two close decisions and lost another.

They couldn't hurt Carnera, but on the other hand Carnera couldn't hurt them. The answer seems to be that he simply can't punch. You wouldn't believe that a fast, shifty, active fellow weighing 270 pounds could possibly lack a knockout wallop. But he has more of a shove than a smash. If he could learn to punch he would be unbeatable.

Carnera is still a possibility whereas a Dempsey of 1919 or 1926 would annihilate him in less than a round. That shows again how far the boxing crop of 1931 has gone to seed, compared to the Dempsey-Tunney reign from 1919 to 1928.

Stribling has almost all the qualifications of a champion: fast, strong, experienced, cool, a good boxer, a hard puncher with either hand and a smart competitor. If he will only add aggressiveness to this list he will stand alone. But Stribling also has to prove his case in court. He will have his chance against Schmeling, but he can't afford another bad show.

Then there is Jack Sharkey. Sharkey had his chance against Dempsey, Heeney and Risko and blew all three. In his fourth, against Schmeling, he was plastering the German with both hands when he suddenly hooked one between the knee and the belt and blew still another chance. Yet such is the heavyweight situation today that Sharkey will have to be given his fifth chance, largely because no one else has done any better.

Jim Corbett still thinks Sharkey is the best heavyweight left. He is still rated number one by the New York State Boxing Commission. But Sharkey also has yet to prove his place as a champion who belongs in a list that started with John L. Sullivan and ended with Gene Tunney—a list that included a Corbett, a Fitzsimmons, a Jeffries, a Johnson and a Dempsey.

Sharkey, like Stribling, has shown most of the needed physical qualifications. He is a first-class boxer and he can hit. But something always seems to happen when the big chance comes.

Boxing has not always known its golden age. On the contrary, it has suffered other dull years. There was a big lapse between the retirement of Jim Jeffries and the arrival of Jack Johnson. There was an even greater lapse between the Willard and Dempsey arrivals. It was probably the action and excitement during Dempsey's control of the leather kingdom that got the populace accustomed to the Dempsey pace.

There now has been a three-year lull with little or no excitement. Schmeling with his half crown hasn't done anything important in two years. And Carnera, who was matched to meet the winner of the Schmeling-Stribling contest, has done nothing to earn even a challenger's rôle. If Carnera's appearance in a championship test is to mean anything he must eliminate Sharkey or Campolo, or someone who can be listed at least as a second-rater.

A year ago the announcement was thundered when Sharkey and Schmeling met that something would have to be proved before any real champion was named. Nothing was proved except that Sharkey was still a wild swinger and Schmeling had slipped back a number of notches. This was the fiasco which finally came as the climax to so many other fiascos. And a disgusted fight-following public turned to other pastimes.

Possibly the coming summer will bring back new interest in a game which has taken more punishment than all the fighters combined. It took a long time for the public worm to turn, and it now may take some time to lure it back to the ringside. There are no million-dollar gates in sight and it will be surprising if there are any half-million-dollar gates this summer.

Schmeling, Heeney, Sharkey, Stribling and Carnera are the best of the present heavyweight crop

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# You'll never know *how good* candy can be— till you've tasted Milky Way

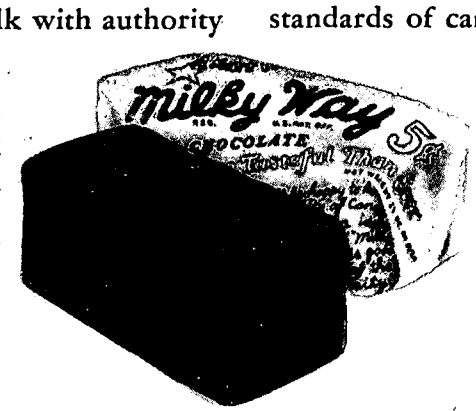
UNTIL you actually experience the thrill for yourself, you can't imagine what it's like. No one can tell you that it tastes like this or like that, because it doesn't taste like *anything else in the world.*

The only way to find out what you've been missing is to eat a Milky Way. Take a good, hearty bite through that rich, thick, milk chocolate coating, through that golden layer of creamy caramel and through that flavory center. When you taste the blending of those three flavors, then you'll be able to talk with authority about candy.

It tastes good because it really *is* good, in every sense of the word. It is a milk confection, rich in whole milk, malted milk, finest milk chocolate and fresh eggs. Every single ingredient is the very best that money can buy.

Each shipment of ingredients is carefully tested for quality, and then used *the same day it arrives.* That's one reason for the wonderful freshness of Milky Way . . . plus the fact that it sells so fast that dealers must keep fresh supplies on the way constantly.

Milky Way is so pure, so full of quality, so skillfully and carefully made, that it has created completely new standards of candy excellence. It is so easily digested that it is the ideal sweet for children as well as adults.

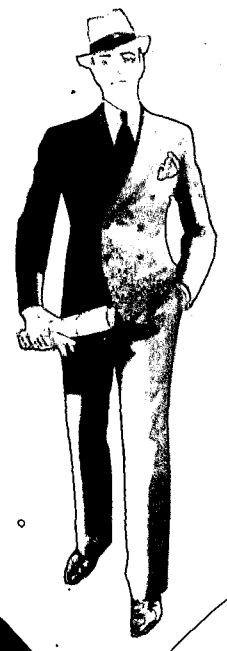



Eat one today . . . now . . . and know how good candy really *can* be.

MARS, INCORPORATED CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

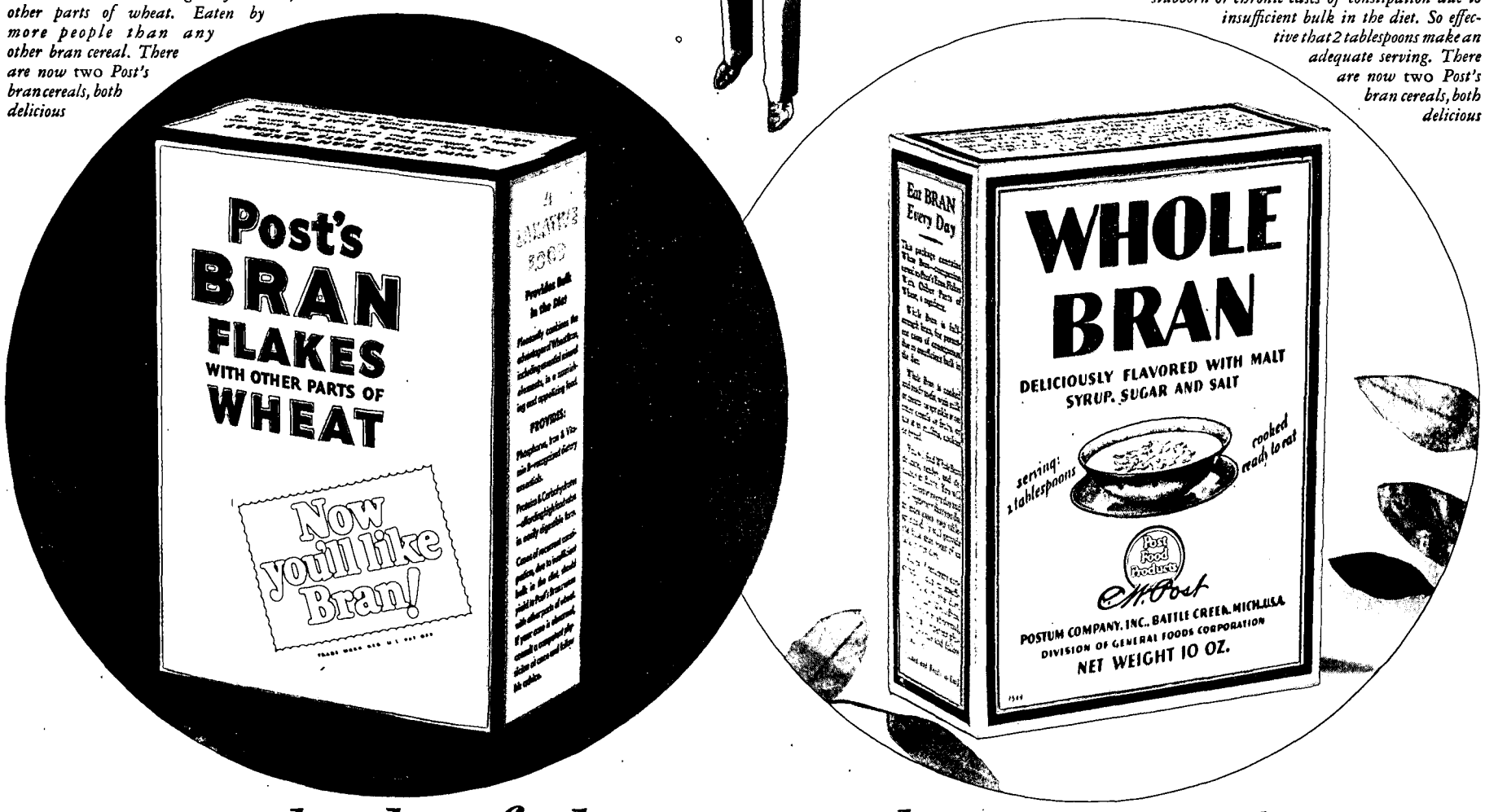
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# IT'S 9 TO 1 HE EATS BRAN



POST'S BRAN FLAKES—*a regulator, to balance the modern diet. It gives you bran, with other parts of wheat. Eaten by more people than any other bran cereal. There are now* two *Post's bran cereals, both delicious*

WHOLE BRAN *is new. Full strength bran for stubborn or chronic cases of constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. So effective that 2 tablespoons make an adequate serving. There are now* two *Post's bran cereals, both delicious*




## *which of these two do you need?*

YOU know the man. He works hard, plays hard. Never irritable. Always looks fit. No wonder he is successful. Perhaps you know his wife; a vital, radiant woman with fresh complexion and merry eyes.

Don't envy these people. Just realize that success comes from within — there is no deeper physical secret of success than daily regularity in cleansing the system of waste-matter.

Faulty elimination is responsible for most of our dull looks and sharp tongues. Poisons, harbored in the system, sap your energy and stifle ambition. Your head feels heavy just when you need all your faculties. Very few of us moderns take the bulk food that nature requires to rid our bodies of impurities. The chances are 9 to 1 that you need bran.

*Nature's food—in delicious form*

Obviously not everyone needs more bulk food in the same degree. That's why there are two Post's cereals prepared for this particular purpose.

*Post's Bran Flakes* is a regulator. Bran with other parts of wheat. It supplies the bulk food which most of us need; even those who aren't aware of the fact. Bran Flakes belongs on just about every breakfast table. It is on millions of them. For these dainty toasted amber flakes, so flavory and alluring, are eaten by more families than any other bran food in the world. Try them and you'll know why; all ready to eat — just add milk or cream.

*Whole Bran* is for stubborn or chronic constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet. It is full strength bran. Just as effective as any full strength bran cereal but a triumph of taste. You will want to eat these crisp, crunchy little shreds "straight" from the package; with milk or cream. Or sprinkled over fruit or berries. Two tablespoons make an effective serving. An irresistible way to serve Whole Bran is in muffins — puffy, golden morsels that melt in the mouth. Use the new recipe on the package.

You can soon tell which of these appetizing foods is the one for you. Start tomorrow to be your buoyant self again.

*Constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to one of these cereals. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice*

FILL IN COMPLETELY — PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS

C 5-2-31

TRY THEM FREE

Your name in the space below will bring you a sample of both these delicious bran cereals. Also check the subject below on which you would like to receive new and interesting literature. Mail today.

☐ "Overcoming Constipation"
☐ "Bran for Beauty"

*Name*_____

*Street and number*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Mail to GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

*Two delicious laxative foods*

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

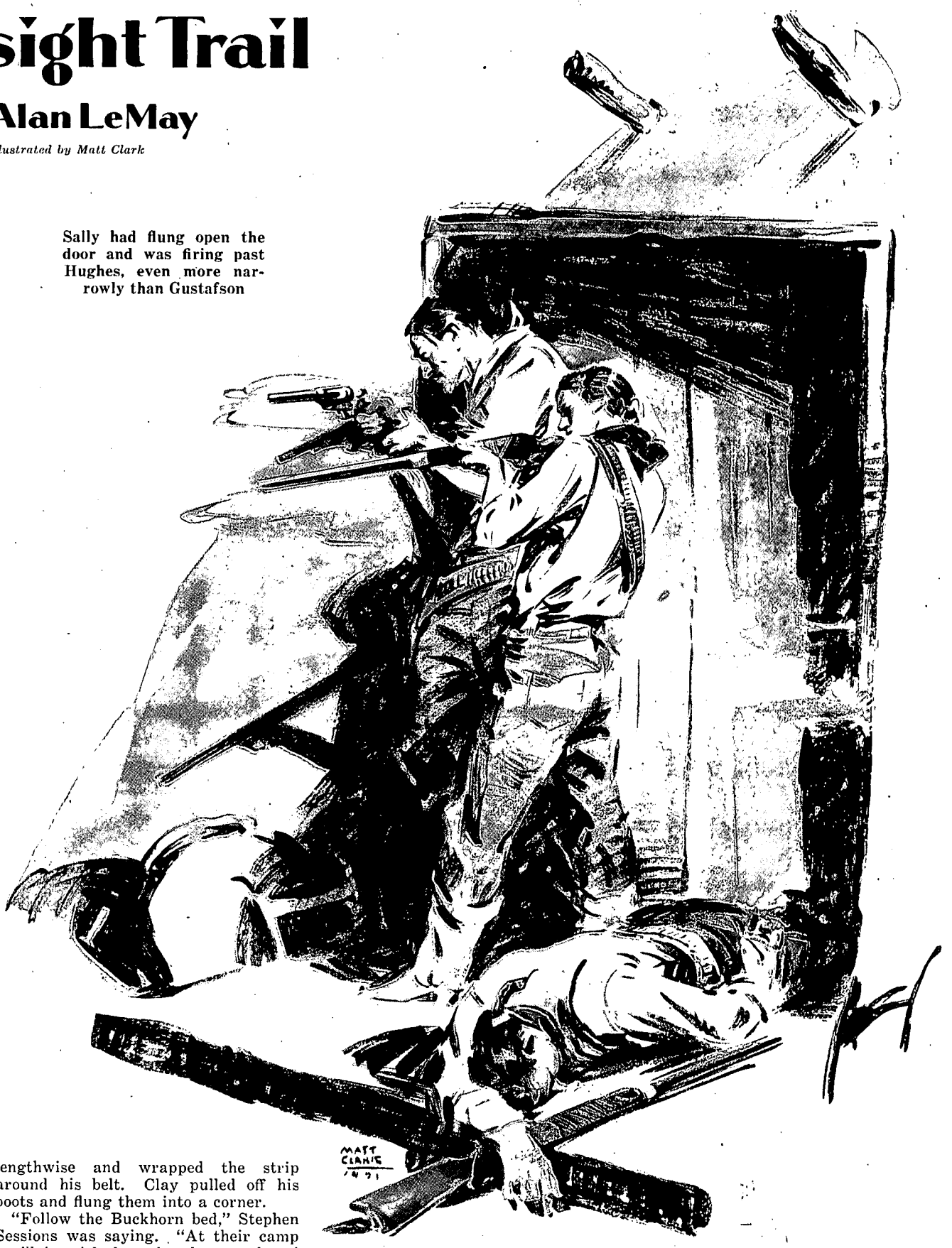
© 1931, G. F. Corp.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Gunsight Trail

## By Alan LeMay

*Illustrated by Matt Clark*




**Sally had flung open the door and was firing past Hughes, even more narrowly than Gustafson**

*The Story Thus Far:*

SHERIFF DONNAN, shot by an assassin, dies in the presence of Clay Hughes, a cowboy. Hughes reports the tragedy at the Lazy M ranch, announcing that Donnan, dying, had given him the name of the murderer—and he intends to keep the secret!

Oliver Major, owner of the Lazy M, has two bitter enemies: Earl and Alex Shaw, owners of the Bar S, a neighboring ranch. They, he feels sure, instigated the murder. A fight impends.

Stirring days follow. Hughes enjoys the excitement, and he is in love with Major's daughter, Sally.

Aided by a gang of crooked politicians (including the governor of the state), the Shaws are plotting to ruin Major. Alex Shaw (appointed sheriff by the governor) tries to arrest Hughes, who refuses to submit. Shaw goes for a posse.

Desperate, fighting a losing battle, Major sends for Stephen Sessions. Sessions is an old friend, a powerful politician. He arrives with the news that Grasshopper Tanner, who knows who killed Donnan, has been killed while trying to break jail! Sessions proves to be in league with the enemy. Sheriff Shaw arrives with a large posse. Barricaded in an old pumphouse, Major defies him. A five-day battle ensues. . . . Major now has evidence definitely implicating the Shaws. Sessions, shocked by the slaughter, conscience-stricken, confesses his duplicity. Then: "There's a company of cavalry out there—sent by the governor. If I can get a message through to the commander, I can save you, Oliver." "I'll take that message," says Hughes.

### Conclusion

"NO MAN could get out of here," declared Oliver Major, "with a message to the cavalry or anybody else! Forty guns will—"

Hughes made an impatient gesture and turned on Sessions. "Put down what I say. Write—"

"I know what to write," said Sessions. Slowly, in a ragged, vibrant script, he began to write on a blank page of the tally.

"It's suicide," insisted Major.

"Give me your gun, Dick," said Hughes.

Dick Major obeyed, and Hughes thrust the gun into the left side of his belt.

Sessions was writing rapidly now, his hand overcoming the shock of its slight wound. He had wrapped his handkerchief around it, yet here and there his script was emphasized by little smudges of red.

"What are you going to try?" Dick Major demanded.

Sessions answered slowly as he wrote. "Colonel Everett must take full charge. All prisoners under his protection. We must declare an emergency of martial law until the Shaws are removed. It'll mean the discrediting of Shaw, instead of Major. It's the end of the Silverado project; nothing can save it."

"But Everett and his cavalry—will he do as you say? Will he dare do as you say?"

"He won't dare not to. They know which side their checks have been buttered on these many years."

"You can save your pencil," said Oliver Major. "The message will never reach him."

"It's got to reach him."

The old man paused a minute, and one hand gripped his writing wrist, as if to steady it. Then, bearing down hard in a firm sweep, he signed his name, "Stephen Sessions, by authority of Theron Replogle, governor."

He tore out the sheets and handed them to Hughes, who folded them lengthwise and wrapped the strip around his belt. Clay pulled off his boots and flung them into a corner.

"Follow the Buckhorn bed," Stephen Sessions was saying. "At their camp you'll be picked up by the guard and taken to whatever officer is in charge. In God's name, tell them to be quick!"

"Put out the light," said Hughes, "and get back from the door."

Sally Major cried out sharply, "No, no! You mustn't go, you mustn't try it!"

HE TURNED his eyes to her and smiled queerly on one side of his mouth.

"Are you going to let him go?" she cried. "He won't get ten paces, he won't get five!"

Oliver Major said, "What is it for us all, if we stay? Better try the back way, Hughes."

"No," said Hughes. "I'm going to rush the Buckhorn bed. Once across, I'll lose them in the willow brakes."

"Good-by, boy," said Oliver Major. He caught Hughes' hand.

"I'll be seeing you, before long." Hughes lifted the lantern and blew it out.

Sally Major flung herself upon him. He thought she was going to urge him once more to stay, but she did not. She pulled his face down to hers; and her tears were salty upon his lips as he kissed her mouth. Then she let him go.

"Keep out of line now." He took Dick's gun in his left hand and brought it to the cock, then soundlessly unbarred the door. "Close it quiet behind me," he whispered; and sidelong, silent on his bootless feet, he slid out into the night.

For a moment he flattened himself against the adobe wall, out of line with the door, and eased his own gun into his right hand. There was no moon, but the stars leaned close, flooding the empty ground before him with an unwelcome light. For a moment he waited, accustoming his eyes, locating the exact point of the stream bed which he would try to make.

The curve of the Buckhorn gave him his cue. The stream bed was narrow here, and he could make out the black brake of the willow thicket, low in the far side of the cut beyond. Beside him he heard the gentle closing and barring of the door.

IT WAS a long fifty yards to the Buckhorn cut at the point he would try to make; and those fifty yards were open, flat as a table top, and as bare of cover. A moving object here would be a mark almost impossible to miss, and the range would shorten as he rushed. There was no point along that stream bed for a hundred yards from which the Shaw men had not fired upon the adobe.

After the dense smother of the adobe, heavy with powder smoke and the odor of horses, the outer air was cool and clean, like starlight, or clear water. In a sudden rush of awareness he realized that he loved life, and everything in it.

(*Continued on page 28*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*If you know anyone who needs a smart lawyer, tell him about Counselor Brewer*

# And Cheap Enough

## By George S. Brooks

*Illustrated by Frank Godwin*

**Dan tossed it ten feet to the waiting Shorty. "Put that on, Mr. Sheehan, so the witness can identify you in your coat"**

SURE. I killed him." There was a high note of exasperation in Shorty Sheehan's voice. "I wasn't goin' to stand there pickin' my teeth until Hunkie Joe chopped me down, was I?"

"Go on," grunted old Dan Brewer.

"A frien' of mine," Shorty explained, "tol' me once that I was to hire you, if I ever had to beat a rap. 'There's an old croak up in th' sticks,' says me frien', 'who can beat any kind of a rap for you. Give him the office, just as soon as you're nailed, and don't say nothin' to nobody until you talk to him.' Me frien's name is Nitro Pete."

"Huh?" said Dan. "Oh, yes, Pete Sutro."

"That's him. Nitro Pete."

"Well. How much have you talked?" Dan looked around the bare cell of the jail, where he was sitting beside his client on the iron bunk. A hard mattress, two army blankets folded over it, some rotogravure pictures pasted on the steel walls and a pair of shoes completed the furnishings. The shoes were Shorty's. He was in his stockinged feet. Shorty had nowhere to walk.

"Me?" asked Shorty, incredulously. "Me talk? Why, if the bulls hadn't all knowed me anyhow, I wouldn't even've spilled my name."

"You're indicted for first-degree murder," Dan remarked as casually as if the offense had been petit larceny. "What's the chance of making it self-defense?"

SHORTY shook his head cheerfully. "Think again, Mister. Think hard. They got forty witnesses that they've learned to swear I begun it. They figure on puttin' me away for keeps. Yeah. Hunkie's gang and the cops has got me framed like a picture of George Washington."

"Goin' to hang you, huh?"

Shorty failed to wince at the word "hang." Instead he whistled a few bars of That's Why I Love You.

"Huh? What d'you mean?"

Shorty looked at his attorney, to whom he had just paid a thousand-dollar retainer fee, with good-natured contempt. "You must live out in the sticks, all right, if you don't know why they're framin' me. Why me? I'm a Democrat. Hunkie Joe, the fella I knocked over, he was a Republican. He handled the longshoremen and the docks and lodgin' houses for the organization. Now, if we'd got in, with our mayor and district attorney, I'd of had the bulls and the sheriff in my pocket. I could of framed Hunkie Joe. But they got in and Hunkie Joe was right and I was all wet. That's all."

"Oh." Old Dan bit off the end of a cigar with his white false teeth and spat out the cigar tip on the cell floor. "Go on."

"I knew Hunkie and his mob was gunnin' for me. Mostly I kept over on my side of town. You know. I was layin' low, until next election. Then I'd of had the breaks again."

Shorty bore no malice. His temper was even, win or lose.

"But I got acquainted with a gal, see? She lives in Hunkie's district. On Mission Street. That night, I come out of her flat about midnight and Hunkie was waitin' for me. His mob cuts loose with their chopper; yeah, they had a machine gun, but I'm runnin' too fast and they miss.

"Hunkie outs with his rod and fires, but he misses. When I'm about eight feet from him, I give him the works with my rod and he drops. So I dusts up the alley before Hunkie's bohunks has been able to figure out what it's all about."

"So they fired first?" Dan demanded.

"Sure. But I told you. The district attorney has forty witnesses to swear I begun it."

"Where'd you go, after the shootin'?"

"Up the alley. But I don't run so good, because of my overcoat. It's too long. So I pull off the overcoat and duck it."

DAN straightened up. "You shouldn't have done that."

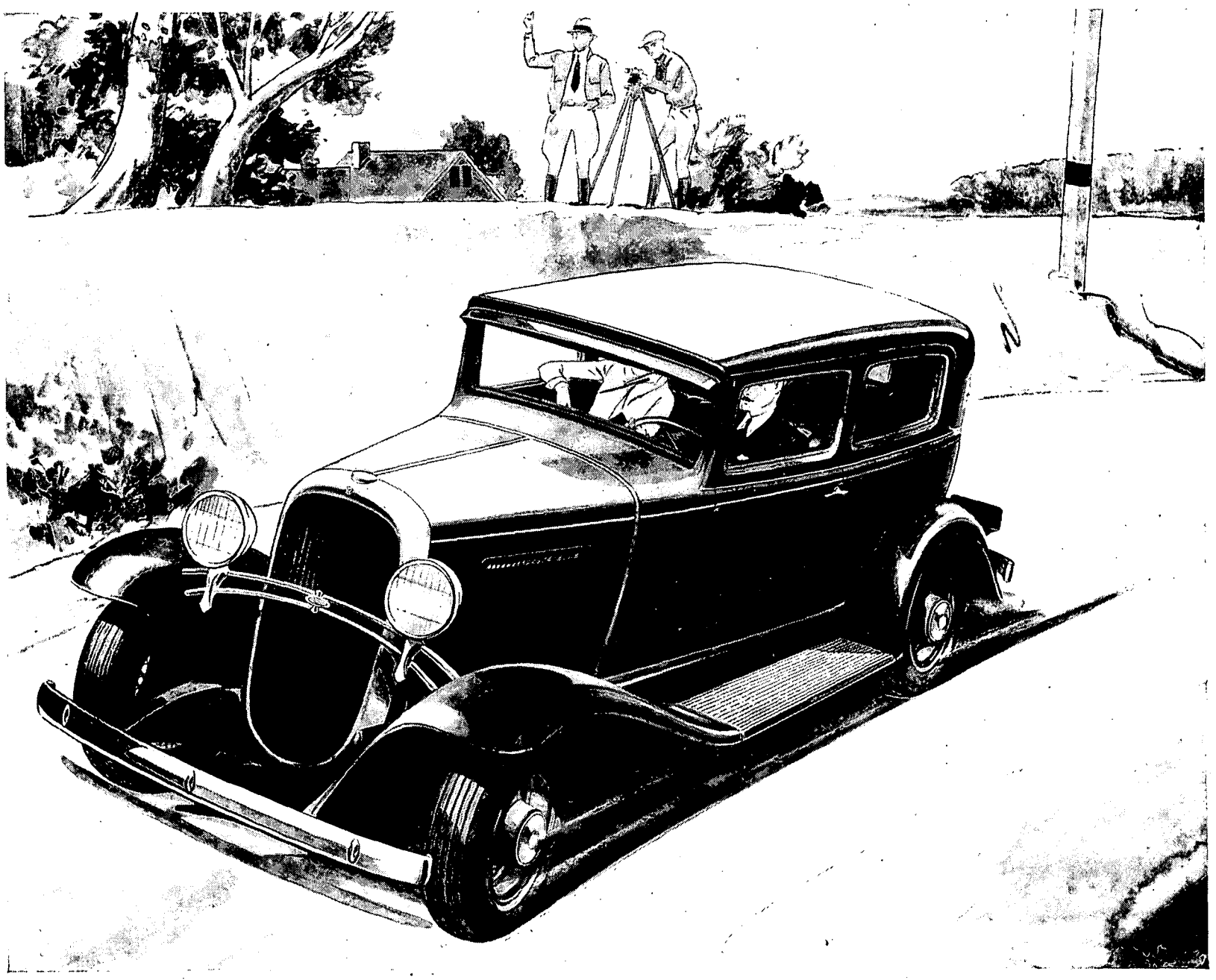
"They were comin' after me with choppers. I had to run, didn't I?"

Dan did not reply. He slumped forward, his chin in his hand, his elbow on his knee. "What else?"

"I have to get rid of the coat so I can sprint. There's a vacant warehouse in Pilot Alley. The old United Grocers' warehouse. As I get to it, I see that

*(Continued on page 48)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# IF YOU LIKE SPEED YOU'LL THRILL TO THE NEW OLDSMOBILE'S PERFORMANCE

IF you like, upon occasion, to travel at higher than average speeds on the road, you will be particularly pleased with the new Oldsmobile's performance. For this car is not only unusually fast—but it is capable, at the same time, of *holding* its speed hour after hour.

Naturally, there are definite reasons for Oldsmobile's finer performance, just as there are reasons for its remarkable stamina. The reasons, in both cases, are found in specific features of Oldsmobile's design.

New down-draft carburetion, for example, brings increased power—with higher speed, faster acceleration, and greater smoothness. It enables you to start quickly, gain speed rapidly, and hold to a swift pace that means more mileage covered at the end of a day. But as much as Oldsmobile's new features contribute to brilliant performance, they contribute no more than those features which have proved their desirability in the hands of a quarter of a million owners during the past three years. For those fundamentals of design are the real reasons for Oldsmobile's well known stamina and dependability.

Because of this combination of vitally important characteristics, you can enjoy the zest and thrill of Oldsmobile's speed to the fullest extent—knowing that the car's sound basic design and sturdy construction are assurance of *continued* excellent performance.

OLDSMOBILE

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Progress or Protest?

## By The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SINCE the Progressive conference in Washington, Governor Roosevelt has gone more definitely into the lead among the candidates for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1932. A great many Democratic politicians are now predicting his nomination. Especially is this true of the Western Democrats, who think of him as a candidate likely to attract Progressive Republican votes to the Democratic ticket generally. Western Democratic state leaders are dreaming of gaining a lot of local patronage in 1932. Governor Roosevelt is clearly their man.

The South, too, talks Roosevelt, not quite so ardently as the West, for the South is conservative, and the fact that the Progressive Republican Senator Norris inclines to Governor Roosevelt, which pleases the West, gives the South some qualms of uneasiness.

The South regards the Progressive Republicans very much as Wall Street does. It is dubious of anyone who has Senator Norris' endorsement.

But the South regards the New York governor with some favor for a reason of its own—namely, that he appears not to desire a wet platform in 1932. It regards him as a powerful ally in preventing the Democratic party from accepting the Raskob wet constitutional amendment.

In the big states of the North and East, Mr. Roosevelt does not fare so well, except, of course, in his own state of New York. The business interests like him about as well as they do Senator Norris or Senator La Follette. The wets in this section regard him as the least acceptable of all the wet candidates, as the one wet who wishes to subordinate the wet issue in 1932.

As the Democratic party, to win, will have to carry not only New York but at least two of the great Middle Western states, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, this opposition or at least coolness is important. These states, with New York, have dictated the choice of the Democratic candidate for President in recent conventions. They do so because it has to be the constant aim of the Democratic party to carry at least several of them to be sure of success.

The issue presented by the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt is vital to the Democratic party. Governor Smith, Chairman Raskob and their allies wish to make the Democratic party a conservative party, enjoying the confidence of the bigger interests of the country.

Governor Roosevelt, boldly and perhaps rashly, is trying to make it a progressive party, a sort of offspring of that Democratic-Progressive coalition which ruled the Senate last year. Obviously an issue like that involving the whole future character of the party will be hard-fought.

Besides having to overcome an opposition which is very powerful, resourceful and determined, he has a great many hazards to overcome before he can win the nomination. In the first place, the New York situation is full of pitfalls. New York City is in revolt against Tammany Hall. When it is all over the Democrats will have to ask themselves whether it will be wise to nominate a man who was forced to take a hand in the New York struggle.

The Democratic leaders generally will probably wait for the results of the New York explosion before committing themselves to Mr. Roosevelt. This indecision of theirs will operate as a check upon turning the conversation in favor of the New York governor into actual delegates.

Mr. Roosevelt became an open candidate by showing his hand in the fight over the platform in Mr. Raskob's National Committee meeting and by courting the Progressives rather obviously at the Progressive conference. It is a commonplace of politics that it is wise not to make the running too soon, to save wind and limb for the home stretch.

By attacking the Raskob wet program at the meeting of the Democratic National Committee, Governor Roosevelt put himself in open opposition to ex-Governor Smith, who accepted the challenge by telling the press that Governor Roosevelt's paramount issue of power would be only secondary in 1932.

Smith is the most adroit politician in the Democratic party, a leader with a larger following than any other Democrat. The part which Smith will play in the Democratic National Committee is skillfully concealed. He means to have "something to say" about what the convention does.

In choosing to be the most moderate of the Democratic wets, Governor Roosevelt is going against a tide that is running strong. The fact that Southern and Western Democratic leaders do not wish to have the prohibition issue raised does not prove that their states are all securely dry. It means merely that they will feel more comfortable if the issue is minimized. Chairman Raskob, by offering a concrete proposal, has raised it everywhere with results that cannot be known until delegates are elected.

# Gunsight Trail

*Continued from page 25*

He moved three steps forward, four, very quietly and slow. He had intended to try to gain six paces before staking everything on his rush of the cut; but as he counted four a gun spoke from the house, and dust as sharp as salt jumped into his face. Hughes sprang forward, every nerve exploding into action as he sprinted for the cut, running with everything that was in him.

And now, abruptly, the world awoke in a roar of guns; a ragged staccato rattle at first, instantly rising to a drumming thunder. The precarious silence of deceptive peace had split wide open on an instant's notice. From half a dozen windows of the main house the Bar S rifles lashed out, and from the bed of the Buckhorn itself others answered from a dozen places, the red stab of their explosions converging upon the runner. He moved within a cone of droning lead from which no living thing could escape.

Ahead of him, new guns now woke, meeting him head-on with a rapid fire. These his own guns now answered, as Hughes fired with both hands as he ran, dodging and twisting like a rabbit struck at by the unseen.

What would happen when he flung himself headlong upon the guns in front of him—if he lived that long—he could not foresee, but there was no choice now. Behind him the defenders of the pump house had gone into action, covering his rush as best they could with a steady stream of answering fire.

AS HUGHES started his dash across the open ground, the watchers at the pumphouse loopholes tore down the heavy window shields. The siege had already taken Hughes under its withering fire.

There were two of those little pigeonhole windows on the stream-bed side; Chris Gustafson and Dick Major each took one of these. An array of extra weapons lay ready to their hands.

At the end of the adobe, toward the main ranch house, was a single window. Oliver Major stationed himself here. Swiftly, with inspired hands, Major was putting his accurate shots into one window after another of the house. He fired swiftly and grimly, his long legs bracing him hard against the wall. If any could have seen his face then, they would have seen that tears of frustration and hate were wetting the walnut of the stock. Dick Major wept also, but in a different way, whimpering bitter oaths as he wildly emptied a six-shooter, a second and a third at the guns in the stream bed.

Of the three men fit to stand to action there, only Chris Gustafson, cool and slow, aimed carefully with rested gun at the flashes as they showed, intent on making each shot count. Three times he fired at the flicker of a single gun, shooting as close past Hughes as only a man who knew the steadiness of his hand could dare; yet he had time to get his second man.

Sally had flung open the door and was firing past Hughes, even more narrowly than Chris Gustafson. To her side came two others, out of the shadows. One, a stooped and twisted figure, was Bart Holt; he held his six-gun hard against the jamb of the door with his left hand, firing with his right. And the other, the tall shadow that swayed on wide-braced legs, firing a rifle from the hip like a six-gun, was Dusty Rivers who, even as he reached the door, crumpled and fell forward.

One more was in that fight. Walk Ross lurched against Dick Major, begging for room, and raised his six-gun to the sill. For a long time, or what must have seemed so to him, he tried to steady his almost invisible sight upon a fitful flash far to his left. He fired once, clung to the sill long enough to see that the man he had chosen fired no more; then lost his grip and slipped to his knees.

To those in the adobe it seemed that the running man lingered forever, vulnerable and defenseless, in that open ground. Hughes had sustained the first burst of fire and was still alive. . . . He was halfway, and he was still alive. . . .

His crouching rush had cut the distance almost to nothing when at last they saw him go down. Hughes turned in midair, as if in running his knees had struck a fixed post, and as he went down he rolled like a shot rabbit.

Sally Major flung herself forward blindly. It was Bart Holt who caught her wrist, clamping it in fingers hard and cold as iron. The jerk of her weight wrenched a gasp from the man, and his knees buckled under him; but still he held on, restraining her with his dead weight.

Then Sally cried out, "He's up! Clay's up!" She stood rigid in the doorway's shadow as Bart Holt's fingers relaxed slowly, losing their grip. Clay Hughes was somehow on his feet again. They saw him lurch forward three paces, and both his guns spoke once more. A gun lashed out in front of him, almost in his face, and they could not tell whether he sprang or fell as he dove over the lip of the cut, and was lost to view.

Within the adobe the firing ceased, leaving a silence that still seemed to ring with the explosions of the guns. The air was thick with the reek of powder. Dusty Rivers was crumpled in the doorway, coughing as if he would cough out his life; Walk Ross was down somewhere in the dark interior.

Major picked up Dusty Rivers and laid him on a bunk. Dick Major was blubbering, "They got him—they got him—"

Oliver Major's voice rose unnaturally. "Now, out, and fight! There's nothing left but to rush the—"

Sally cried out, "No! Are you crazy?" She slammed the heavy door and threw the bar.

OLIVER MAJOR'S voice droned dimly: "There's nothing left. . . ."

"You've got to give him his chance!"

"He's dead," said Oliver Major, his voice toneless.

"How do you know he is? He got up and went on!"

"He dove square in the flash of a gun."

"If they've got him—at least—at least they don't know it," Sally insisted. "They're still firing in the Buckhorn bed. Dick! Chris! Light the lantern!"

Chris Gustafson's match flared at last. Yellow light welled into the room again, then immediately diminished as he covered it with the cone.

"Now get the planking up again," Sally ordered them. "Hurry it up—have you forgotten how to move?"

Working dully, in the manner of men who have outlived the over-keyed energy of battle, it took them a long time to get the shields back into place.

"Do you suppose," Oliver Major said, "there's a chance that he got through?"

"No," said Holt.

"He got up and went on."

"Yeah, he got up," Bart Holt admitted. "It was the gamest thing I

*(Continued on page 30)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

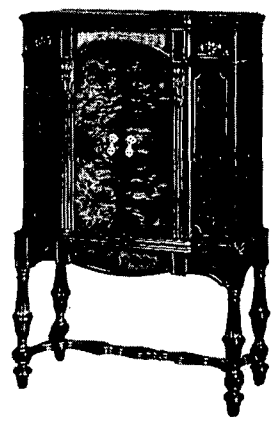
Ann Leaf, popular organist, pictures at the left the distorted tone that comes from a radio set whose units are but partially balanced. At the right is pictured the true, clear, undistorted tone produced by Philco's exact balancing of all units in the set

## THE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS RADIO WITH

# ELEVEN TUBES

### SUCH TONE—DISTANCE—SELECTIVITY—YOU HAVE NEVER HEARD BEFORE!

Now, for the first time, three great principles of radio are *combined* in one 11-tube receiver. They are—Balanced-Unit Tone—Screen Grid Power—Superheterodyne Selectivity: *Philco Superheterodyne-Plus.* It is frankly "more radio" than the average owner can ever need, but *you* will find it wonderful to bring you many more entrancing programs—"big shows" of the air, which you have never before been able to enjoy or even get ➤➤➤ Philco Automatic Volume Control makes this enormous 11-tube power useful by holding the reception at constant level *without fading and without blasting* as you tune from station to station ➤➤➤ Tone-Control enhances your delight with four degrees of tone quality, "Brilliant," "Bright," "Mellow" and "Deep," instantly available at a touch of your finger ➤➤➤ Added to the Superheterodyne split-hair selectivity, you have the most accurate tuning set in the world because of the Glowing Arrow Indicator on the Illuminated Station Recording Dial. You log your favorite stations and ever after tune with perfect accuracy by simply bringing the call letters under the Glowing Arrow ➤➤➤ And as for realism, this new Philco brings programs to you with such breath-taking fidelity you will think that the great artists, opera stars, jazz bands and famous men are right in the room with you! ➤➤➤ Never before such a radio—Let the nearest Philco dealer demonstrate it to you. He has the most complete line of radios in the world from Baby Grands at $49.50 to Screen Grid at $110; Superheterodyne-Plus Radios at $129.50 and $155; Radio-Phonographs, $99.50 to $272, less tubes; Philco Balanced Tubes for balanced performance; Philco-Transitone Automobile Radio, $65, including tubes. All sets are sold with Philco Balanced Tubes. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.



ELEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE-PLUS
HIGHBOY

With doors—built-in Electro-Dynamic Speaker; Illuminated Station-Recording Dial with Glowing Arrow "Finder;" 11 tubes; Tone-Control; Automatic Volume Control and all new features . . . . . $155.00 less tubes

In an exquisite Lowboy . . . . . $129.50 less tubes

Listen to the Philco Symphony Orchestra on the air over more than 140 stations every week

# • PHILCO •

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"So they doubled our four spades and we went game and rubber"

# How would you play it?

## By Milton C. Work

*Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | *North*<br>S. K-10<br>H. 4-2<br>D. 8-5-4-3-2<br>C. A-7-6-4 | |
| *West*<br>S. 8-5-3<br>H. 10<br>D. A-K-Q<br>C. K-Q-J-10-9-8 | | *East*<br>S. 7-2<br>H. K-9-6-3<br>D. J-10-9-7-6<br>C. 5-3 |
| | *South*<br>S. A-Q-J-9-6-4<br>H. A-Q-J-8-7-5<br>D. None<br>C. 2 | |

THE above hand was published in last week's Collier's. At Auction Bridge the bidding would be: South one Spade, West two Clubs, followed by two passes; on the second round, South two Hearts, West three Clubs, and again passes by North and East unless North, emboldened by South's two-suiter, should bid three Spades. If North passed on the second round, South would open the third with three Hearts. West would bid four Clubs and North four Spades. If North bid on the second round, South would bid four Spades in his turn. Then West, with a hand that could lose only five tricks, might decide that saving game was worth the loss involved and bid five Clubs. North and East would pass this declaration, but South would bid five Spades and that would end the auction.

The hand was played at Contract with a recognized expert in the South seat and furnished an ideal two-Club bid for South because reaching the best bid for the combined North and South hands was dependent upon forcing North to make a choice between Spades and Hearts. In this case the Club bid furnished considerable information to West also by showing him at once that South's strength was in the two major suits; so to break up South's program, West interpolated a bid of four Clubs. North thought it best to pass and hear what South would say next. East passed, and South bid four Spades.

West, having made it impossible for South to show his second suit, passed. But North felt reasonably sure that South was looking for a selection between Spades and Hearts. With South unable to bid four Spades without knowing that North had any support, North's Ace of Clubs and King and Ten of Spades made a slam look probable; so North simultaneously showed his strength and his preference for Spades by bidding five Spades. South called six Spades, which ended the contracting.

West thought it quite likely that a Club would be trumped or that Declarer held the Ace of Clubs; so he led from his Diamond tierce major at once, South trumping the first lead; but Declarer then appreciated that he might have difficulty in making his contract. He put dummy in by leading South's singleton Club, and then led a Heart from dummy which South finessed. The Ten which fell from West might be a false card, but with West's bid in mind Declarer did not read it that way and assumed that East still held three Hearts, one of which would have to be ruffed in dummy. The problem was to get in a ruff on an enemy Heart and avoid an enemy ruff of his own Heart Ace. He accomplished both objects by a most unusual play.

To trick 4 South led a small Heart: West discarded the King of Clubs, North played his last Heart and East won the trick with the Six. East then led a Club, knowing that his partner held control of the suit, hoping (although not expecting) that South had one more Club, and knowing that the lead would force South if his Club had been a singleton. The force did not trouble South, who won the trick and again led a small Heart which North trumped with the Ten of Spades. The stage was now set for the big scene and to trick 7 North led the King of Spades which South overtook with the Ace; the adverse trumps were exhausted and Declarer took the remaining tricks with his three good Hearts and the winning Spade.

With the cards as they were, the same result would have been obtained in a less sensational manner if dummy had won tricks 2 and 3 with trumps and led a Heart to trick 4. South would win the finesse, lead a third trump to exhaust West; and at trick 6 dummy could be put in with a Club to lead a second Heart for a second finesse. Played in that comparatively simple manner, South would have made his small slam, losing only one Heart trick.

**Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.**

| | |
|---|---|
| *North*<br>S. Q-8-6<br>H. 7-6-5-4<br>D. 9-8-7<br>C. A-Q-10 | *East*<br>S. K-5-4-3<br>H. J-9-3<br>D. K-5-3-2<br>C. 7-4 |
| *West*<br>S. 2<br>H. K-Q-10-8-2<br>D. Q-4<br>C. 8-6-5-3-2 | *South (Dealer)*<br>S. A-J-10-9-7<br>H. A<br>D. A-J-10-6<br>C. K-J-9 |

# Gunsight Trail

*Continued from page 28*

ever seen a man do. You could tell by the way he spun when they got him that he was done. And after that he dove right square into it. I seen his hands throw up as he fell."

Outside the firing had fallen away to ragged bursts here and there in the stream bed itself. It had a random, desultory sound, but continued persistently.

"I never saw his hands throwed up," said Chris Gustafson.

"Sally, you've got good eyes. How was it?"

There was no answer, and after a moment, Major, lifting the shielded lantern, saw that she was no longer in the room. Dick Major, searching, presently found her in the stable room, huddled limply on a corner pile of hay, under the ponies' low-swung heads. Kneeling beside her, her brother gathered her against him with his unwounded arm; and she clung to him, weeping convulsively. . . .

Clay Hughes had almost reached the stream bed; a shock like the impact of an ax smashed one leg from under him, so that he was spun in his stride and went down, rolling with his own momentum. He knew as he went down, the bared teeth of his open mouth grubbing up earth, that he was through and would never get up; yet somehow, without knowing how he accomplished it, he was instantly up, rushing the stream bed once more. One leg was numb as if it no longer existed. Its stumbling irregular action, over which he had no authority, gave his rush an uncontrollable lurch and stagger, as if the legs which carried him forward were not his own.

Then a gun blazed in his face, so close below and ahead of him that he took the blinding sting in his cheek to be the burn of powder. Both of his own guns answered as he stumbled and plunged headlong into the stream bed itself. The crash of his fall brought a flash of light into his head, but he twisted as he hit, coming to his feet like a spilled halfback.

A VOICE cried, "Frank, don't shoot!" Dark looming figures were closing upon him like falling rock, so close about him that they could not fire without hitting each other. Clay fired once with his left hand, and a man went down almost under his feet, but his right gun clicked empty. A gun muzzle, swung viciously downward at his head from behind, streaked his scalp; he whirled and smashed down a man with the barrel of his right-hand gun, then hurled the empty weapon into the face of another who in that instant fired at point-blank range without effect.

For a moment he was clear of the hornets' nest in which he had landed. Behind them they were firing again as he splashed through the shallow Buckhorn, running with a stumbling lurch. He had almost reached the black cover of the willows on the far side when the next smashing hit knocked him headlong into the edge of the cover; his right arm crumpled useless under him as he fell. Turning on his side, he fired once more with his left hand; then that gun, too, was empty, and he let it fall.

He wormed his way forward on his stomach deeper into the black shadow of the willows. A great driftwood log offered momentary protection; a bullet threw rotted wood in his face as he rolled over it. Dragging himself silently, tight to the ground, he worked downstream through the willows. More Shaw guns were searching for him now, clipping twigs behind him, above him, as they beat the willows.

He rolled under a fence, checked his direction, and began running steadily southward, twisting between clumps of cactus and sage. He clutched his wounded arm to his chest with his left hand, and put everything he had left into steady running. A racking pain had come into his wounded leg, but it seemed to be working more smoothly now, on the level ground. His breath labored as he drove himself, until his windpipe turned raw, and the starlight dimmed. He tasted copper.

He was almost done, and it seemed that he must have passed the cavalry station long ago, when the dark low shadows of the picket line loomed ahead, and a voice called out sharply, "Halt! Who's there?"

"Friend, you damn' fool," gasped Hughes; and barged headlong against the rifle of the guard.

"I DON'T suppose," said Oliver Major, "that I ever seen anything like that before. I misdoubt if anybody ever did."

Once more he sat in his office, sidewise, at that ornate Victorian desk. Outside the dawn was bringing a cool lucid light to the corrals and adobe buildings; Sally had been sent to bed an hour ago, and the rest of the defenders of the pump house—there was not an unhurt man among them now—had been glad to turn in. But though the long siege was over, and those slim youngsters in the O. D. of Replogle's cavalry were noticeable all over the Lazy M as an assurance of returned peace, the old range-wolf, the iron man of the saddle, wanted nothing so much as a drink.

Clay Hughes lay on the couch in old Oliver Major's office while Doc Hodges redressed his wounds. Hughes, Hodges now found, had been wounded no less than five times; but, though he was weak from loss of blood, none of the hits had found a vital mark.

It was as if he, like Oliver Major, who was the one man untouched, had been defended by the unseen. It was the sort of miracle that had made the Indians believe in mystic medicine in the old days, medicine that could make a man indestructible.

There was a light, almost furtive tap upon the door, and Steve Sessions came in.

"I couldn't sleep," he apologized, his voice husky and unconfident, "so I got up and shaved. What I'm wondering now is can a man get hold of a drink?"

"I sure guess you're entitled to one, Steve," said Major. "You turned the trick for us, in the end."

Stephen Sessions shook his head. "It was too late," he said, "it was way too late. God knows how Hughes made it through."

"Looks to me," said Hughes, ignoring Hodges' effort to keep him quiet, "like we may be in worse trouble than we were before. We'll still be under suspicion in the killing of Hugo Donnan; and, on top of that, who's going to be responsible for the fight we made against Shaw's sheriff and his men? We must have finished some of 'em in the course of the five days."

"They lost eight men," said Hodges, "not counting the wounded that I'm liable to pull through. Now, if you'll—"

"We'll still be held responsible for that. Mr. Major, we're a long ways from home."

Stephen Sessions accepted the glass

*(Continued on page 34)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

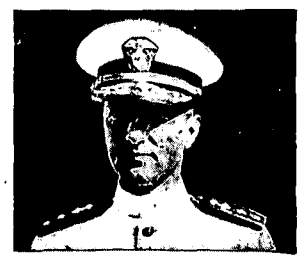
*His Excellency*
BENITO MUSSOLINI
*Premier of Italy*

DR. HUGO ECKENER
*Germany, Commander of the Graf Zeppelin*

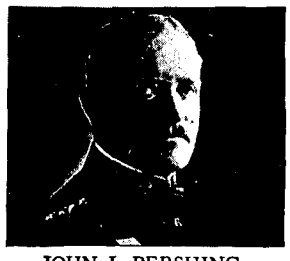
THOMAS A. EDISON
*World's Foremost Inventor*

*The Honorable*
TONG SHAO YI
*Veteran Statesman of China*

*The Right Honorable*
SIR ROBERT BORDEN
*Former Premier of Canada*



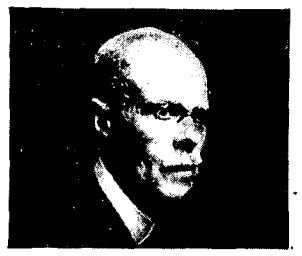
REAR ADMIRAL
RICHARD E. BYRD
*Flier to North and South Poles*



JOHN J. PERSHING
*General of the Armies*
*Commander of the A. E. F.*

*The Honorable*
CAIRINE WILSON
*Canada's First Woman Senator*

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI
*Greatest Living Musician*
*Former Premier of Poland*



SIR GEORGE GARNEAU
*Member National Research Council of Canada*

*His Excellency*
PASCUAL ORTIZ RUBIO
*President of Mexico*

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
*Belgian Author and Dramatist*
*Winner of Nobel Prize*

VISCOUNT
EIICHI SHIBUSAWA
*For fifty years the Dean of Japanese Business*

H. H. THE MAHARAJAH
OF MYSORE
*Powerful Indian Potentate*

LIEUT. GEN.
LORD BADEN-POWELL
*England*
*Founder of the Boy Scouts*

LADY BADEN-POWELL
*England*
*Founder of the Girl Guides*

*His Excellency*
ENRIQUE OLAYA
HERRERA
*President of Colombia*

DR. PIERRE PAUL
EMILE ROUX
*France, Director of the Pasteur Institute*

# An Event of International Importance

*Dedicated to the encouragement of the Art of Amateur Photography and sponsored by famous people from many lands*

For the purpose of bringing to public attention the part that photography plays in the world's affairs, the Eastman Kodak Company and associates abroad have organized an International Competition for amateur picture-takers.

Photography has aided notably in acquainting the people of each country with the peoples of other countries. And because of this favorable influence on international understanding and goodwill, eminent men and women, the foremost citizens of their nations, have freely consented to serve as International Patrons of the Competition. Their names appear on this page.

European princes, oriental rulers, presidents and premiers, makers of history, leaders in society, science and the arts: these are the sponsors of this friendly international event.

Full information regarding the International Competition will appear in the next issue of this publication.

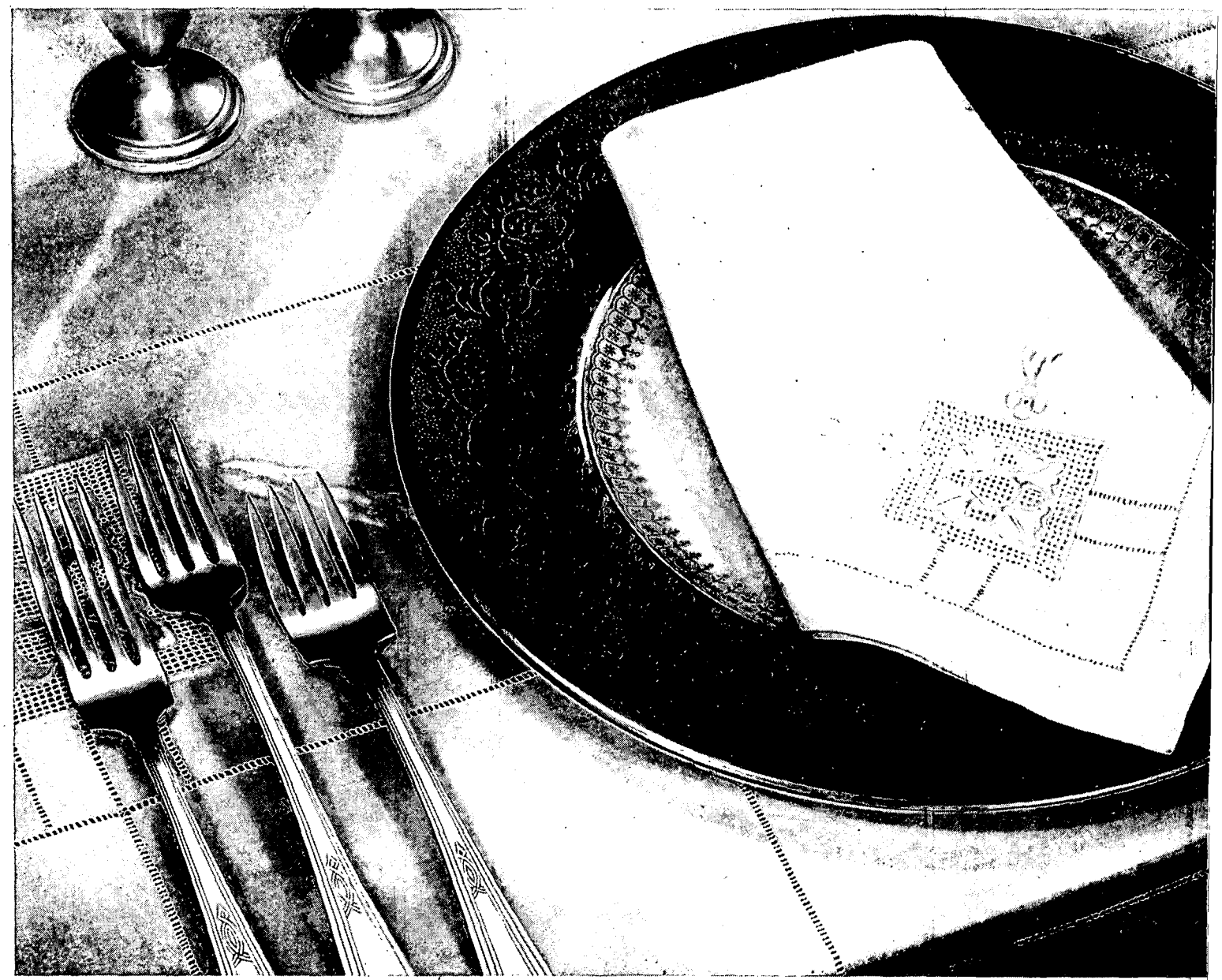
The Duchess of Atholl, *Member of British Parliament*
Admiral Lord Jellicoe, *Former Commander of British Grand Fleet*
Sir Robert Gibson, *Leading Citizen of Australia*
Raymond Poincaré, *Former President of France*
Gabriel Hanotaux, *Former Foreign Minister of France*
Max Reinhardt, *Celebrated German Dramatist*
Frau Käthe Stresemann, *Wife of the late Chancellor Stresemann of Germany*
Thomas Mann, *Eminent German Novelist, Winner of Nobel Prize*
H. R. H. The Duchess of Aosta, *Italy*
Senator Marquis Guglielmo Marconi, *Italy, the Wizard of the Wireless*
H. R. H. The Prince of the Asturias, *Heir to the Throne of Spain*
H. R. H. Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf *of Sweden*
Selma Lagerlöf, *Dean of Swedish Literature and Winner of Nobel Prize*
Ivar Kreuger, *Swedish Capitalist, World Match King*
J. Sigfrid Edström, *Electrical Industrialist, Organizer of Swedish Olympic Games*
H. R. H. Crown Prince Olav *of Norway*
Johan Bojer, *Renowned Norwegian Novelist*
Christian Sinding, *Great Norwegian Composer*
H. R. H. The Archduke Joseph *of Hungary*
H. R. H. Crown Prince Leopold *of Belgium*, Duc de Brabant
Adolphe Max, *Belgium, Famous Burgomaster of Brussels*
H. R. H. The Grand Duchess *of Luxembourg*
H. R. H. Prince Felix *of Luxembourg*
H. R. H. Crown Prince Frederik *of Denmark*
H. R. H. Princess Harald *of Denmark*
H. R. H. Prince Axel *of Denmark*
Dr. Knud Rasmussen, *Danish Arctic Explorer*
H. I. M. The Emperor of Annam, *Oriental Potentate*
H. M. King Feisal *of Iraq*
H. R. H. Crown Prince Mahomed Zahir Khan *of Afghanistan*
H. H. The Aga Khan, *India, Spiritual Head of the Ismaili Moslems*
Sir John Pearce Luke, *New Zealand, Eminent Statesman and Industrialist*
Eleutherios Venizelos, *The Grand Old Statesman of Greece*
Professor Nicholas Iorga, *University of Bucharest, Rumania*
His Excellency Dr. Thomas G. Masaryk, *Founder and President of Czechoslovakia*
Dr. Michael Hainisch, *First President of the Republic of Austria*
His Excellency Pedro M. Arcaya, *Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Venezuela to the United States*
Emiliano Figueroa Larrain, *Former President of Chile*
Dr. Aaron Saenz, *Mexican Statesman*
His Excellency Genaro Estrada, *Mexico, Minister of Foreign Affairs*
His Excellency José M. Coronado, *Chargé d'affaires ad interim, Colombian Legation in U. S. A.*
Martin Gil, *Director of the Meteorological Bureau of Argentina*
His Excellency Augusto Aguirre Aparicio, *Minister of Ecuador to Peru*
His Excellency Dr. Alberto Ostria Gutierrez, *Minister of Bolivia to Peru*
Rafael Larco Herrera, *Peru, Vice-President of the Academy of History and Archæology*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IRENE RICH'S

POCKETBOOK KNOWS

# Smartness has nothing to do

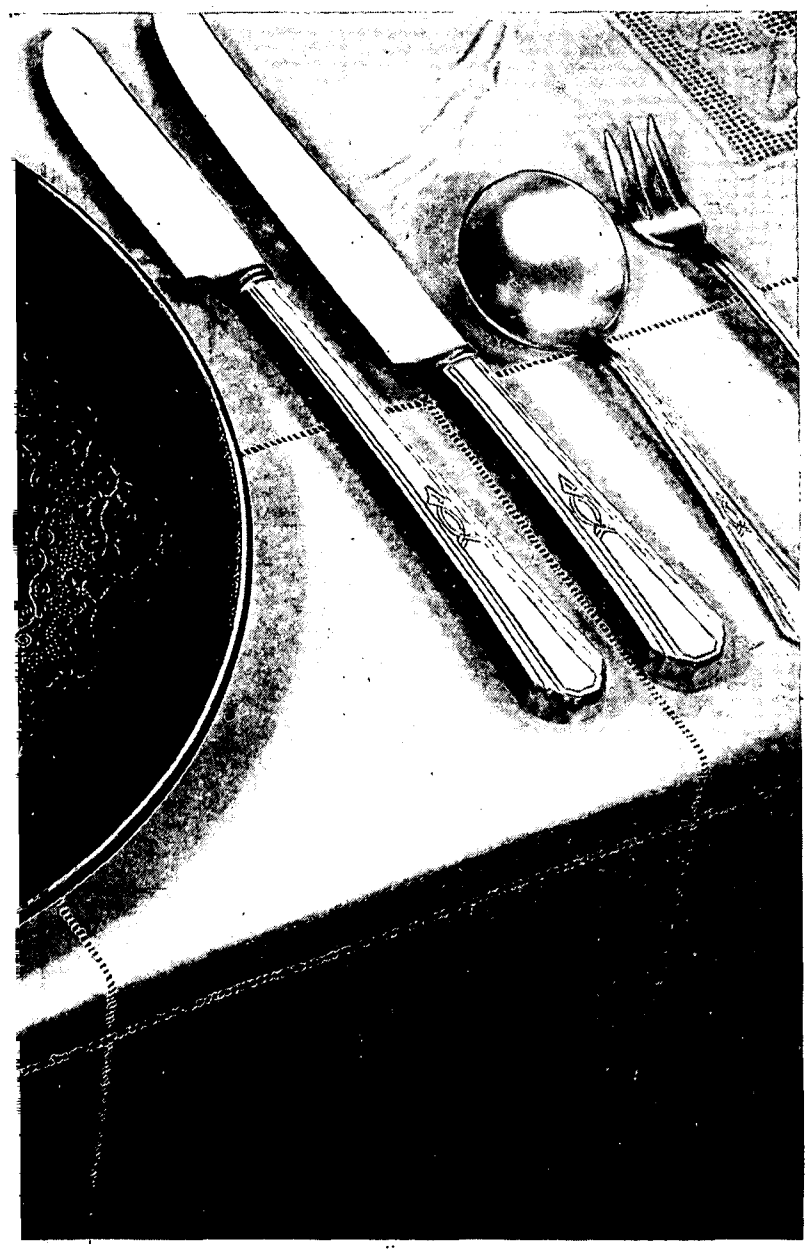


Wm Rogers & Son

*TRADE MARK—


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# with Price



# Silverplate

Irene Rich, one of the best-dressed women in the movies, says: "Every time I tuck my pocketbook under my arm, and sally forth to the shops, I know the thrill of a game that's fascinating all America . . . The treasure-hunt . . . the search for loveliness for little. For to-day, great artists in the great *ateliers* spend their time in contriving delightful things at low price. And there isn't a smart woman in America who isn't aware of it—and isn't making herself and her home more beautiful because of it!"

* * *

In silver, there is no example so preëminent as the beautiful silverplate of Wm. Rogers & Son—genuine original Rogers' Silverware. * Created by artists whose names are known throughout the world of design, this fine plate is as exquisitely proportioned and as beautifully modeled as though it cost an impressive figure. It's guaranteed for 35 years. * And yet the cost . . . but half as much as you'd expect to pay—as low as $16.25 for a service of six! No more than your next permanent will cost you!

* * *

Pictured at the left is the newest of the four Wm. Rogers & Son patterns . . . Paris. Note the new Viande* style in knife and fork, an innovation in silver styling that is replacing the usual dinner style on America's smartest tables. Matching hollowware . . . another innovation at this price level . . . is to be had in Paris, Triumph, or Princess patterns. * Many prominent dealers are offering this lovely silver on the Deferred Payment Plan.

IS

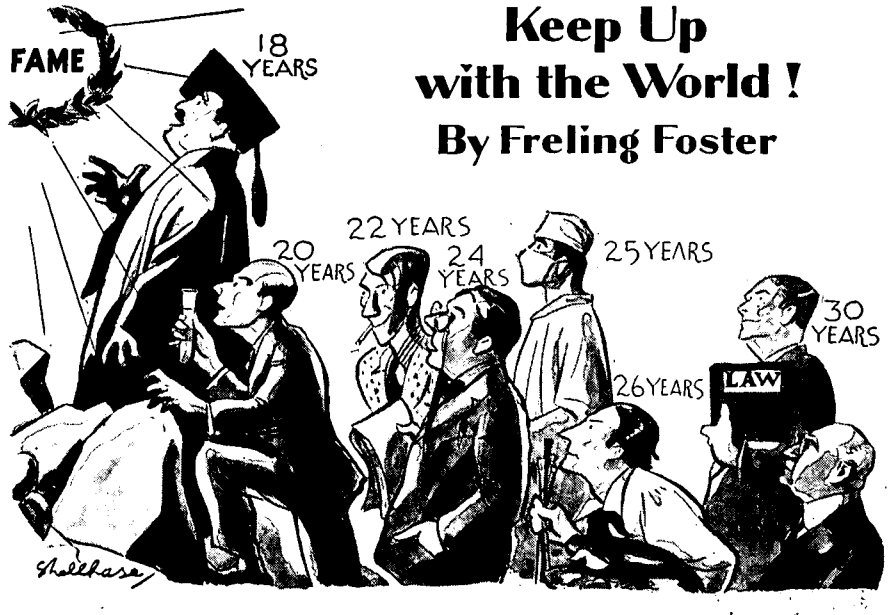
*A product of*

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

*Also makers of International Sterling, 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate and Holmes & Edwards Silverplate*

FE—PATENT APPLIED FOR.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Keep Up with the World!

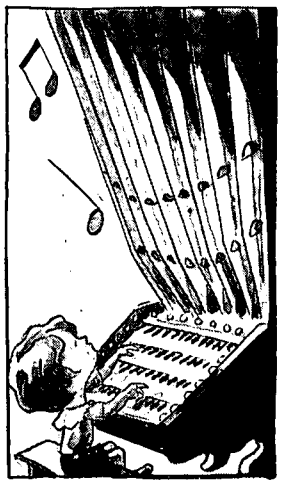
## By Freling Foster

*An* index to the opportunities for real achievement existing in different kinds of work may be found in the varying number of years that elapse between graduation and inclusion in "Who's Who" in the lives of certain occupational classes, analysis showing that educators require an average of 18 years to be recognized, scientists 20 years, writers 22, editors 24, physicians and surgeons 25, artists 26, lawyers 30, business men 31.

*No* street cars are in operation today in the state of New Mexico, the two little lines which once existed having fallen by the wayside.—*By Hudson Davis, Clovis, N. M.*

***Radium,*** the costliest thing in the world because only 1 gram is extracted from 10,000,000 grams of uranium ore, emits gamma rays that are 10 times more penetrating than X-rays and capable of passing through at least 3 inches of lead.

*The* precocious youngsters between the ages of 3 and 16 years who play the king of musical instruments—the organ—like masters are far more numerous than the piano and violin prodigies who parade constantly through the Sunday supplements.



*The Pandaka pygmæa,* the smallest fish known to science and found only in creeks of the Philippine Islands, measures when fully grown less than a half inch in length and is partly transparent.—*By Lloyd Lehrbas, Washington, D. C.*

***Soviet Russia*** today contains a population of 162,000,000 persons of 182 different nationalities who speak 149 languages, with 85% of them on farms and the other 15% in about 250,000 towns and villages of which only 10,000 are on railroads or within the reach of telephone and telegraph lines.

*The* bolometer, the most sensitive thermometer in existence, the use of which is to record heat-rays, can detect a change in temperature of less than $\frac{1}{10000}$ of a degree Centigrade.

***Lynching*** parties staged quite a revival in 1930, taking a toll of 21 Negroes and 4 white men; in 1929 there were 10 of these mob-murders.

***African*** Negrillos are the shortest people on earth, averaging only 4½ feet in height and 77 pounds in weight, and wear clothing only on special occasions when the men put on a loin cloth and the women get "dressed up" with a bunch of leaves and a string of beads.—*By W. E. Farbstein, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

***"The Holy Shroud,"*** the sindon in which the body of Jesus Christ supposedly was wrapped after the Crucifixion, is claimed to be in the possession of five different European shrines, and even the authenticity of the most famous one, preserved in Turin, Italy, since 1578, is gravely doubted as there is not the slightest clue to its existence before 1300.

*The* death house at Sing Sing prison, a small, homely, two-story brick building which contains only 39 cells, a kitchen, diminutive hospital, visiting room, execution chamber and morgue, cost the state of New York nearly $300,000.

*An* American leather-splitting machine is capable of cutting hides into two sheets without varying $\frac{1}{500}$ of an inch from the thickness for which it is gauged.

***Uncle Sam*** now has more than 2,100,000 fingerprint cards on file in the Department of Justice in Washington, with which he is making about 10,000 identifications a month.

***Uncle Sam's*** "World Trade Directory," one of the most valuable reference books in Washington, contains today more than 400,000 reports on the financial standing, reputation and responsibility of virtually every important foreign company in existence.

*The* only woman who sits on a state Supreme Court bench in the United States today is Judge Florence E. Allen of Ohio.

**Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.**

# Gunsight Trail

*Continued from page 30*

that Oliver Major offered him, and drank deep. "No; the Buckhorn war is over with, Hughes. You'll see this whole thing dissolve and blow away."

"But how?" Hughes insisted.

"Because we made a stubborn, rightful stand," said Major.

"No," said Sessions slowly. "It isn't exactly that. It's more like what Hughes said last night: just one stone out of an arch, and down comes the whole works. In the Donnan killing you've got evidence against a man that is dead. I mean Art French. The testimony of Walk Ross shows that Art French was desperately afraid to have the truth come out about that killing; afraid enough so that he sent word to Adobe Wells that Tanner must die. And in Walk Ross' testimony as to how Tanner died, you have a terrible indictment against the Shaw outfit, who then had the sheriff's office in their hands. The stone is out of the arch. It's Theron Replogle's worry now how he will smooth over the fact that he put the sheriff's office in the hands of killers and thieves."

"But can we prove that Art French killed Hugo Donnan?"

"What use to prove a murder on a man that's dead?"

"But Tanner's testimony was that there were two killers."

"You've never had any doubt, have you," said Sessions, "that the other man in the killing was from Adobe Wells?"

"Never," said Oliver Major, "in our own minds; but when it comes to proof—"

"Ask yourself what will happen now, with the tide turned against Shaw? What always happens when a corrupt organization begins to crack? The rats will begin to break for cover, first a few, and then all, everyone for himself; and when state's evidence begins to turn, there'll be half of them across the border, and the other— You'll have the other killer of Donnan all right. Only I'm thinking that when you do, you'll have caught another dead man in the net."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm afraid," said Sessions, "I'm not sure enough to answer that."

There was a silence, then Hughes said, his voice husky and faint, "Is Alex Shaw alive?"

"Just," said Hodges. "Lord knows how he's hung on!"

"Is that what you meant, Steve?" said Major.

Sessions hesitated. "I can't answer that, Oliver."

Oliver Major bore in upon him: "You won't deny that it's in your mind, as you sit there, that Alex Shaw himself was the man who killed Donnan?"

A HEAVY voice from the door said, "What if he did?"

The door, left unlatched by Stephen Sessions, had drifted open with the draft; and now in the doorway a tall stooped figure stood. Hughes tried to sit up, and Doc Hodges forced him back, as those in the room saw that the man in the doorway was Earl Shaw.

Oliver Major had blown out the lamp, and the early morning was not so advanced as to show the man in the doorway in a strong light. Working always in his chosen background shadows, he was a man who had seldom confronted his enemies face to face.

Then, as Earl Shaw took one slow step into the room, the light from the window caught him square, so that he was a shadow and a name no longer, but a reality as solid and as hard as rock. Once more Hughes felt the stubborn strength that lay in the bulldog head.

Oliver Major got to his feet with a slow noiseless motion, like an old dog that catches the wolf scent, and rises from his rest.

"What if Alex killed Donnan?" said Earl Shaw. A taunting note crept into his voice, bitter-hard and husky as it was. "What if I sent Alex to kill him because he knew too much, and was trying to quit my gang? What then?"

"You admit it then?" Oliver Major demanded.

"Certainly not, you old fool," said Earl Shaw. "But you think you know it's true, don't you? I'm asking you, what then?"

"I guess you know what then," said Oliver Major.

"Oh, do I? Where's your proof? Art French is dead. What passed between Alex and Donnan and me isn't known to another soul. He's slipped through the loop of your rope, you hear? I wanted you to know that. I wanted to see you chew on that, before we go on."

"Slipped, hell! So he's guilty, is he? My answer is that I'll see him swing!"

"No," said Earl Shaw. "He'll never swing, Alex won't."

"I promise you—" Oliver Major began.

"My brother," said Earl Shaw, "died ten minutes ago."

THERE was a silence in the room. Then Oliver Major, looking square and hard into the bloodshot eyes of Earl Shaw, said, "That's good." Just the two words, spoken very low, but so inhumanly cool and hard that a shiver ran down the spine of Clay Hughes.

"You'd better be wishing," said Oliver Major after a moment, "that it had been you. You're at the end of your rope, Shaw. This is once too often that you've come after the Buckhorn water. I've got you this time, and I've got you to keep."

"That's as may be," said Earl Shaw. His voice was so low it was almost dead. "You'll never live to see it, Major, I'm promising you that."

"You think I won't?"

"I know you won't. I'm calling you out."

Clay's eyes were on Oliver Major's face; and he saw incomprehension change to a slow incredulous hope. "You mean—" he said, as if he could not believe, "you're calling—you're calling me—"

"I'm calling you out," said Earl Shaw again. "You heard me, I guess! But maybe you've forgot what that used to mean."

"No, I ain't forgot. Only—I never believed you'd dare face me with a gun on. You've got no gun on now."

"It's here all right," said Shaw. He jerked open his vest to show the shoulder holster beneath, swung well to the front. "Strap on your gun, old water hog, and come out where there's light."

Oliver Major did not reply, but Hughes saw a slow inward smile cross his face, half closing his deep-set eyes, as he turned, reached for his gun belt, and strapped it about his lean hips once more.

Earl Shaw stood aside as Oliver Major led the way out. The door closed behind them.

"Wait!" shouted Stephen Sessions. "Wait! You can't do this! I tell you—" His voice died away, and he stood sagging, a helpless and pouchy old man, tugging at a pendulous lip and staring at the door.

*(Continued on page 36)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE first Hundred Years

"If you can't have your grocery on a corner," said Samuel Pierce to Eldad Worcester in the year 1831, "don't have one at all."

You should see the S. S. Pierce Co.'s "corner stores" in Boston today! Annual sales running into millions — 50,000 active accounts — deliveries made by a fleet of 82 motor trucks — in short, store-keeping on a scale that would have frightened either Samuel or Eldad.

Centennial year this year for S. S. Pierce — and for the International Harvester Company. And this makes doubly interesting the fact that Boston's historic grocery uses a Harvester product — International Trucks.

They are trucks of quality and efficiency — with these one hundred years of manufacturing experience and service behind them. *They have to be* to meet the rigid standards of the S. S. Pierce Co. They must prove their worth on a "cost per stop" basis — and they do it!

They'll prove themselves for you, too! And that statement stands whether or not your trucking problems have a single point in common with those of the S. S. Pierce Co. Internationals today are meeting every conceivable kind of trucking problem. They recommend themselves to any size of business or any type of industry, through operating cost and upkeep that is uncommonly low. They clinch the matter by providing extra speed and extra stamina — and striking good looks.

*Delivery service of the little corner grocery was by wheelbarrow in 1831. A far cry from the service rendered by these Internationals in 1931.*

Experience privileges us to make this unqualified statement: whatever tests of performance or economy you may apply to trucks — an International will come through with colors flying. Try one on your own job — and see!

* * *

A full line of trucks from ¾-ton to 5-ton. One of the 183 Company-owned branches in the U. S. A. and Canada, or any International dealer, will demonstrate them to you—and service them for you in the same *exceptional* manner with which International Trucks perform.

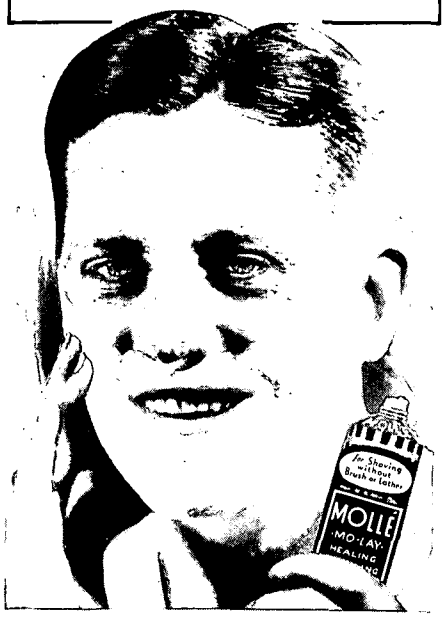
INTERNATIONAL

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY**
**606 So. Michigan Ave.** OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) **Chicago, Illinois**

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**Good News** MOLLÉ can also be had in jars for 75c—containing twice as much as the giant 50c tube.




*Apply With Finger Tips*

# The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

**Get MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way. If you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube or jar to us and we will refund your purchase price.**

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush
MOLLÉ
For Quick Easy Shaving

# Gunsight Trail

*Continued from page 34*

Hughes struggled up and swung his feet to the floor.

"No—lie down," Doc Hodges urged him, forcing him back.

"No! By God, I'm going out!"

The tumbling arguments of Doc Hodges checked themselves as Hughes fought furiously, in his weakness, to get up. Abruptly Hodges gave it up and helped Hughes to his feet. "You'll pay for this," Hodges was insisting, "as sure as—"

"I've got to get out there!"

Stephen Sessions was trailing behind them as if drawn against his will, as they came out into the first rays of the early sun. Shaw and Major had drawn a few paces away. They were speaking together, but the others could not hear what was said.

WHAT arrangement was made between Major and Shaw the watchers could not know. Hughes, half supported by Doc Hodges, was within a few paces of the two old men as they separated and walked away from each other, not in opposite directions, but divergently, as along the arms of a Y. Oliver Major's strides were clean and sure; Earl Shaw's steady, but very slow.

Behind him, Hughes heard Stephen Sessions say in an incredulous, silly voice, as if he could scarcely conceive of what was happening, "Why, they're going to shoot it out! Why, there's a man going to be killed!"

"Shut up, you fool," said Hughes.

What happened then only Hughes apparently understood in time. At what point the two old men had agreed to stop and face each other the watchers did not know, nor by what signal they had agreed to draw and fire. But as the two walked their divergent ways there was a moment in which Major's back was turned to his lagging enemy.

Perhaps something broke within Earl Shaw with the strain of a personal war that was older than the trees under which they stood, so that the nursed hatred of the years suddenly became too much. Or perhaps the man who all his life had worked in shadows learned suddenly that to face death in open sunlight was to discover fear. Hughes saw Earl Shaw check his stride, and turn suddenly tense as a cat, tall and stiff on his toes. Shaw's right hand whipped to the hidden holster where he carried his gun.

Instantly Hughes shouted with all his strength the one word, "*Shaw!*" and with his left hand snatched for Hodges' gun.

The very overkeyed tensity of Earl Shaw saved Oliver Major then. In the instant of drawing his gun, Shaw whirled, and his gun swung upon Clay Hughes at a range of twenty feet.

To the watchers it seemed that both guns spoke together—Shaw's weapon and the gun Hughes had snatched from the holster of Doc Hodges. Actually, Earl Shaw's gun must have come a split second late. Dust jumped at Clay's feet and the ricochet snarled past his knees. Earl Shaw toppled forward and fell heavily, limp to the finger tips, face down in the dust.

It hardly seemed that the watchers needed the word of Doc Hodges, who left Hughes to rush forward to the fallen man, to tell them that Earl Shaw was dead.

For a few moments there were shoutings back and forth, and hurried inquiries, and running O. D. clad figures, coming up from all portions of the Lazy M.—Perhaps twenty had gathered there, almost before the smoke of the guns had drifted down the breeze. Yet perhaps no one there but Clay Hughes remembered the story of the Buckhorn water well enough to understand the single comment of Oliver Major. It was a long time since Sol Major, Oliver's brother, had been a living force in the Buckhorn Valley.

Oliver Major spoke low and quietly, as if to someone unseen, close by his side. "It's finished, Sol," he said; then turned and walked away.

Hughes stood swaying on his one good leg, trying to keep the weight off the one that was stiff and bound. "Mr. Major," he called out, "are you all right?"

"He's all right, and he's walked away. Can't you see that?"

"Not very good," said Hughes. "I'm sleepy, I guess." They saw him raise one hand to his eyes, then turn and walk stiffly toward the house. Sessions and Hodges hurried forward to assist him. At first he tried to push them away; but a moment later he was glad of their support, as he realized that otherwise he would not have made the house on his own legs.

IT WAS hard for Hughes to believe that anything could put him entirely out of commission, holding him down in a bed which he quickly learned to hate. But the days had dragged into weeks before he sat in the patio again, one of his arms still stiff and ineffectual as he tried to haze the old rhythms from the old banjo:

*"De la Sierra Moreno,*
*Cielito Lindo, vienen bajando . . ."*

A number of things had changed while he had been held down. Even Dusty Rivers was far along the road to recovery by then. Except for Walk Ross, the others had mended rapidly. Walk's great effort, in which he had struggled up to fire a single shot that got his man, had been too much for him. For a few days he held on, seeming to rally; then one night, unexpectedly, he had turned his face to the wall and died.

With Earl Shaw dead, the Adobe Wells organization had flown apart like a startled covey of partridge. Smoky Walters and Frank Muldoon, ace gunfighters of the Bar S, were dead; Dutch Pete was in Mexico; Judge Breen, the heart of the Walkerton branch of the organization, had sailed for the Orient for unclear reasons best known to himself.

Theron Replogle, his political throne tottering, promptly steadied himself by throwing the collapsed Silverado project to the wolves; and already the state's official investigation of the Lazy M's armed stand against the law was, under the guidance of Sessions and Replogle, drifting off into obscure, vague channels, becoming neglected and forgotten by the daily press.

Yet, there was verity in the mournful note of the song which the banjo accompanied:

*"De la Sierra Moreno . . .*
*Canta y no llores—"*

An uncertainty, a doubt of himself such as he had never known before was upon him. The old call of the trail that had drawn him all up and down the West was in his ears again, but this time in a new way. The trail no longer beckoned with any point or meaning. He thought of the endless wandering horse trails with weariness, for he no longer believed in any mysterious benefit at the end of any of them.

Once more there swept through him, very real, the sickening physical weakness that was his temporary heritage from the guns. Yet he recognized that some day it would be overcome; then perhaps he would know himself again.

Then, somehow, he became aware that Sally Major had come across the patio and was standing in front of him, and he raised his face.

She was wearing the white voile dress which was the first dress he had ever seen her wear. From behind her the treacherous desert sunlight struck through the light voile as if it were thinly frosted glass, revealing the clean slim curves of her body so clearly that Clay caught his breath. There was no beauty in the world like the half-hidden, half-revealed beauty of Sally Major; in it lay a power that could destroy a man, a magic urgent and impelling: irresistible as the world thrust that had built the rim, more subtle than the war lust that ran hidden in the Buckhorn water.

Hughes wished to look away, but could not.

"Come here," he said unsteadily. "Come here and sit down.

"Listen," he said. "In a few days, I'm heading up into the Nevadas. Up there—"

"But I thought—" she exclaimed. "Why, didn't Dad tell you that you're welcome here always, as long as the Lazy M runs beef? I thought—"

"Listen," he commanded. "Some people I know up there run a mine. It's in a bad place, and the ore has to be packed out with mules. In winter time it's mighty hard to get packers to contract the work. I can have that contract if I want it. It's hard, mean work, but it pays high. You see, I couldn't very well hang on around here as a worthless hand that was owed something for some gun fighting once. I can make my stake, and I will make it, and when it's made maybe sometime I can come back and throw in with the Lazy M again, in a small way. But now—"

She suddenly sprang up, white-faced and defiant, and tried to free her hands, prisoned in his grip. "Let me go! What do I care where you go, or when? Go saddle and ride, and don't come back!"

SUDDENLY there went out of him all that unaccustomed sense of uncertainty which his wounds had left him. The old buoyant vitality came back into him with a rush, so he knew that his trail held for him what he demanded of it, no more—and no less. Sally no longer seemed distant, but very near.

"I thought you'd be right interested in what place I had in mind," he said.

"Why should I?"

"Because," he said, "you're going with me."

She stared at him a long moment, as if uncomprehending. Then she said in a small voice, "What makes you think I will? If you're asking me—"

"Asking you?" he repeated. "No, I'm not asking you. I'm telling you, child."

"Well, I won't—" Her voice faltered, and she suddenly sat down on the bench, her face away from him. He gathered her into his arms, gently, coaxingly; and after a moment she hid her eyes, as she had hid them once before, in the curve of his throat.

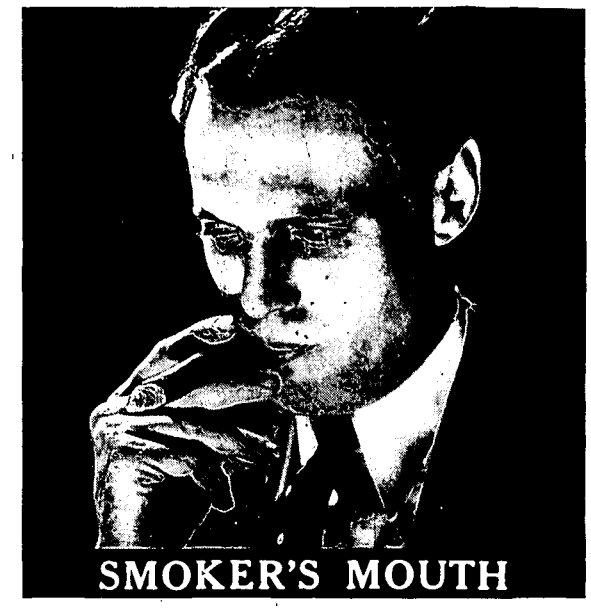
He lifted her chin and kissed her lips; and a medicine that ran deeper than the hidden water came into the valley of the Buckhorn.

THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

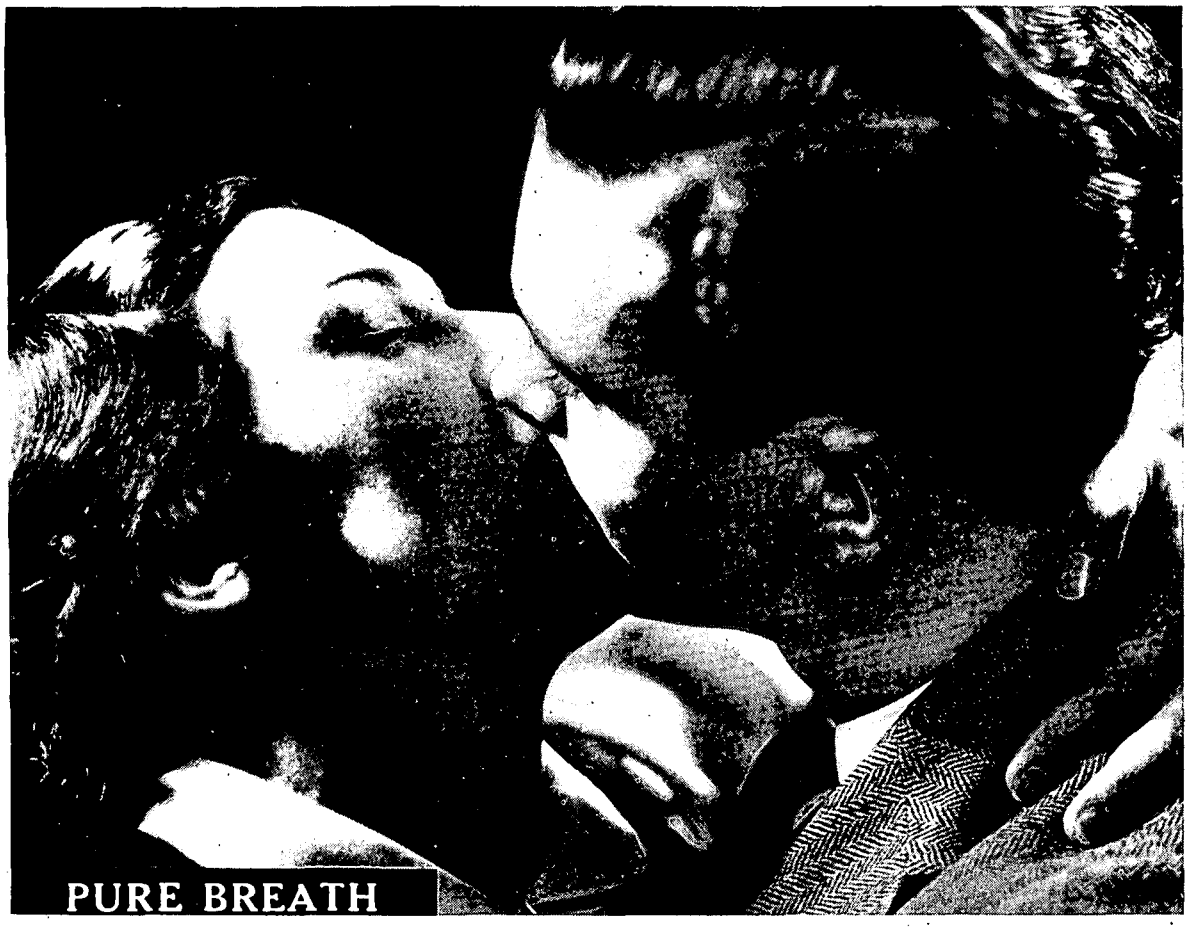
When you bite your tongue, have canker sores, when false teeth make the roof of your mouth sore, dilute Pepsodent Antiseptic with equal parts of water and use frequently.

Try Pepsodent Antiseptic undiluted or dilute with an equal part of water. Cover the wound with gauze bandage saturated with Pepsodent Antiseptic.




Often the membranes of the mouth become dry from excessive smoking. There is a bad taste. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic. A cigarette tastes far better afterwards.

# *Newly Discovered!* Pepsodent Antiseptic is 3 to11* times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics!! Checks bad breath far longer!!!




In the opinion of some authorities, most breath odors come from such minor causes as neglected, unclean mouth, tooth decay, slight infections of nose and throat, smoking. If after using Pepsodent Mouth Wash, bad breath persists in returning, SEEK MEDICAL AND DENTAL ADVICE TO REMOVE THE CAUSE.

THE remarkable discovery, Pepsodent Antiseptic, is a new and powerful weapon in fighting germs. It combats, immediately, the social evil of bad breath.

The active agent used in Pepsodent Antiseptic, as determined by standard tests, is many times more potent than *pure carbolic acid*, for all time the standard germicide. Pepsodent Antiseptic is non-poisonous, *safe* and *soothing*.

Immediately after you use it, 95% of the germs on mouth surfaces are destroyed. Their number is still reduced 70% at the end of two hours time—that is far longer acting than many other leading mouth washes.

"We find," states one laboratory, "Pepsodent Antiseptic kills the stubborn pus-producing germs (M. Aureus) in the fastest time it is possible for science to record—faster than has previously been the standard for other mouth washes."

## Checks bad breath

With this revolutionary discovery comes a social safeguard: remarkable protection against offensive breath. A laboratory director states: "Tests prove conclusively that Pepsodent Antiseptic overcomes bad breath 1 to 2 hours longer than many other leading antiseptic mouth washes."

Go today and get a bottle. Secure this added protection to your family's health plus the greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

* Pepsodent Mouth Wash is highly antiseptic when diluted with several parts of water. Hence, it goes many times as far as mouth washes which must be used FULL STRENGTH to be effective.

COSTS MUCH LESS

# Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash

***A revolutionary mouth wash just discovered by Pepsodent tooth paste laboratories***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDIPHONE

Edison's New Dictating Machine

EDISON pioneered in office organization

•

The Ediphone quickly brought order out of the confusion of notebook routine, avoiding office travel, waiting, and the matching of two persons' time. When you provide Ediphones for your dictators, you take the most important step toward better office organization.

Centralization of transcribing was made practical, enabling employees to operate under supervision for "better letters" while saving the time and annoyance to dictators of training new assistants.

The reward for this enterprise is better and more permanent organization which is highly profitable both to the firm and employees.

Our National Service will prove this at your desk and guarantee the continued satisfaction of your entire office. Hundreds of our old customers, nearby, will tell you so. Telephone "The Ediphone," your City, or write for our book, "An Easy Way to Chart Your Correspondence."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC.

ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

*World Wide Service in all Principal Cities*

# Protection

*Continued from page 9*

The waiter came with Harworth's order, then hurried away. Sandy leaned against a booth and stared at the Italian.

"Look," said one of the men, "he's got his army with him."

"Oh, girls!" said the Italian.

Sandy yawned loudly. The proprietor, a tall Swede with reddish hair and a big mustache, came out of his office and hurried back to the big table. The Italian saw him coming and got up.

"How'd you like a punch in the nose?" he shouted at Harworth.

"Sit down," said Sandy. "You just think you're tough."

The proprietor came over to Harworth and said:

"Don't get mixed up with that man. He's a bad one. When he's sober he's bad enough. I'm always having trouble with him."

"Who is he?" asked Harworth.

The proprietor called the cashier and asked him who the Italian was.

"Don't know," said the cashier, "but I see him in here with Sam Michaelson off and on."

The restaurant was in confusion now. Men were standing up, calling to the proprietor, demanding to know what was the matter. Women were looking apprehensively at the Italian, who, a little unsteady on his feet, was looking toward Harworth.

"Call a cop!" yelled somebody.

But Harworth stood up and motioned for the Italian to come over. The Italian turned to stare at the men he was with, then he went over to Harworth's table and leaned on it. Sandy looked at Harworth, puzzled.

"Say—" the Italian began.

But Harworth said:

"Wait a minute. You know Sam Michaelson, don't you?"

"Sure," said the Italian, blinking. "I work for him."

"All right," said Harworth, "he works for me."

The Italian blinked.

"Yeah? You own The Burgoyne, hunh?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well," said the Italian, grinning. "'Scuse me."

"What's your name?" asked Harworth.

"Canovi."

Harworth studied him, then he said:

"All right. Go back to your table and behave yourself."

"Say—" said Canovi.

Then he stood staring at Harworth's pale, set face.

"Go on."

Canovi shrugged and, turning, went back to his table.

"Hell, what a tough-looking mug," said Sandy.

THE proprietor and the cashier stood staring at each other. Gradually the clamor subsided; waiters hurried about among the tables, carrying loaded trays. Sandy walked back to the counter and ordered. The men at Canovi's table sat whispering among themselves and from time to time one of them turned to look at Harworth.

When Harworth was finishing his coffee, one of them got up and came over.

"Mr. Harworth," he said, "Canovi's ginned up. He didn't mean nothing. He was just fooling."

"That's all right," said Harworth.

The man went back and nudged Canovi, who grinned at Harworth and nodded.

On the way home, Sandy opened the glass panel behind him and said:

"Boss, that mug's poison. He was packing a gun. I seen the strap under his vest."

"He's tough, all right," said Harworth.

HARWORTH was alone in the library when Joseph came in. August was out in Stony Island going over the books of Harworth's far South Side restaurant, one of a chain known as Stein's.

"Well?" asked Harworth, looking up.

"A man named Joyce wants to see you," said Joseph.

"Joyce? I don't know anybody by that name."

Joseph gave Harworth a card. It read: "Robert Ogden Joyce." The name was vaguely familiar and Harworth sat tapping the card against his thumb and looking off across the room.

"Oh, well," said Harworth, "I'll see him."

Joseph went out. Harworth sat thinking. The name was familiar, still he was sure the man was not known to him personally. He must have read the name some place; but where?

Suddenly he sat up. R. O. Joyce! Why, good Lord, he'd seen it in the society column, which he never failed to read.

Sure, that was it. Just the other night he had seen the name in the list of guests at a big, swanky wedding. He got up hastily, smoothed out his coat and screwed his monocle into his eye. Then he lit a cigarette and stood waiting, pleased and perplexed.

Joseph opened the door and a tall young man with light hair, a small mustache and very blue eyes stepped in. Joseph closed the door. Joyce stood hesitating.

"Want to see me?" asked Harworth.

"Are you Frank Harworth?"

"Francis Harworth."

"Well . . ."

"Sit down."

Joyce sat down and accepted a cigarette.

"Want to see me on business?" asked Harworth, slightly embarrassed by Joyce's very apparent bewilderment.

"Yes, in a way," said Joyce, clearing his throat and glancing about Harworth's library, with its tier after tier of books.

"Drink?"

"Well"—Joyce smiled slightly—"I never refuse."

Harworth nodded and rang for Joseph, who came in immediately.

"Yes, sir," said Joseph.

"Make Mr. Joyce one of those orange blossoms." Smiling, he said to Joyce, "It's a specialty with him."

Joseph went out. Joyce sat, puzzled, looking at the magnificent big room, at the books, at Harworth's monocle.

"To tell you the truth," said Joyce, "I didn't expect anything quite like this. What a wonderful place you've got here."

"It's not bad."

"No, really. I wish I could afford a place like this."

Harworth laughed shortly.

"It sure sets me back, that's a fact."

Joyce smiled slightly, but said nothing.

"But when you got it, spend it, that's what I say."

"You're making a lot of money, aren't you?"

"Can't complain."

Joyce hesitated for a long time, then he said:

"Mr. Harworth, I had a very unpleasant experience this morning."

"That so?"

"Yes. A man named Canovi came in my place and threatened me."

"Oh, yes."

"It's about a bill I owe Mr. Hrdlicka at the Casa Alvarado. I went to see Mr. Hrdlicka, a nice fellow, by the way, and he told me I was to see you."

"That's right."

"But, good Lord, Mr. Harworth, aren't there other ways of collecting bills?"

"That's out of my hands. One of my men's handling that for me. Why don't you pay?"

Joyce sat clasping and unclasping his hands. At first he had been perfectly at ease with Harworth, though puzzled; he felt, if anything, a slight contempt for this man who sported a monocle and bragged about how much he made; but now, noting the harsh, pale face and the steady stare, he felt very uneasy and wished he had turned the whole business over to his lawyer.

Joseph came in with the orange blossom on a tray and Joyce took it, with a nod of his head. Joseph went out.

"Won't you join me?" asked Joyce.

"I never touch it."

Joyce sipped his drink.

"Excellent," he said, "very good."

Harworth lit another cigarette and sat with his legs crossed, watching Joyce. Finally he said:

"You're Thomas Joyce's son, aren't you?"

"Yes. Know him?"

"No. But I used to see his name in the paper. He had the rapid-transit business tied up, didn't he?"

"Yes. He was a good business man. Nothing like me."

JOYCE finished his drink and put the glass on the table beside him. There was a short silence, then Harworth asked:

"How much do you owe?"

"About three thousand dollars, I think. I'm perfectly good for it. But you see I have a set income from Father's estate and I live it up."

Harworth said nothing, but, in spite of the fact that he was awed by Joyce's position in society, he felt somewhat contemptuous of him. A plain parasite.

"When can you pay?"

"Not for thirty days. Even then it will strain me." Joyce smiled slightly and looked away.

"All right," said Harworth. "I'll take care of it. You're directly responsible to me, understand?"

"Fine," said Joyce, rising. "Thank you."

Harworth got up also and offered his hand. They pumped arms briefly, then Joyce said:

"What a lot of books you've got."

"Yes," said Harworth, looking proudly at his books.

"Do you mind if I look? I read a lot."

"No," said Harworth, smiling. "Help yourself."

Joyce walked over to one of the larger shelves and began to read the titles: Paradise Lost, The Divine Comedy, in translation, Shakespeare's Plays, Shelley's Poems, all the usual library stuff in tooled calf. He turned to Harworth.

"Frankly now, do you read these?"

Harwood flushed slightly but said:

"No."

"Good. If you'd said yes I wouldn't have believed it. I've tried them all. I used to think it was obligatory, you know. What nonsense!"

Harworth smiled and warmed up.

"They fill up space," he said, "and

(*Continued on page 40*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# 20 YEARS FROM NOW where will you be *Financially?*

● ***Thousands of forward-looking men are following this sound way of insuring their future independence***

CONSIDER for a moment the men you know. Pick out several who are about twenty years older than yourself. Try to size up these men, individually — see what they have accomplished. Out of the lot a few are situated, financially, as you no doubt would *like* to be. The others . . .

Well, look at the others! What's wrong with them? Why haven't *they* gone farther? . . . Some, it's true, never had your present opportunities. Others had greater chances — and threw them away. Many had opportunities every bit as good as yours, but *didn't know how to use them!* You can feel sorriest for this last group.

Are you going to find yourself—and your family—in *their* position at the end of twenty years? . . . In 1951 you won't be able to do anything about it. But today—even with limited means—you *can!*

***This New Investment Plan offers you a sound and certain share in America's Future Prosperity***

THE secret of achieving financial independence is so simple that most men miss it. The method can be compressed in these few words: *Money is made by putting money to work!*

How? There are various ways. Prudent men rarely depend on a single means. But there is *one proved way*, probably included in the plans of every successful man you can name.

This is the possession of a selection of common stocks in the country's basic industries . . . of enterprises that grow as America grows . . . that weather all storms of war, panic and depression.

"*But,*" you say, "*how can I hope to buy a broad list of such stocks without investing a huge sum?*"

Even four years ago this would have been impossible, except to the man of means. But today—with as little as $100—you can acquire a stock ownership in America's leading and most prosperous corporations . . . through the medium of two Fixed Investment Trusts.

***North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares bring big investors' holdings within reach of modest incomes***

THIS is the Fixed Trust plan and its method of operation: A group of the highest grade common stocks, representing a cross-section of American industry, are placed in trust with a responsible bank. Then certificates of ownership are issued to the public in small units. All the burdens of routine attention entailed by stock ownership are handled by the trustee. The investor in the Fixed Trust has nothing to do but clip the coupons twice a year, receive his distributions and watch his holdings increase in value.

● *Tune in on the* **FORTUNE BUILDERS** *Program — Columbia Broadcasting System, Thursdays and Sundays at 10:30 p. m., E.S.T. and hear the life stories of America's captains of industry.*

***If you had invested $500 twenty years ago***

IF North American Trust Shares had been in existence in 1912 and you had bought $500 worth, your shares would have grown, had all returns been re-invested, to over $5,000 . . . If Cumulative Trust Shares had been available in 1921 and you had bought $500 worth, your shares would now be worth more than $2,600—in addition to the regular dividends you would have received.

During the past two years, thousands of thoughtful people have bought shares in these two Fixed Trusts, to a total of millions of dollars. They are holding these shares for the future—confident of the growth of those great industries whose stocks make up this group, confident of the financial judgment of the men who selected the group . . . quick to take advantage of this sound plan of acquiring "rich men's stocks" on a modest investment budget.

Complete information, simply and clearly written, is contained in the fascinating booklet, "Money—and You." It is a book that should be read by every man who expects to win a secure place for himself in the years to come . . . Will you send for it? The coupon below will bring it to your desk. If you act promptly, you will also receive *without cost* a de luxe leather-grained portfolio designed to hold valuable papers.

●

**NORTH AMERICAN TRUST SHARES**

*The original distributive type and by far the largest Fixed Trust*

MAXIMUM DISTRIBUTION

●

**CUMULATIVE TRUST SHARES**

*The first and only Fixed Trust which accumulates capital to a maximum degree.*

MAXIMUM ACCUMULATION

**DISTRIBUTORS GROUP, INC., 63 WALL STREET, NEW YORK**

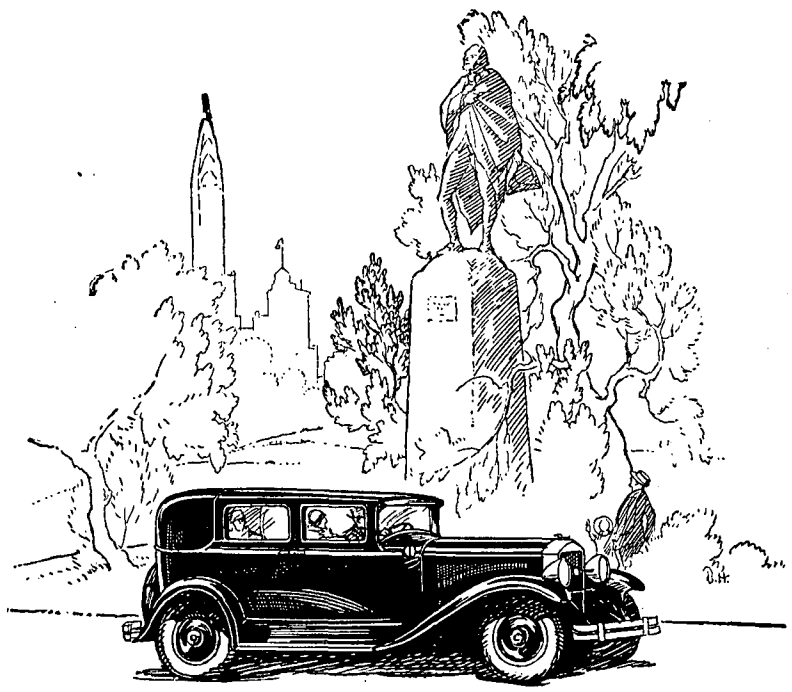
Without obligation on my part, send me Booklet 40 "MONEY—AND YOU," which gives complete information about North American Trust Shares and Cumulative Trust Shares. I should like to have also one of the de luxe leather-grained Valuable Papers portfolios, without cost.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Get a real Duco job

*when you have your car repainted*

THINK how beautiful your car was when new—finished in Duco, of course, as millions of new cars are.

No matter how its original brightness may have been dulled by hard usage, your car can be just as beautiful again.

Have it refinished in the same durable, *lasting* beauty you can be sure of. Get genuine *Duco*—made by du Pont.

Then, if you wish, you'll be able to get precisely the same colors you've had—or, if you prefer, an entirely new color scheme chosen from the almost unlimited range of Duco shades.

It is well worth your while to insist upon genuine Duco. Duco is so well known that many people think all car finishes are Duco. The *real* Duco is made *only* by du Pont.

Be sure to ask for Duco when you have your car refinished—whether for a complete repainting job or the touching up of scratches and bumps. There's nothing "just as good as" Duco.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company, Incorporated, General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan. Canadian Industries Limited, Flint Paint and Varnish Division, Toronto, Canada.

DUCO AUTHORIZED AUTO RE-FINISHING STATION

DUCO

MADE ONLY BY DU PONT


# Protection

*Continued from page 38*

they look good. My stuff's over here."

Joyce followed him to a little bookcase in a dark corner, expecting the cheapest fiction, but, bending down, discovered Casanova, three lives of Brummel, Goldsmith's Beau Nash, Cæsar's Commentaries, Suetonius' Lives of the Twelve Cæsars, Plutarch, and a half dozen lives of Napoleon. He looked up in surprise.

"Well!" he said.

"I like that kind of stuff," said Harworth, flushing slightly. "Biography, you see."

"I suppose you got the taste in college," said Joyce, getting up and looking at Harworth, greatly perplexed:

Harworth hesitated, but said:

"No; I never even graduated from high school."

"Oh."

THERE was a long embarrassed silence, then Joyce spoke:

"Here I am taking up your time. I'd better run along."

Harworth wanted Joyce to stay; he wanted somebody he could talk to; he wanted to invite him to dinner, but he said nothing.

"Thanks for all your trouble," said Joyce.

Harworth rang for Joseph.

"No trouble at all."

Joseph opened the door and stood waiting. Joyce hesitated.

"Why don't you drop around and see me some time, Mr. Harworth? I live right near you. Toward town a couple of blocks on Rush Street."

Harworth was deeply pleased and smiled, but said:

"I might. Thanks."

As soon as Joyce had gone, Harworth called Michaelson and told him that he was looking after Joyce's account.

"But, Boss," said Michaelson, "you already turned him over to me. Is that business?"

"I'll send you a check for the ten per cent."

"That's different."

"Any news from the others?"

"Three paid. Ask Hrdlicka."

"All right. But that's the last of that. I bumped into Canovi the other night."

"He told me," said Michaelson. "I'm sorry about that. He was plastered."

"Can't you make him lay off the liquor? He'll get you in trouble some time."

"Don't you worry. Just leave everything to me. I can handle that egg. I got plenty on him."

Harworth was taking a shower when August came in. August opened the bathroom door and called:

"Frank! All set. The books are straight."

"Good," called Harworth.

Supporting himself with his cane August limped to a big chair and sank into it. He had been drinking and felt mellow. He lit a cigar and puffed meditatively, waiting for Harworth. After a moment he began to sing:

*"Sweet Rosie O'Grady,*
*My wild Irish rose. . . ."*

Harworth shouted:

"What do you know about the Irish, you ——"

"All right! All right!" said August, laughing. . . . "But the Irish ain't so much. I notice you changed your name."

"Not so loud," said Harworth.

August sang a few more bars, then called:

"All right, Mr. Keogh."

"Say," said Harworth, putting his head in the door, "not so loud, August."

"Ashamed of a good Irish name like Keogh?"

Harworth hastily threw on his underclothes and a bathrobe and ran out into the bedroom. He stood in front of August, with his hands on his hips, laughing at him.

"What a bun you got," he said. "Don't kid me. You can't get that way on beer."

"I can," said August.

Harworth sat down and lit a cigarette. He looked at August for a moment, then he said:

"Honest, August, do you enjoy that stuff? I mean do you like to get woozy?"

"I do. Pleasantly so. I hate crying jags, and fighting jags. A man should get tight in a civilized manner. Drink beer and ale. Look, when I was a young fellow, I used to fight it. You know what I mean. I drank hard liquor; kept at it steadily all day long. One night they started to come up over the foot of the bed after me; snakes. So I been drinking beer ever since."

"I don't like it," said Harworth. "I saw too much of it. My old man used to have a bouncer named West and I used to see him bouncing poor bums out on their tails at all hours of the night. Where's the percentage?"

"That's it. There ain't no percentage. That's why it don't appeal to you."

Harworth looked at the carpet and said nothing. There was a long silence. Harworth got up and began to dress. When he was almost dressed, he turned to August:

"Say, guess who was here this afternoon."

"I give it up."

"R. O. Joyce."

"Joyce?"

"Yeah. His old man owned all the L lines."

"Did he? What did he want?"

"It was about an account at the Alvarado. But he invited me over to his place, see? He's a swell."

"Well, well."

"You don't know about things like that. It means something to be invited out by a guy like that."

"Does it?"

"Sure. He comes from an old family."

"Well, so do you. I've heard your old man tell many a time how he was descended from an Irish king."

"Quit kidding!"

"I ain't kidding. Your old man used to say: 'I'm descended from an Irish king and I kin lick any man in Cleveland.'"

"Say, lay off my old man."

AUGUST lay back in his chair, laughing. Harworth said nothing for a long time and August sat humming to himself.

"August," said Harworth, finally, "if you was me what would you do? Would you call Joyce up and invite him over here? Or should I wait till he calls me?"

"Don't ask me. Etiquette is one thing I don't know nothing about. If he's a good guy, call him up; if he ain't, forget it. Just because his old man was so and so don't mean anything. He may be a louse for all you know."

Harworth stared at August but said nothing.

Joseph knocked and came in:

"Dinner in fifteen minutes, Mr. Harworth."

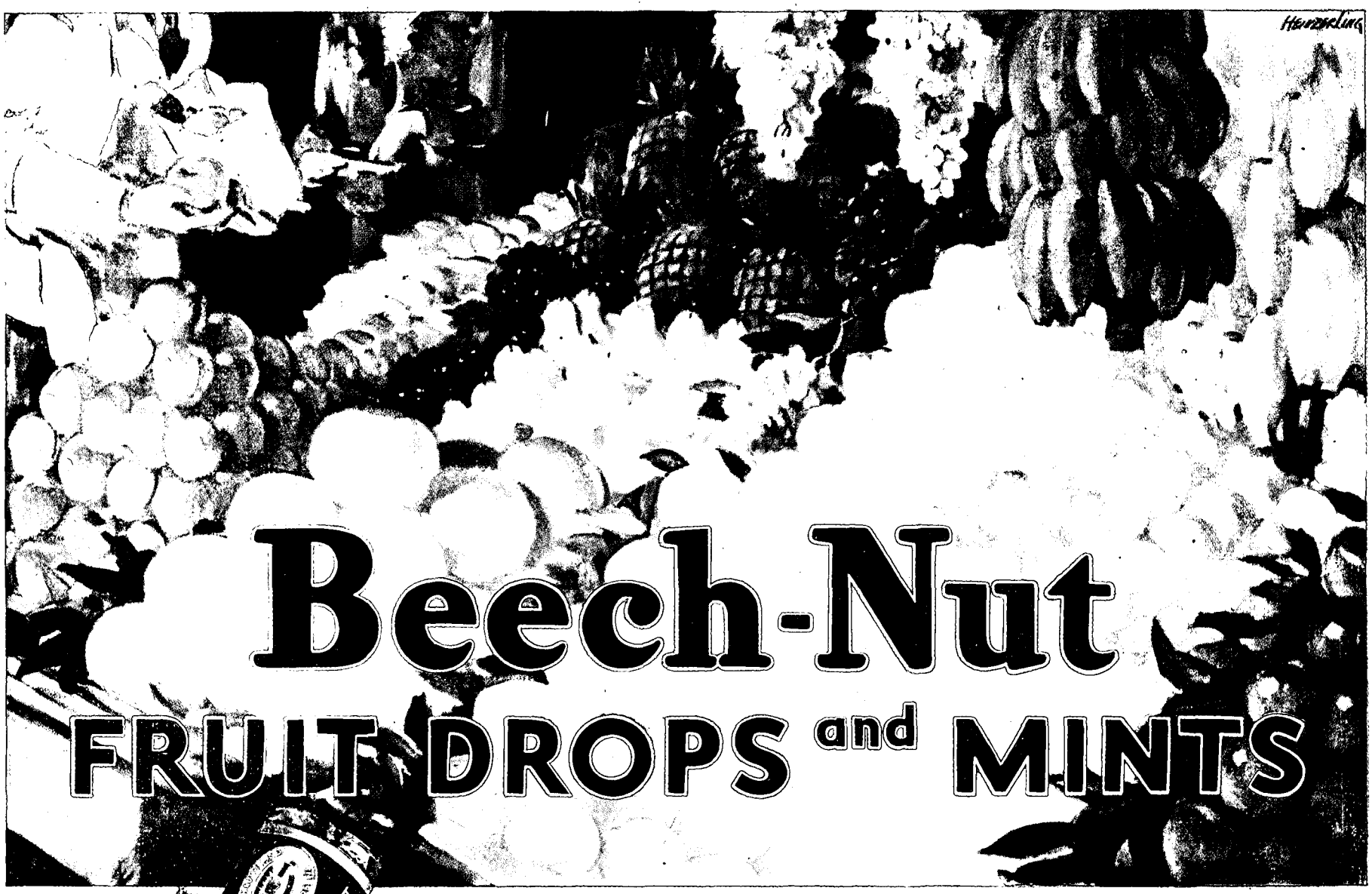
"All right."

"Good! Good!" cried August, pounding with his cane.

***(To be continued next week)***

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri


# *Plenty* to satisfy your natural craving for fruits and sweets

Cool, tangy, refreshing fruit flavors of orange, lemon and lime—and always satisfying "mints" of peppermint, wintergreen and spearmint.

You can buy them everywhere—to have a package handy in your purse or pocket whenever you have that normal, healthy desire for a bit of sweet.

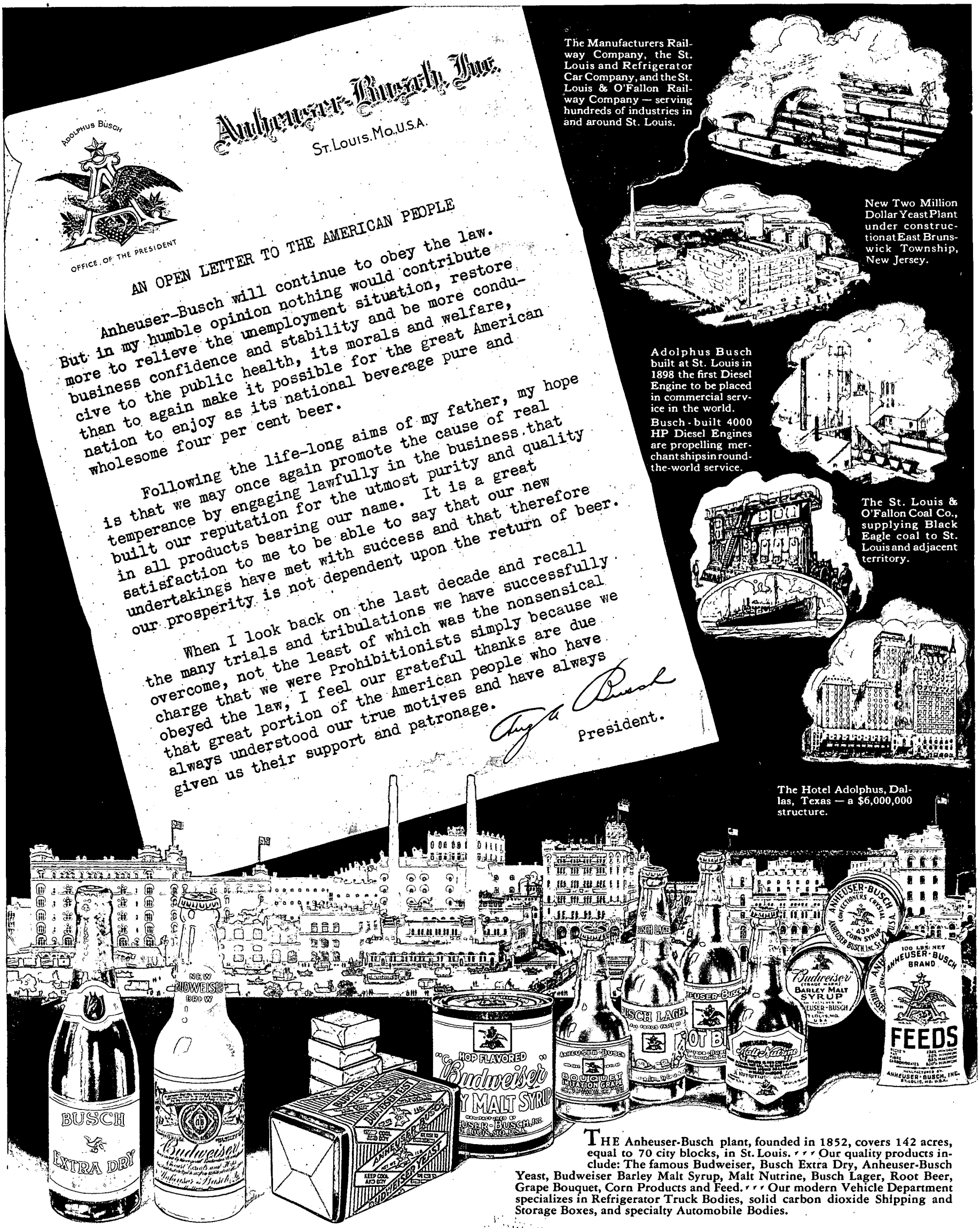
Solid drops of refreshment in all your favorite flavors—you'll find them satisfying and enjoyable, and just enough. The most complete candy enjoyment you can get, and only 5¢.

Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints are made by the makers of the famous Beech-Nut Gum.

*Tourists motoring through the Mohawk Valley are invited to visit the plant of the Beech-Nut Packing Company at Canajoharie, N. Y., on Route 5, midway between Utica and Albany.*

ALL CANDY
*They're solid*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Anheuser-Busch, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.
Adolphus Busch
Office of the President
AN OPEN LETTER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE
Anheuser-Busch will continue to obey the law. But in my humble opinion nothing would contribute more to relieve the unemployment situation, restore business confidence and stability and be more conducive to the public health, its morals and welfare, than to again make it possible for the great American nation to enjoy as its national beverage pure and wholesome four per cent beer.
Following the life-long aims of my father, my hope is that we may once again promote the cause of real temperance by engaging lawfully in the business that built our reputation for the utmost purity and quality in all products bearing our name. It is a great satisfaction to me to be able to say that our new undertakings have met with success and that therefore our prosperity is not dependent upon the return of beer.
When I look back on the last decade and recall the many trials and tribulations we have successfully overcome, not the least of which was the nonsensical charge that we were Prohibitionists simply because we obeyed the law, I feel our grateful thanks are due that great portion of the American people who have always understood our true motives and have always given us their support and patronage.
August A. Busch
President.
The Manufacturers Railway Company, the St. Louis and Refrigerator Car Company, and the St. Louis & O'Fallon Railway Company — serving hundreds of industries in and around St. Louis.
New Two Million Dollar Yeast Plant under construction at East Brunswick Township, New Jersey.
Adolphus Busch built at St. Louis in 1898 the first Diesel Engine to be placed in commercial service in the world.
Busch-built 4000 HP Diesel Engines are propelling merchant ships in round-the-world service.
The St. Louis & O'Fallon Coal Co., supplying Black Eagle coal to St. Louis and adjacent territory.
The Hotel Adolphus, Dallas, Texas — a $6,000,000 structure.
BUSCH EXTRA DRY
NEW BUDWEISER BREW
Budweiser
"Hop Flavored" Budweiser Barley Malt Syrup
Anheuser-Busch Bouquet Concentrated Grape
Busch Lager
Malt Nutrine
Anheuser-Busch Confectioners Crystal 43° Corn Syrup
100 Lbs. Net Anheuser-Busch Brand
FEEDS

THE Anheuser-Busch plant, founded in 1852, covers 142 acres, equal to 70 city blocks, in St. Louis. ▪▪▪ Our quality products include: The famous Budweiser, Busch Extra Dry, Anheuser-Busch Yeast, Budweiser Barley Malt Syrup, Malt Nutrine, Busch Lager, Root Beer, Grape Bouquet, Corn Products and Feed. ▪▪▪ Our modern Vehicle Department specializes in Refrigerator Truck Bodies, solid carbon dioxide Shipping and Storage Boxes, and specialty Automobile Bodies.

# ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . ST. LOUIS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Yu'an Hee See Laughs

*Continued from page 17*

The door opened and Orange Blossom glided into the room. Aswâmi Pasha bowed rigidly and placed a chair.

Orange Blossom, who wore a Paris smoking-suit, very smart and transparent, dropped languidly onto the chair.

Yu'an Hee See glanced aside.

"My lord is annoyed?" the woman suggested, in her queer, vibrating tone.

He smiled his thick-lipped smile.

"Trade then is bad, my lord?"

Yu'an Hee See's eyes apparently closed, and:

"A beautiful woman is a jewel," he whispered softly; "but a jewel may sometimes scratch its wearer."

Orange Blossom shrugged slender ivory shoulders and stood up:

"Excellency means that I intrude?"

"My lord does not suggest such a thing," Aswâmi Pasha assured her. "It is only that a very great affair is about to mature, and he is naturally much concerned with it."

Orange Blossom pushed the door open and went out, although the watchful Egyptian endeavored to anticipate her.

MANY other matters had been discussed before the Egyptian left the apartment of his formidable chief. His route led him through part of the gardens. And as he passed a shady arbor over which bougainvillæa blossoms were draped, a hand lightly touched his sleeve.

He turned.

Orange Blossom stood at his elbow.

"Aswâmi," she said softly, "a word with you."

A chill struck at the heart of the Egyptian. More times than he could remember, a mad desire for the delicate ivory beauty of this woman had possessed him. But always—always. . . .

"Stand still," she commanded, "and listen. This afternoon you set out on a journey. Is it true?"

"It is true, lady."

"Walk now up to the small salon and wait for me. Go at once."

Aswâmi Pasha bowed and departed.

Between fear and triumph his brain was a wasps' nest. With never a glance behind, he passed through one of the many doors of the great house. Mounting stairs where none met him, he came to the room with the mahogany floor, adjoining which was the cupboard overlooking the apartments occupied by Eileen Kearney.

Here he waited—until a faint rustling made him turn.

Orange Blossom, an ivory statuette enveloped in mist, came in, her finger raised to her lips. With a key which she carried she opened the door of a tiny anteroom which Aswâmi Pasha had never entered.

Still commanding silence, she indicated that he should move forward.

Puzzled, but expectant, the Egyptian obeyed. A dimly lighted grille appeared on the level of his eyes.

"Look down . . ."

Eileen, wrapped in a delicate Oriental robe, lay upon the divan, smoking. Céleste, the Frenchwoman, sat beside her. They spoke in whispers. A breakfast tray stood upon a table near them.

Something that the Frenchwoman had said had brought a flush to Eileen's cheeks—her eyes glittered like sapphires. And, clenching her hands, she threw her white arms over her head.

"You see?" Orange Blossom whispered softly. "This is a choice treasure, my friend."

Aswâmi Pasha, a connoisseur, filled his eyes with the gracious beauty of Eileen; and:

"Yes."

He nodded slowly.

Slender fingers gripped his arm and drew him away. The door of the little cabinet was relocked.

Orange Blossom faced him in the room beyond.

His preconceived ideas were shattered—in confusion. But—the woman in the lacquered room was deliciously pretty. "She is Yu'an's new toy," he thought; "and this hell-cat, whom I could love or strangle with almost equal pleasure, is going to tempt me to take the rose-girl from him. . . ." He sustained the glance of Orange Blossom's eyes, but with difficulty.

"She is not for sale," said the Chinese woman. *"You understand?* But today and tonight the house will be empty."

"The eunuchs remain," he argued, "with the Jackal and the new man from Port Said."

"Yet it might be managed that she should escape?"

*"Escape?"*

The light of a new understanding crossed the dark face of Aswâmi Pasha.

"Hassan es-Sûk is eager for his commission," Orange Blossom continued. "She might so easily be overtaken on the road to Keneh. Better still, outside Koseîr, near to Dr. Julian. How could *they* know that she was not for sale? My lord could not condemn them for ignorance."

Aswâmi Pasha clenched his hands and dragged his glance away from that compelling gaze.

"She is beautiful—and would grace your great house at Aswân. Or perhaps, my friend, it is *dark* eyes that excite you?"

He turned to her, and greatly daring, rested his hands upon her satin-shoulders. The contact thrilled him. "Does she mean it?" he was thinking feverishly. "Dare I trust her?"

"Orange Blossom—"

"Will you help me?"

She smiled voluptuously. He hesitated—checked, still checked, by her unfathomable gaze.

"You don't speak," she whispered, swaying ever so slightly toward him.

*"Yes!* But—"

In a second he would have had her in his arms, when:

"Ssh! Quick!" she hissed—and pushed him away. "Go out by the other door! *He* is coming! . . ."

She walked swiftly across the room, raised the curtain, turned, and:

"I shall remember, Aswâmi," she whispered.

"NO SIGN of her, sir." Jack Rattray dropped the glasses back into their case. "I can't make it out. It's clear, too, that her wireless has failed."

The engines were running dead slow. The skipper, chief officer and the third were scouring all the visible sea south to southwest from the bridge. Except for a *dhow*, undoubtedly Jebel Sabaya, creeping out from the island, nothing was in sight.

Jack Rattray was about to drop his glasses again, when:

"By God, sir!" he said, "look—*quick* . . . under our port bow!"

Captain Peterson swung about and stared. The third came running from the starboard wing of the bridge.

An excited murmur rose from the decks below.

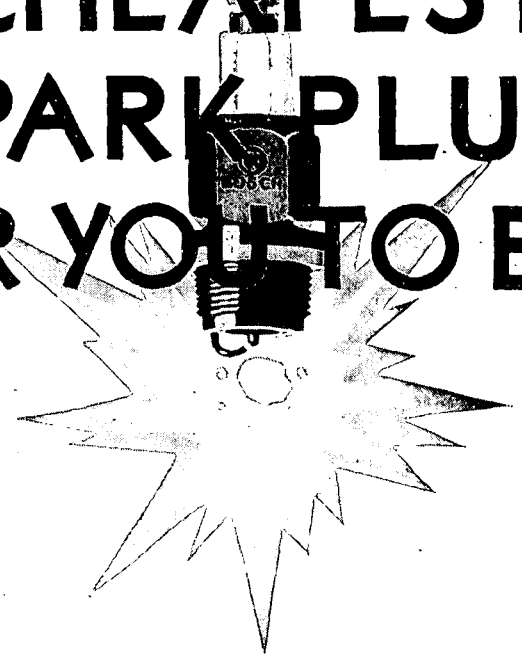
The conning tower of a big submarine was rising above the surface.

"Hell! What's this?"

The hoarse voice was Peterson's.

*(Continued on page 44)*


The BOSCH
ROBERT BOSCH A. G.
Pyro-Action SPARK PLUG at $1.00
IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST SPARK PLUG FOR YOU TO BUY




TRADE MARK BOSCH PRODUCTS
ROBERT BOSCH A.G. STUTTGART GER.

SOLD BY
UNITED AMERICAN BOSCH CORPORATION
SPRINGFIELD MASSACHUSETTS
BRANCHES - NEW YORK · DETROIT · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MURIEL

MILLIONS SHARE IN MURIEL SAVINGS . . .

Enjoy luxury cigars and pocket 20% saving

Take a cheap cigar. Make it still cheaper. Nothing much happens.

But make a quality cigar even better. Then cut the price. You'll be overwhelmed.

That's what MURIEL did.

And while sales of ordinary 10¢ cigars dropped 20% . . . MURIEL sales nearly doubled!

Proving that you can't disguise real 2 for 25¢ quality . . . even at 10¢.

If dealer can't supply you, send 50¢ for trial package of 5 cigars to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 W. 40th St., N. Y. Cigars cannot be mailed to addresses outside U. S. A.

2 for 25¢ Quality 10¢

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

MURIEL

(*Continued from page 43*)

Almost as he spoke, a Marconi operator came bounding onto the bridge with a message. Rattray grabbed it. He, the captain and the third officer read it together:

COMMANDER R. M. S. WALLAROO AM SENDING BOAT FOR SURGEON STOP LIE TO URGENT STOP JOHN KENDALL MASTER SS MOUNT JUPITER

Captain Peterson glanced from face to face.

"What's this?" he repeated huskily.

"It's a message we daren't disobey, sir!" Rattray replied. "If anybody else picks it up it sounds harmless enough. Don't you understand?"

"But surely," said the third officer, shading his eyes and staring, "this is one of our own submarines."

"Bright idea!" Rattray drawled. "This message explains to me what sort of a submarine we're up against."

The mysterious vessel, now on the surface, ran along beside them, two German quick-firers trained upon the Wallaroo. And whilst Captain Peterson, opening and closing his hands, a man distracted, continued to hesitate, to debate his proper course—came the shrill howl of a shell; the shattering bark of one of the four-inch guns.

The mainmast of the Wallaroo carrying the wireless crashed with its rigging to the deck.

There were shouts—shrieks—execrations.

Captain Peterson, a very old and haggard man, walked to the telegraph, and jerked it to "Stop."

The slow pulsing of the propellers ceased entirely. The Wallaroo lay almost motionless upon an oily sea. The submarine, running alongside within hailing distance, rang off at the same moment, and lay there beside the liner.

There was a sudden bustle on her deck. They were putting a boat off. . . .

The *dhow* drew nearer.

DAWSON HAIG went on duty at noon. He had served his spell in the uniformed branch of the metropolitan police force and his sense of humor responded to the situation, desperate though it was. He was back again at the old job, learned at Peel House!

From the great mansion itself he was excluded. He had been given to understand by the Kid that his Sundays would be free; that then he might seek diversion in the town. This was not a concession; merely a temporary relief from captivity.

But he could not wait for Sunday. . . .

Burned up by impatience—not daring to speculate about Eileen—he walked slowly toward the northern extremity of his patrol. And a curious fact obtruded itself:

All the eunuchs had disappeared!

Yes! those great gardens were deserted! He was alone with the monkeys, the lizards and the parrakeets!

And now, coming in sight of the wall which marked the boundary on the north, he heard dimly a babel of many tongues . . . outside, in the distant tree-bordered street which led down to the town. . . .

At one point an old *lebbekh* tree overhung the great wall. Haig ran to it, mounted to the lowermost branches, climbed higher, and could see over the wall.

He would have gambled a year of life for a pair of binoculars. A straggling procession was winding down the street toward the port below! Singly, in pairs, in groups, they tramped along. The eunuchs he could identify by their liveries; but there were many others who wore no distinguishing dress.

He climbed back into the garden.

There had been an exodus from the great house. Could he take advantage of it? Along a path bordered by almond trees he walked. Venturing greatly, he filled and lighted his pipe, companion of so many fruitful meditations.

Above everything—he must keep cool. Always, Eileen came into the foreground—nor could he deny her that place. But he knew, and his conscience cried out, that even greater stakes were being played for. . . .

A STATE of the wildest excitement prevailed aboard the Wallaroo.

What had happened? Were they in danger? Was this a British vessel or had war suddenly been declared? The underwater craft bore no distinguishing number and flew no flag.

Then a smartly dressed man wearing a *tarbûsh* had come off in her boat. The boat's crew and one or two fellows visible on the submarine assuredly never belonged to any navy in the world. . . .

Up in the captain's room, Aswâmi Pasha stood by the desk, smiling. He had boarded the Wallaroo alone, and apparently unarmed, leaving one man, a recognizable pugilist, on duty at the ladder head. There was something terrifying in the Egyptian's smiling audacity. Captain Peterson's gray face was very grim.

"I carry three hundred passengers," said he, "a hundred and eighty of them women and children—or, by God! I'd take you at your word."

The Egyptian shrugged his shoulders.

"We are both under orders," he replied. "I under the orders of my commander in the submarine, and you, at the moment, under mine."

"It appears to me, sir," Rattray said, turning to Captain Peterson, "that this thing's an unholy great bluff."

Through a window of the captain's cabin Aswâmi Pasha pointed to where, untouched, for a sort of paralysis had descended upon everyone on board, the wreckage of the mainmast lay, half over the starboard rails.

"You see we do not hesitate," he murmured. "It is true that I should go with you, but I am paid to take these risks. As to who would gain—I reply that my commander would gain. There would then be no evidence of our failure."

Rattray turned aside, frowning. The words had started a new train of thought—a dreadful train of thought; suggested a possibility the mere idea of which turned him cold.

"The *dhow* has reached position," the Egyptian went on, "and"—glancing at a jeweled wrist watch—"I must notify you that you now have exactly three minutes in which to make up your mind, Captain."

There was a knock, and Winter, the purser, came in.

"*I* understand, sir," he said, looking into the face of the stricken commander. "It's the specie." He glanced at the Egyptian, up and down, superciliously. "A nice little haul, pretty boy—two millions of the best! But, thank God!"—turning again to the captain—"it's insured, sir. The company won't lose a penny and neither will the bank."

Captain Peterson lifted his lined face. After all, what the purser said was true enough; but it was cold comfort.

A boat, packed with Negroes and manned by four Arab rowers, was coming from the *dhow*. The captain exchanged glances with Jack Rattray, and:

"No alternative, sir—none whatever," said the latter savagely. "Passengers come first. We daren't risk it."

And so, from the bullion room between decks, two millions in minted money were removed, taken down the ladder and transferred to the *dhow*. It was contained in wooden boxes not too heavy for one man to carry.

The transshipment, carried out with admirable dispatch under the orders of Aswâmi Pasha at the head of the ladder, was completed in less than a quarter of an hour.

In the control room of the submarine Yu'an Hee See received constant messages from an unnamed source. Len Chow, the second in command, delivered them:

P AND O BENDIGO INWARD TWENTY MILES SOUTH SOUTHEAST

BIBBY LINER OXFORDSHIRE OUTWARD FIFTEEN MILES NORTH NORTHWEST

AMERICAN FREIGHTER JOHN CLAY ADEN TO SUEZ TEN MILES DUE SOUTH

On receipt of this third message, Yu'an Hee See removed his tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles and spoke into a tube.

"There is too much delay," he said. "Signal to Ali to draw off in the *dhow*."

He studied the scene on the Wallaroo.

Aswâmi at the head of the ladder raised his hand, signifying that the order had already reached him.

Three Negroes carrying chests, the last of the consignment, climbed into the boat. Aswâmi followed, walking down the ladder amid a stupefied silence.

Behind a four-inch quick-firer trained on the liner, the crack German gunner waited and watched. Jo Lung and the Wasp had other duties.

The boat pulled off to the *dhow*. Yu'an Hee See spoke again down the tube:

"Ali is to take both boats in tow without transshipping the last load."

This order was transmitted to a man forward on the deck of the submarine and shouted to Aswâmi Pasha in the stern sheets of the boat. Aswâmi raised his hand again, indicating that he understood. . . .

Captain Peterson, bareheaded, gray-faced, stood on the bridge of the Wallaroo, watching and wondering.

It all seemed unreal, utterly impossible. If he could have foreseen such a piece of piracy upon the high seas, he would never have pictured it like this. Even now it was difficult to believe that the pirates had been actually on board his ship—in his cabin; and at this very moment, without a blow struck, were removing that precious cargo under his eyes. . . .

Yet, had there been any alternative?

Even if the Wallaroo had carried a gun, the fate of all those women and children below must have rested upon the success of *one* shot.

THE boats swung out on towlines and the *dhow* headed in for the head of that rocky island near to which they lay. Her deck was black with Negroes.

Suddenly all signs of life vanished from the submarine.

Many of the passengers could not see what was taking place; and:

"Where are they? Have they gone?" came a frightened woman's voice. . . .

"Still lying close to us. . . ."

"Why don't we steam away?" . . .

Came the faint sound of a bell on the bridge.

The ship began to vibrate.

"Thank God! . . . we're off! . . ."

"They can have the gold for all I care, so long as we're safe, Jim. . . ."

A general uproar and movement of dispersal began, when:

"Stand by all boat stations!" the captain roared.

The order was transmitted, in dying echoes, from point to point of the ship: "Stand by all boat stations . . . stand by . . . boat stations . . . boat stations. . . ."

Peterson sprang to the telegraph and jammed it, "Full speed ahead"—then leaped to the side of the bridge and looked over again.

*He was too late!*

(*To be continued next week*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol

*"*It's a scandal the way men have suffered for years with the old razor pull, and rub and brush and lather. Now, I find Barbasol has eliminated all that—it's so quick and clean and easy. I give it a rousing* encore *every morning."*

George White

*. . . George White, producer of the annual George White "SCANDALS" and the musical comedy hit, "FLYING HIGH."*

*Barbasol testimonials are not paid for

FOR two thousand years, men *had* to shave with that popular substance invented to remove dirt because that's all there *was*—until Barbasol was created for the *sole* purpose of softening whiskers and getting them shaved off *clean* and *easy* without hurting the face.

*Barbasol is modern! It does not lather* like soap, at all. It was invented and perfected to make tough whiskers in tender skins take a trimming—and *like* it! It softens them like magic; makes them cut easy. At the same time it holds them *straight up to the blade.*

And here's the test of a *real* shaving cream—can you shave *twice a day* with it? Thousands of men write us all the time declaring that two Barbasol shaves a day is fun. That's how fine it makes your face feel. That's why Barbasol Believers have made it the fastest-selling shaving cream in the world.

MAYBE YOU USED IT WRONG—use it RIGHT, Now . . . *Follow These Directions and You'll Follow the Crowd*

**1.** Wet your face and leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on *evenly* between the hairs . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE. That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

---

**FREE** A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 22, Indianapolis, Indiana.

*Listen to Barbasol Ben and His Boys*—Laughs—and the songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WPG.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Clean Rapid Duplicating Outfit in Your Store Office or Study

Copies Anything

Typed Written or Drawn

$35 COMPLETELY EQUIPPED

See Your Stationer or Mail Coupon for 10-Day Trial Offer

INCREASE SALES! Speed up collections! Reduce your printing bills! Put more money on the *profit* side of your ledger, with the Heyer Rotary Lettergraph. Anybody can operate this compact, durable duplicator.

The Heyer Rotary Lettergraph makes neat, exact copies of *anything*, typed, written or drawn, in one or more colors, from postcard size to 9 x 15 sheet [maximum printing surface 7½ x 11 inches]. Turns out 1,000 to 1,500 perfect copies an hour, at an average cost of 25 cents per thousand. Matches the work of the highest priced duplicators.

**In stores and factories:** Illustrated Bargain Sheets, Sales Letters, Collection Letters, Price Lists, House Organs.

**In offices:** Notices, Reports, Form Letters, Addresses.

**In schools:** Examination Questions, Schedules, Enrollments, School Forms, Maps, Designs.

**In churches and clubs:** News, Programs, Announcements.

Try the Heyer Lettergraph 10 days on your own work. Mail coupon today for trial offer.

HEYER-Rotary Lettergraph -TRADE MARK-

*Cleartype Dry Stencils and Supplies for All Duplicators*

**Heyer Duplicator Co., Inc.**
(*Established* 1903)
909 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
Send details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

# Shrinking Star

*Continued from page 19*

Richard Mansfield. So well does he work that he's one of three members of the Mansfield company to whom Mr. Mansfield deigns to say "good morrow."

Emboldened, Walter Huston confided to Mansfield the Great that he, Huston, was the same dumb knight in armor who had said "Prepare!" and nothing more during a certain performance of Julius Cæsar.

"Funny," said Huston to Mansfield, "you fired me that night, and here I'm working for you now."

The great Mansfield frowned, a grim smile set upon his mobile mouth.

"No, sir," he roared. "You are *not* working for me now. I never forgive stupidity."

He stalked away, taking Huston's job with him.

Huston met the great Mantell and was given a small part in Othello. He didn't do it at all well. He forgot a cue and crashed in on Mantell while, as the jealous Othello, he was giving Desdemona the *coup de grâce* with an overstuffed pillow. Mantell didn't fire him. Mantell was a generous fellow, even if a Shakespearean bellower.

"You should go into vaudeville, young man," he told Huston. "You can make mistakes in vaudeville and get away with it."

"Really?" said Huston in the wide-mouthed, wondering way that still sticks to him.

"Yes," said Mantell. "Vaudeville itself is a mistake."

Although he had been duly apprenticed to an electrical engineer, Walter Huston none the less found himself in vaudeville after a few years touring the border cities, plus New York's honky-tonk circuit in wild melodrama.

### Back to Buskins

Huston found cheap melodrama a good school but a poor business.

"Eventually," he states, "I did what every sensible poor actor does: I quit the stage for other work after playing around in vaudeville for several years.

"I went to the Middle West," he reports, "and settled down to be an electrical engineer."

For seven or eight years Huston worked usefully and profitably on lighting and power contracts, building a reputation for steadiness and thoroughness and raising a family of one small son.

The footlights' glare was dimmed for him. Then, at Kansas City, he attended a benefit performance at a convention of electricians. Of all persons, Robert B. Mantell was star for the benefit—the production, Hamlet.

Somehow Mr. Mantell's arrival was delayed. The scenery was there, and some of the actors, but the star was missing. And with the fine self-denial of these old-time stars, nobody in the outfit was burdened with the labor of understudying the boss.

Then Walter Huston, lurking in the background, wrestled with his soul. It took about two minutes for a fall. The soul lost.

He went up and whispered to the entertainment committee. His secret vice had come to light—his ambition to play Hamlet. He knew the part, had studied both Mansfield and Mantell in it.

That night an electrical engineer played Hamlet, and, as everybody agreed, with due expurgation, he played it darned well. Walter Huston had made the round trip from buskins to business and back.

Perhaps the biggest factor in his growth to stardom was his stubborn insistence that he never be made a star.

They featured him in Zona Gale's prairie piece of halting love, Mr. Pitt. The critics praised the play moderately, Mr. Pitt immoderately. One morning Huston walked to the theater to find fellow-members of the electricians' union about to put up his name in lights.

"Hey, stop that!" he cried.

They stopped. Later he explained to the producers that he had made an actuarial survey of the lives and works of stage stars, and had discovered that, since the vigorous advent of the movies, the average stellar performer worked little more than three months a year for a career of little over five years.

"Because, once you're a star," he explained, "you've got to have vehicles—and that kind of *good* play for a star doesn't happen much more than once in a lifetime. I don't want to be a star. I want to be continually and contentedly employed."

His name didn't go up in lights. Through other shows he passed, successes and failures, until it came to Desire Under the Elms, that sordid masterpiece of Eugene O'Neill's. One night the frown-faced O'Neill came to see his play after he had fled from final rehearsals. His facial reaction was carefully reported by observant box-office spies. They said he looked quite as if the thing gave him a pain.

The next news was that O'Neill wanted Huston's name in lights.

"I never saw such a guy," George M. Cohan reports of him. "He came to see me in my dressing-room in Boston once. I asked him to dinner. He had a good appetite, but when I told him I wanted to star him in a play—he shied off.

"But I wouldn't let go of him."

When Mr. Cohan doesn't let go it simply means you go through or go out.

Ring Lardner had written a piece about a ball player, his perennially hollow-headed Jack Keefe; although he didn't call the ball player that. His stage name was Elmer the Great.

Huston was summoned to take the leading rôle. They rehearsed, and after several frantic afternoons the play was produced. A riot in Chicago—but something New York could do without.

It went to Boston. Emerging from the theater where it had run successfully and was still turning the trick, Mr. Cohan pointed up to the lights. For the first time Walter Huston saw his name large and bright against the sky.

"Lord," he exploded, "why did you do that?"

"One of us may be sorry," said Cohan. "So we'll be quits whatever happens."

Now watch the effect. The movies had made feeble nibbles for Huston, the featured player. The talkies protruded all-consuming bites. To them he went to appear in The Bad Man, a sizzling Mexican-border thing played beautifully on the stage by the late Holbrook Blinn.

In the talkies he prospered. D. W. Griffith had an ambition to revive his personal fame with another Civil War picture because his Birth of a Nation had died a popular death.

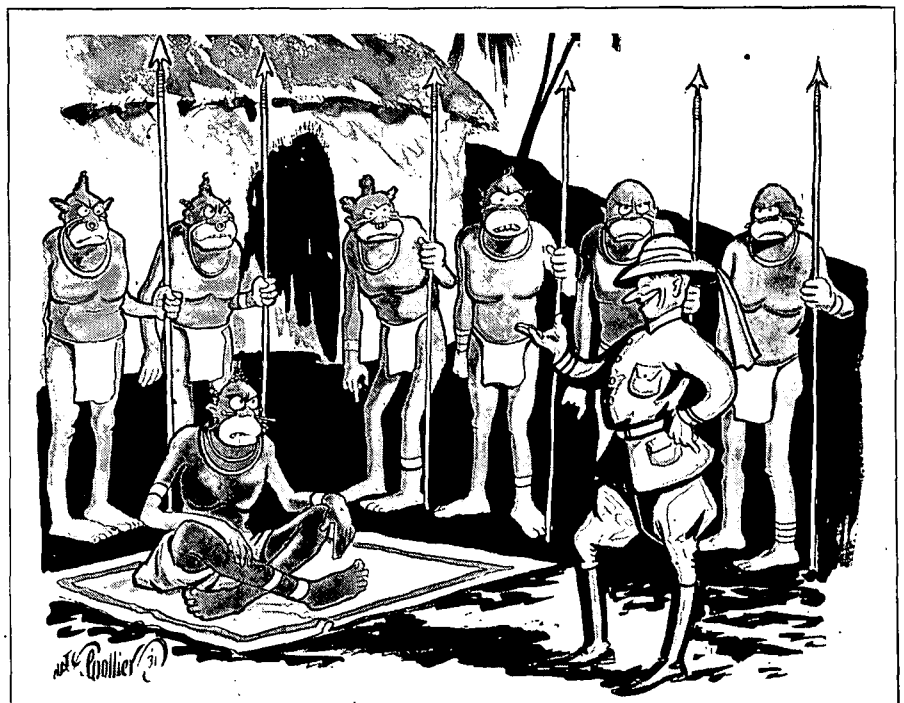
He cast Huston as Lincoln and the picture did in reality what the stage hadn't done. It created a general demand for Huston. It displayed a technique immeasurably superior to his first stilted days as a talkie player when he had to retake a kiss with Claudette Colbert twenty-nine times, he was so clumsy. Or was he?

### A Serious Actor

And in the middle of making a fortune at a fabulous salary when the movie magnates overruled his objections and sent his name sprawling over ten million billboards—Huston quit for travel, to go to London.

A final bow from the man who wouldn't be a star and laboriously found himself one, must reveal him arguing with the same George M. Cohan. Your current scribe was an overhearer. Mr. Huston argued vigorously, Mr. Cohan less vigorously, but more persuasively. After it was all over Mr. Cohan bowed Mr. Huston to the door. They parted on good terms—without signing terms, which is what Mr. Cohan had wanted.

"What," said Mr. Cohan to one who is always delighted to hear him say anything, "what," he asked, shrugging his shoulders, "can you do with a guy like Huston? I'm offering him a star part in a piece bound to click, on the square, if I'm a judge. And what do you think he wants to do? Reverse all tradition, because he's a serious actor. He wants to play Hamlet!"



"Come on, King, have the boys sing a few spirituals"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# FISH ON THE SOFA

You can't keep fish in the frying pan! It invades the whole house unless the kitchen is properly ventilated. Clean air! Bad odors have no place in the modern home. They can be quickly and easily expelled by the installation of a simple Ilgair ventilator in your kitchen. Keep the fish off the sofa.

◇ ◇ ◇

For kitchens there are several types of Ilgair ventilators. There are other Ilg models for offices, stores, factories, restaurants, public buildings, etc., as well as motor driven blowers, unit heaters, humidifiers and a new cooling system.

In the well regulated household cooking fumes are now disposed of at their source. Ilgair is not merely a clever device. It scientifically controls air movement. Easily installed. Cost small. Lasts a lifetime. Self-cooled motor. Requires little attention. In Ilg-green finish. Keep clean air in your home.

◇ ◇ ◇

If your electrical dealer does not have full information regarding Ilgair, write to us today for booklet of interesting facts about modern ventilation. Ilg Electric Ventilating Company, 2836 N. Crawford Avenue, Chicago.

ILG

VENTILATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pack up your sport togs and come to this happy land where FUN abounds! Everywhere you go you'll find crystal clear, grass-and-tree-bordered lakes . . . not merely a dozen, or a hundred, but 10,000 of them!

Visit a different lake each day. Enjoy healthful, thrilling sports: swimming, fishing, sailing, motor boating. Or settle down in a cozy lakeside cabin or a modern resort hotel and golf, ride, dance and motor every day. Vacation is just what you choose to make it in this cool, invigorating, sunlit sportland.

You'll find excellent accommodations everywhere for as little as $1'5 or as much as $150 a week. And while here investigate the fine opportunities for profitable business, dairying, and agriculture in this prosperous sportland.

Make your vacation plans today. Send for the Free informative booklets listed below. You'll have FUN in Minnesota!

**Ten Thousand Lakes-Greater Minnesota Association**
St. Paul
Minneapolis - Duluth

10,000 Lakes of Minnesota Assoc.
1501 University Ave., St. Paul, Minn., Dept. 115.
Please send free booklets I've checked.
☐ Map & Vacation Booklet ☐ Farm and Dairy Book

Name.....

Address.....

# And Cheap Enough

*Continued from page 26*

kids has kicked out the glass in the cellar windows. So I heave the overcoat in between the bars. Then I runs easier. I cut through a restaurant kitchen, to get over to Broad Street. I drops my rod in a garbage pail in the kitchen, so it won't be on me if I'm picked up. I drinks a cup of Java in the restaurant and goes out on Broad Street. I ain't walked a block before a cop grabs me. That's all."

"Huh." Dan considered. "And they found the overcoat and gun next day."

"They didn't say so. They'd never found the gun in the garbage. If they'd found anything, they'd have showed me the gun and the coat when they was sweatin' me. And the district attorney didn't have them in the grand jury room."

Dan rose. "An empty warehouse, you say, in Pilot Alley?" Shorty nodded. "Well, I'll see you again. Want some cigarettes or magazines? You might as well be comfortable."

IT WAS nearly noon, the next day, when old Dan appeared in Mission Street. With him were a commercial photographer and a pair of surveyors.

"What're you doin'?" growled a policeman, who shouldered his way through the throng surrounding Dan and the surveyors.

"I'm an attorney. Preparing Shorty Sheehan's defense," Dan returned, politely. "Now, Mr. Photographer, I want a picture from here, showing the entrance to Pilot Alley and the spot where Hunkie Joe's body was found. . . ."

"Shorty'll swing. He's guilty as hell," remarked the policeman cheerfully. "Shot down an unarmed man, he did. . . ."

"Why, Officer," Dan was mild as a milk-and-seltzer, "it was plain self-defense. I'm convinced it was. I'm putting an advertisement in the newspapers, offering a reward to any witness who will make himself known. There must be someone who will come forward in the interest of justice and admit that fifty shots were fired at my client before he drew his gun to save his own life."

"Haw, haw," laughed the policeman and the crowd echoed the laugh. "That's a good one." Dan looked mildly surprised at the merriment he had caused. Of course Dan, being a stranger in the community, could not be expected to know that any witness with the temerity to testify against the wishes of Hunkie Joe's crowd would be ordering his own execution.

So Dan limped about, directing his surveyors and his camera. They measured the distance Shorty had run from the door of the flat to the alley entrance. They taped the feet and yards from the machine-gun post on the corner. They photographed everything within a radius of two blocks.

"Self-defense," Dan continued to mutter to himself. "Self-defense, as plain as the nose on your face."

The men in the crowd about him nudged each other and winked meaningly. It was obvious to anyone that old Dan was in his dotage.

"Now," he concluded, "we'll walk up through Pilot Alley."

The camera man and the surveyors preceded him. The curious policeman and a hundred-odd men and boys trailed behind.

Dan walked as rapidly as his game leg allowed him to until he came to the abandoned warehouse. He compared the weatherbeaten sign with a penciled memorandum on the back of an envelope which he took from his pocket, then nodded as if satisfied that this was indeed the place. He tried to locate a watchman, rapping loudly upon the doors with his cane, but no one appeared. Then, denied admittance, Dan knelt down on his creaky old knees and tried vainly to peer between the bars of the cellar window, as if he were looking for something in the black void.

Late that night Dan returned to the alley in a cab. He seemed unaware that a car was following him, halting at the curb a block away. The trailing car's lights were switched out long before he had stumbled to the sidewalk.

Again Dan pounded on the door with his stick. After a long wait, a gruff voice inside barked, "Who's there?"

"Open up," ordered Dan.

Grudgingly, the watchman unbarred a squeaky door. "Who are you? What do you want?" he demanded, flashing an electric torch in Dan's face.

"Never mind." Dan showed a twenty-dollar bill. "Want it? Huh? Well, go down cellar to the old coal bin. You'll find a gray overcoat. Bring the coat up here to me and the twenty's yours."

"How'd the coat get down there?"

"That's my business," Dan retorted. "Here's the twenty if you fetch it up to me."

"Well. You wait here while I look." The watchman disappeared, barring the door behind him.

DAN, leaning heavily upon his cane, apparently did not observe that two men who had slipped out of the following car and, tip-toeing along close to the buildings, had approached within arm's reach of him on the dimly lighted street.

Again the warehouse door squeaked back.

"Let's see your money," ordered the watchman. Dan eagerly passed in the bill. "Here's your coat."

The old lawyer reached up for the garment, but the two men who had followed him were too quick.

"Hold on, there. We'll take that," snapped the first.

"Who are you?" Dan started back.

The man turned his lapel, showing a badge: "From Headquarters."

"Well," Dan blustered, "that's my property. You can't take it to Headquarters. You'll get into trouble, if you try it. I'm an attorney."

"Sure. You're Shorty Sheehan's mouthpiece. That's who you are. And this is Shorty Sheehan's coat that he ditched there the night of the murder. You thought you was goin' to wrap it up and take it home, didn't you?" The detective snapped his fingers in Dan's face. "Why, fella, we're on to you like a bad breath. Th' district attorney wants that coat. And we been tailin' you since noon, waitin' for you to show us where it is."

"That isn't . . ." Dan began, but never finished his sentence.

"Tell it to the judge," put in the second detective. Then the two men walked away.

THE district attorney's case was clicking along through the court routine like an express train on a clear track.

There was little that old Dan could do, as he sat at the defendant's table beside the ever-cheerful Shorty. The state's case was as perfect as many painstaking rehearsals could make it.

Dan could not even object as the district attorney introduced photographs of the scene of the crime, the gray coat which detectives swore the murderer had worn when he disappeared up the alley, the medical testimony which proved that the late Hunkie Joe had died from the effect of two bullet wounds, either of them sufficient cause for death. Nor could Dan's cross-examination shake the pat story of the police that only two shots had been fired.

The officers swore with grave deliberation that, when they arrived on the scene of the crime, there was no indication that more than two shots had been fired. They had not seen holes drilled by wild machine-gun bullets in store windows all along the street. They had not picked up ejected cartridges thrown from Hunkie Joe's automatic.

*(Continued on page 50)*

**"What was that we just played?"**

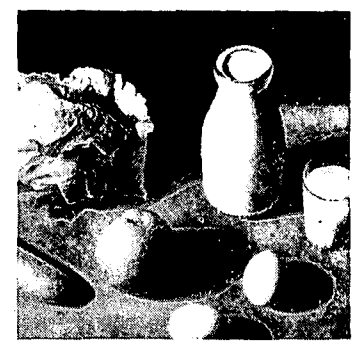
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The three rules for strong healthy teeth

## Eat Right *to resist Decay*

## Remove Film *to prevent Decay*

## See your Dentist *to check Decay*



**1. Include these in your daily diet.**

*One or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.*

*Don't wait to see your dentist until teeth ache.*

**Teeth are quick to show the benefits of modern dental knowledge. Some things to do.**

STEP by step science discovers what makes teeth strong and healthy. There are three rules. The first two you already know —"Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist twice a year."

The third rule governs the food you eat. Note the upper illustration and let it guide your diet and your children's. It is remarkable what proper diet can accomplish in preventing decay and gum disorders.

*Remove film daily*

But while correcting your diet, don't neglect the equally important safeguard of keeping teeth film free.

Film covers all teeth. It seems to harm some more than others. Film contains germs. It glues them to the teeth—germ's action, it's believed, destroys enamel.

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. These stains most people mistake for naturally discolored teeth.

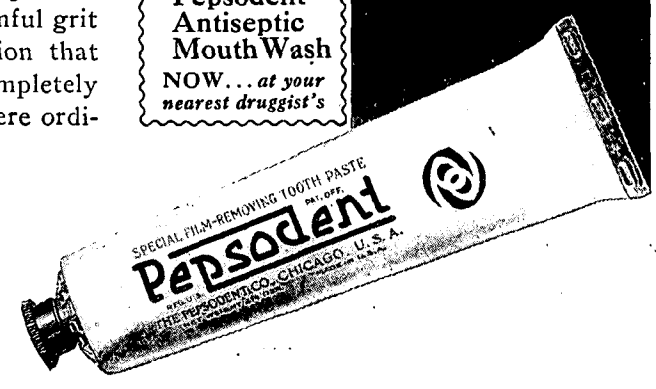
To remove film more effectively than by any other method, except your dentist's cleaning, Pepsodent was developed. That's why it is called the special film-removing tooth paste.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Try Pepsodent today—it is an important adjunct in possessing lovelier, healthier teeth through life.

**Film** is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . to cause unsightly stains on enamel. It *must* be removed twice daily.

**Newly Discovered Pepsodent Antiseptic Mouth Wash**
**NOW . . . *at your nearest druggist's***




*Amos 'n' Andy brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over NBC network*

# Pepsodent—*the special film-removing tooth paste*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Character beams forth in silvery rays as the light-house flashes its guiding message to passing ships . . . Character stands out, too, in the pleasant fragrance and rich flavor of
Old Briar
TOBACCO
United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco

*Minot's Ledge Light — on Outer Minot near the entrance to Boston Bay. Established eighty-one years ago.*

*15c size*

WIDER, day by day, spreads the circle of OLD BRIAR friendships. Men who have tried many other brands find in OLD BRIAR'S inviting fragrance and flavor a sparkling quality they have never known before. It is not just another brand to be sampled with indifferent enjoyment. It is a different kind of blend . . . a rare combination of choice tobaccos . . . with a distinctive character you will like.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

# And Cheap Enough

*Continued from page 48*

"Yes, sir. Two shots were fired. Both of them took effect," a police lieutenant testified.

"Excused," Dan grunted, and waved him from the stand. The district attorney smiled triumphantly.

Nor could Dan expect any mercy for his smiling client when the first of the eyewitnesses swore to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help him God.

"My name is Charlie Lubec." The witness slipped into the singsong monotone of an often-repeated speech, while the district attorney cued in each answer, as if they both were actors in familiar rôles.

"I'm twenty-nine years old. I live at 541 Mission Street. I'm a longshoreman by trade. I knowed the dead man for five years."

"Tell us what you know about this case, Mr. Lubec," prompted the state's attorney suavely.

The witness took a deep breath and plunged into his part of the narrative:

"That night of February the fifth, I was walkin' home on Mission Street, after the pool room closed. I seen Hunkie Joe standin' by Pilot Alley corner. I say, 'Hello, Joe.' He says, 'Hello, Charlie.' I was goin' to say, 'Damn' cold night, Joe,' when I seen Shorty."

THE district attorney beamed upon the witness. Each word sounded as the truth should sound. "What Shorty, Mr. Lubec?"

"That Shorty. Shorty Sheehan. Him. At the table. There." The witness pointed an accusing, dirty forefinger at the defendant. "I seen him run across the street toward us. 'My God!' says Joe, to me. 'He's got me.' I seen this Shorty . . ."

"The defendant?" queried the district attorney, helpfully.

"Him that's got to hang for it," agreed Lubec. "Yes, him. I seen him run up to Hunkie Joe and shoot twice. And then I seen Hunkie Joe just fold up on the sidewalk, like his knees wasn't no more good under him. Then this fella here run up Pilot Alley and disappeared. Me? I'm so sorry for Hunkie Joe that I stand there and can't do nothin'."

"And did Hunkie Joe fire a gun at this defendant?"

"Oh, no. He ain't got no gun to shoot."

"And you are sure it was this defendant, Sheehan, Mr. Lubec?"

"I couldn't make no mistake. It was him, Sheehan."

"Now, Mr. Lubec, how was this defendant, whom you recognized, dressed at the time of the shooting?"

"Gray overcoat, soft hat."

"Was he wearing this overcoat, Mr. Lubec?" The district attorney held up the garment, coal-soiled from its passage through the cellar window.

"Yes, sir. That's the overcoat."

"You swear to that, Mr. Lubec?"

"Yes, sir. I kiss the Book on that. That is him, sittin' there, and that's the overcoat he wore."

"You're positive?"

"Yes, sir. I'd know him and that overcoat in a million."

The district attorney bowed ironically to Dan. On his lips was a condescending sneer. "You may take the witness," he said.

Slowly, painfully, old Dan struggled to his feet. "Let's see that coat." He held out his hand for it. The district attorney passed it over.

Dan limped close to the witness, taking his favorite position between the witness' chair and the jury box, but standing back against the wall so that each juryman could see the witness' face.

"Examine this coat closely, Charlie." Dan's harsh voice grated in contrast to the state attorney's suave tone. And the "Charlie" was thrown in like a rebuke to a waiter. "Take it in your hands. Look at it as if you wanted to buy it. Look it all over. Have you seen it all?"

"Yes, I seen it."

"So you know the coat, do you?"

"Sure. I know the coat." Charlie was snapping back the answers like shots from a gun.

"And look at the defendant, Charlie. You say you know him. Shorty," Dan's command rang out, "you stand up so Charlie can see you."

"Sure I know him."

"Now." Dan's eyes seemed to be burning in their sockets, like a hunting tiger's when close to a kill. "Now, Charlie, who's that man?"

"Shorty Sheehan."

"Whose coat is this, in your hands?"

"Shorty Sheehan's coat."

"You'll kiss the Book on that?"

"Yes. I kiss the Book."

Dan picked up the overcoat and tossed it ten feet to the waiting Shorty. "Put that on, Mr. Sheehan, so the witness can identify you in your coat."

Shorty's eyes were laughing and the corners of his mouth twitched. With a wriggle he slipped his arms into the coat sleeves and seemed to disappear. That gray coat had been tailored for a giant. It dragged at least six inches on the floor.

"That's the man who wore that coat when he ran across the street and shot Hunkie Joe, is it?" Dan roared at the now frightened witness. "That's what you swore. That's what you kissed the Book on. How did he do it? Pick up his skirts in his hands like the women used to? How'd he fire his pistol, when he was holding his skirts? Did he pull the trigger with his toe?"

The foreman of the jury laughed aloud. The other eleven men were smiling.

"Don't laugh," Dan commanded them, in quick reproof. "This is a sample of the evidence that has been manufactured in a political caucus and brought into this courtroom to hang an innocent man. In spite of all their perjuries, gentlemen, you can see that the murderer of Hunkie Joe was over six feet tall. My client, the defendant, is five feet two. Now if the state's attorney has any more lying witnesses . . ."

"Wait a minute." The district attorney stood up, his face flushing. "If you are insinuating . . ."

"Insinuating that you framed my boy, Shorty?" Dan roared. "I'm not insinuating it. By God, I'm shouting it from the housetops. And, damn you, I've proved it."

OLD Dan and Shorty were splitting a quart of bourbon in the back room of Danny Keller's saloon.

"Now about the other expenses," Dan mused. "Let's see. I paid thirty dollars for that long gray coat, second-handed, down on Front Street. Your own gray coat I gave to the Salvation Army. You owe me thirty dollars for the long coat, fifty dollars for the day watchman who switched them and twenty dollars for the night watchman who handed it over to the police. That's an even hundred."

"And cheap enough," added Shorty Sheehan, pulling out a roll of bills.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Sailor, Beware!

*Continued from page 11*

"Where ya gonna go with her, Larry?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied Larry carelessly. "I ain't quite decided."

Biff clutched at a straw. "Where you gonna get the dough?"

"Well, to be frank, I ain't decided that either," confessed Larry thoughtfully. "But I got a idea. If you wasn't so dumb—no, I guess maybe not."

"Whaddye mean, if I wasn't so dumb?" bristled Biff.

"I mean, it would be such a swell out, if you was to throw the fight. The odds is six to one on you. . . ."

"Y' mean—" Biff gulped. "Me go in the tank?"

"Lookit the odds," pursued Larry, waxing more enthusiastic. "Say you was to take a dive in the second, why, we'd clean up enough to *buy* the Ritz!"

Biff shook his head solemnly. "I couldn't do it."

"Ya don't lose nothin'," argued Larry impatiently. "This is only a special bout; it ain't as if it was the finals. You get another shot at Hanrahan down in Guantanamo, an' then ya can cop the belt."

"That ain't it," said Biff slowly. "It's what she said tonight."

Larry stared at his companion blankly.

"Ya heard what she was tellin' us about Honesty, Larry," continued Biff reverently. "Well, the way I look at it, throwing a fight would be deceiving, Larry. It wouldn't be being true to your Better Self."

Larry studied his companion for a moment in frank wonder. Biff's face was set with resolution, the light of righteousness was holy on his brow. A crafty gleam crept into Larry's eye. The gleam receded, and he shook his head soberly.

"You're right," he said, tapping a cigarette thoughtfully. "But if you was to *really* get knocked out tomorrow night, that would be different, wouldn't it? If you was to lower your guard, say, an' Hanrahan was to poke you one on the button, there wouldn't be no fake about that."

"N-no," admitted Biff. "That wouldn't be no fake, of course."

"IN OTHER words," pursued Larry, rasping a match across the table, "if you was to let him clip you on the whiskers in, say, the second round, you'd be perfectly honest an' still we'd cop the coin." Over the flare of the match he studied his companion narrowly. "Ain't that right?"

"I ought to think it over a little," objected Biff faintly.

"What's there to think over?" hastened Larry, whipping out the match and leaning across the table enthusiastically. "You don't deceive nobody, do you? You ain't even tellin' a lie. All you do is just lower your hands, an' the other fellow does all the rest. There ain't nothin' dishonest about taking a poke in the jaw, is there? That's really being true to your Better Self."

"Well, if you think so, Larry," agreed Biff uneasily.

"Fine. You won't say nothin'," he cautioned.

"No, I won't say nothin'," promised Biff, "but just the same, Larry, there's something I don't like about it, though."

"Aah, forget it," laughed Larry, slapping him on the shoulders. "Why, it's just bringing out the best that's in you. Celeste will be proud of you."

"Ya think so?" asked Biff. "Ya think so, Larry?"

"Sure, she will," assured Larry, shoving back his chair. "You couldn't do nothin' that would please her more, Biff," he added, "not to mention me."

"I only wish," sighed Biff, trudging thoughtfully in his wake, "that I could figure out what it is about this plan I don't quite like."

BIFF McLARNIN strode quickly along Riverside Drive, with the blue vanguard of the day's liberty leave. He was worried. He had been turning Larry's scheme over slowly in his mind. Somehow it did not seem entirely Honest to him.

So preoccupied was he with his mood that as he charged along the pavement with head lowered he almost collided with a dainty pedestrian approaching rapidly from the opposite direction. His first impression was of a slender pair of ankles that jammed to an emergency halt directly beneath his nose. Then he looked up. It was the divinity! For several moments they stared at each other in silence.

"Hello, sailor-boy," the divinity offered at last. "How's tricks?"

Biff swallowed, and made an abortive sound in his throat. But at last he spoke. "I'm worried. I can't forget what you said last night, Miss La Rue."

The Little Sister of the Fleet, making a rapid and comparatively unsuccessful effort to recall what she said last night, acknowledged this tribute with a twisted smile.

"Maybe it would help a little," she attempted in a professional tone, "if you told me just what was on your mind."

Biff hesitated unhappily. After all, he recalled, he had given his word to Larry not to breathe their forthcoming plans to anyone. He resolved to sketch the problem only in the vaguest and most impersonal terms.

"Well, let's put it this way: Let's suppose, for instance, that a fellow is a boxer, for example, an' he's going to have a fight, I mean a professional fight. An' let's suppose he was a pretty good fighter, a really good fighter, and he'd finally landed a match with some dumb palooka who was just a pushover, of course, an' he couldn't get any odds better than six to one. You get what I mean?"

"I get what you mean, a little," nodded Celeste, with an increasing show of interest.

"Well, then, let's suppose this fighter an' his manager, they wanna make some dough offen the fight, o' course, an' they can't on account o' the odds are so heavy, see? So suppose they was to cook up a plan where this fighter was to take a dive in the second round, see? Well, that wouldn't be Honest, would it?"

"Huh? No, I guess that wouldn't hardly be Honest," echoed Celeste, her face suddenly animated. The conversation was rapidly developing new and highly pregnant possibilities.

"Oh, sure it would be dishonest, of *course* it would," she went on with mock solemnity. "You wouldn't *think* of doing a thing like that," she winked.

"That's how I felt, too," confessed Biff in relief. "It wouldn't be right."

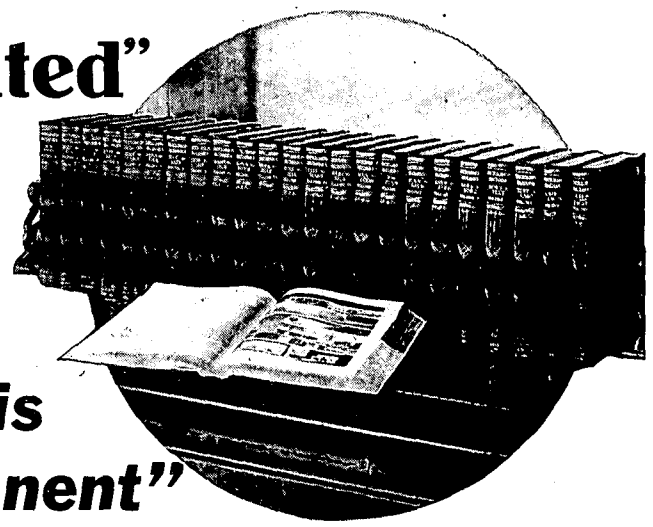
"No," concluded Celeste, her eyes dancing. "It wouldn't be right!" She laughed and pressed his hand understandingly. "Remember that in the second round—sailor-boy!"

Biff's face flamed. "I'll remember," he mumbled, his eyes lowered in confusion.

"Just our little secret—yours and

(*Continued on page 52*)


# "The Britannica returns a dividend every time it is consulted"



## "Its Value is Permanent"

... These are not mere empty words, but the straight-from-the-shoulder statement of a man who has been for many years a vigorous figure in the financial life of the world. Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer of Great Britain, who owns a set of the Britannica, was moved to write the above words, and to add—

**"Money spent on such a work as this Encyclopaedia is an investment in a gilt-edged security"**

The test of the value of the Britannica lies in its profitable use. Men and women of all walks of life who have bought the Britannica and who use it reach the same verdict—it is the finest of all encyclopaedias and it is an investment in a lifetime—one which pays many times over.

*Thousands of unsolicited statements testify to this fact. Those who use the new Britannica could not get along without it.*

**"Those who use the Britannica couldn't get along without it"**

"I must confess that I was willing to purchase the Encyclopaedia Britannica because I thought it was the thing to do on general principles and not because I imagined the books would be of great service. Much to my surprise the books are in almost constant use by some one member of the family and I do not see how we could get along without them."
—*W. M. Wood, Decatur, Ill.*

"No village public library, no high school, no small college library should dare be without it. It is even more indispensable in the superior home where there are growing children."
—*Prof. Robert E. Rogers, Mass. Institute of Technology*

"Such an Encyclopaedia as the Britannica has become practically a necessity in a home striving to make contact and to understand the complexities of modern life."
—*Edwin A. Alderman, Pres., University of Virginia*

"I do not see how I could get along without the Britannica."
—*Bishop Francis J. McConnell*

## Your Money's Worth

In text alone the 24 volumes of the new Britannica bring you 35,000,000 words, the equivalent of 500 ordinary size books. Yet you buy it—and the 15,000 brilliant illustrations, hundreds in full color, and the hundreds of maps—for a mere fraction of what the 500 books would cost you.

## Only $5 Down

Only $5 is required as a first payment, to bring the 24 volumes to your home, so that you and your family may use and profit by them immediately.

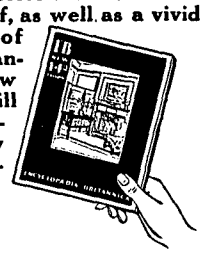
The price is now so reasonable and the terms of payment so convenient, that anyone can own the Britannica.

**SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY**

## 56-PAGE FREE BOOKLET

***Brought by your postman***

**Tear off the lower corner of this advertisement before you turn this page. Send it to us and it brings you by return mail our Free Illustrated Booklet, with richly printed pages, and sample maps and gorgeous plates in full color from the new Britannica itself, as well as a vivid description of what the Britannica is and how it works. You will be under no obligation. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it today.**



**ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.**
**342 Madison Avenue, New York City**

Please send me, by return mail, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the *new* Britannica, together with low price offer, etc.

Col. 1-K4

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

*City* ..... *State* .....

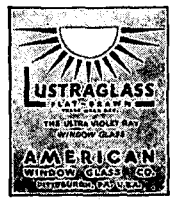

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

two windows
*that cost the same*

ONE fitted with ordinary glass... | the OTHER with LUSTRAGLASS...

The most amazing fact about Lustraglass is that, despite its remarkable qualities, it costs no more than any good window glass. Lustraglass transmits a substantial amount of the shorter ultra-violet rays of sunlight at 313 mu., yet you can have it in every window at no extra cost. Lustraglass is the whitest of all glass made for windows and transmits more daylight! Specify "Lustraglass" by name . . . it has no "equal." Lustraglass can be purchased from reliable dealers anywhere. Send for Booklet A-430 giving table of ultra-violet ray transmission of Lustraglass at various wave lengths.

LUSTRAGLASS
FLAT-DRAWN



Look for this Label

AMERICAN WINDOW GLASS COMPANY

Also makers of Armor-Lite Scatter-Proof and Bullet-Proof Glass, Tintaglass, Lustrawhite Picture Glass, Photographic Dry Plate Glass, 3/16" and 7/32" Crystal Sheet, Ground and Chipped Glass, and Bulb Edge Glass.

Farmers Bank Building ❖ ❖ ❖ Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*(Continued from page 51)*

mine." With her free hand, she hailed a cab over his shoulder. Her foot on the running-board, for a moment she hung close, her grateful eyes staring into his: "You wouldn't kid me, sailor?"

Biff shook his head blankly.

Her tremulous lips parted slowly in a sigh: "Remember, I'm trusting you—Biff!"

The door slammed, the cab moved forward.

"O. K.," Biff uttered devoutly, "Celeste!"

THE ring on the U. S. S. Dakota had been pitched that night on the fo'c's'le just forward of Number One Turret.

At the very edge of it, her tiny nose on a precise level with the taut canvas, Celeste waited impatiently for the final bout to be announced. She had had a busy afternoon. Following her unexpected and momentous conference with Biff on the Drive, she had directed her taxi with all possible speed to her bank—for Celeste was no one to underplay her luck—and withdrawn the wherewithal to play the valuable tip which she had just received. She had not stopped with that. Realizing that she had the chance of a lifetime in her own exclusive grasp, she had next hurried home and revealed her information to her room-mate. Her room-mate was third from the end in the second row of the current Vanities, and slightly skeptical.

"How do you know he wasn't kidding you?" she had inquired suspiciously.

"Him kid me?" laughed Celeste, rapidly ransacking her room-mate's purse. "Why, that dumb-bell couldn't count to twenty without taking his shoes off. I'm telling you, Grace, it's a natural. He fell for me, that's why. Is sixty dollars all you can spare?"

"It must be your innocent face," envied Grace wearily. "With your luck, if you stepped in front of a moving train, it would be backing up." She glanced at her purse. "Just leave me enough for carfare, dear."

"A six-to-one shot, too," laughed Celeste, waving the roll of bills. "That's more than I could take up in collections in a month."

"How are you gonna place it without somebody finding out?" inquired Grace.

"Easy. I know a C. P. O. on the Delaware. He'll do it for me in a minute. I'll tell him it's a hunch—just woman's intuition. I tell you, Grace, Honesty pays!"

"And how," yawned Grace.

It had all been accomplished with neatness and dispatch. Her friend on the Delaware had accepted her munificent bet in shocked surprise, and placed it on Hanrahan, under vehement protest, at six to one. "I don't get it, Miss La Rue, I don't get it at all. Between you and me, Hanrahan hasn't got a prayer . . ." Celeste had laughed mysteriously. She was still smiling when she met Larry on the ship later that night, and he escorted her to her seat at the ringside. Now she wriggled impatiently as the semifinals drew to a close.

"McLarnin's next! Come on, Biff! . . ."

In the crew's reception room of the Dakota, stale with wintergreen liniment and cigarette smoke, Biff McLarnin meantime sat brooding in silence on a leather transom. Larry squatted on his haunches before his thoughtful companion, wrapping a bandage with professional accuracy about the huge paw which Biff extended limply.

". . . ain't gonna be nothing, really," he instructed for the tenth time, revolving the bandage in successive layers up the shaggy wrist. "When I give ya the sign, see, you lead him to you, then stick out ya chin and drop ya guard. That's all. Just drop ya guard, an' the rest is up to him." He patted a strip of adhesive tape across the wad of bandages.

"I'll say this much for them bums on the Delaware," he conceded, "they sure back up their man plenty. Only an hour ago a C. P. O. come over from their ship with three hun'erd bucks more to place on Hanrahan. I wonder whose it was." He forced a flaccid glove over Biff's extended fist. "Well, somebody else is gonna clean up tonight besides us," he shrugged, tugging at the straining leather. "Anyways, *our* dough is all down. Two hun'erd an' forty smackers, between us."

"But—ain't that a lot o' dough, Larry?" Biff groaned weakly.

"All we got," grunted Larry cheerfully, "let alone all I could borrow, to say nothin' of a month's pay besides." He knotted the laces of the glove securely. "Sure, I shot the works. Why not? It's our big chance, ain't it? I even hocked ya watch!"

Little beads of moisture gathered in the furrows of Biff's anguished brow. The indecision of the past twenty-four hours, Larry's confidence in him, his clandestine conference with Celeste this afternoon and her unmistakable advice to stick to the paths of Virtue, all these combined now to produce a monumental conflict in his mind. Fate, it appeared, had placed him neatly on the horns of a cruel dilemma. On the one hand, if he won tonight he could never afford the money to see Celeste again; if he lost, on the other hand, he would be betraying her faith in his Better Self. Upon this tense spiritual deadlock the bark of the loud-speaker over his head burst like the crack of doom:

"Hanrahan . . . McLarnin!"

"O. K., pal." Larry clapped the calves of Biff's legs confidently and kneaded them briskly once or twice with deft fingers. "All set." He rose; Biff lurched to his feet, pulled a faded bathrobe about his shoulders, and stumbled blindly through the door in his wake.

AS BIFF emerged through the forward hatch, the scattered cheers and applause suddenly merged into a single mighty bellow. Amid this swelling tribute, his head lowered and his gloves crossed upon his chest like a Christian martyr, Biff made his way despondently toward the ring. With eyes lowered, he clambered silently through the ropes and took his seat. Mechanically he acknowledged the bellowed introduction with gloves clasped above his head; mechanically he walked to the center of the ring and listened to the referee's instructions, frowning steadily at the puckered toes of his own boxing shoes. His brow was still wrinkled in thought as he walked back to his corner, grasped the ropes, flexed his knees, crossed himself, and whirled at the bell.

"C'm'on, Biff! Show ya stuff, sailor!"

Biff sighed and raised his gloves as Hanrahan charged. He ducked wearily. Hanrahan regained his balance and hurled himself forward once more; Biff sidestepped again, and the hope of the Delaware plunged emptily into the ropes. Biff shook his head. He only asked to be let alone. His eyes half-shut in moody concentration, he slapped his excited opponent away from him as he came on with another bellow, knocking down his hooks and jabs with a preoccupied frown. Hanrahan started a wild swing; Biff brushed it off petulantly like an annoying hornet, and cuffed him in mild reproof.

"Finish 'im, Biff!"

"Send 'im back to his ship!"

Hanrahan uttered a whinny of rage and fell into a clinch. Biff glanced politely over his shoulder in bored appeal, and the referee pried them apart. Hanrahan wrapped around him again. With

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a patient sigh Biff folded his glove, stuck it in the center of his opponent's perspiring face, and propped him casually at arm's length while he abandoned himself once more to his inner thoughts. For an instant Hanrahan floundered on the end of Biff's fist, his nose flattened on the hard leather cushion, his arms thrashing helplessly; then he wriggled past the extended guard, and his glove stung Biff's jaw. Biff sighed at this rude interruption to his private meditations. More in sorrow than in anger, he buried a left hook reprovingly in Hanrahan's stomach.

"Hey, look what ya done. . . ."

THE sharp yelp from Larry awoke him to impending disaster. To his horror, he saw the face before him slowly slipping away, as the Delaware's pride commenced to unfold upon the canvas. With a cry of remorse, Biff leaned over and caught him as he collapsed. He propped him aloft again desperately, while the frenzied referee tried to wrench them apart. The bell clanged in the nick of time.

". . . told you to hold in ya left," whispered Larry, slopping water angrily over his face and chest. "Keep your eye on it every minute. We don't want nothin' to go haywire now!"

Biff hung his gloves over the ropes and shook his head contritely.

"I was afraid it was all up with us for a second," Larry growled. "You can't take no chances like that." He worked the muscles of Biff's arms, and played his trump card. "Did you see Celeste over there?"

Biff clutched the ropes convulsively and lowered his eyes. He could not bring himself to look.

"Do it for *her* sake," said Larry. "You can't go wrong. Just think of Celeste. . . ."

Biff wandered forward in a daze at the bell; Hanrahan staggered toward him, his knees buckling unsteadily, and they fell together. Biff placed his gloves firmly beneath his opponent's armpits and held him aloft. He was taking no chances this time. They waltzed slowly, while the referee sought in vain to cut in. In the final agony of indecision, Biff's eyes sought the faces at the ringside. For the first time he saw Celeste.

She was smiling up at him confidently. Her great gray eyes were bright with faith in him; her doll-like face shone beneath its halo of white-gold hair; as she thrust out her arms and wriggled her fingers, the strap of her gown slipped down innocently.

"Biff. . . ."

His mind was suddenly calm. His shoulders were erect now, his jaw firm, gone the moment of doubt which had just assailed him. In a flash of inspiration, he seemed to feel again the clasp of her little hand; he seemed to hear her voice: "I'm trusting you. . . . Biff!" There was no choice; the Path to Happiness lay straight and narrow before him. His eyes shone with a holy light as he hauled back his left arm and shot his fist forward like a piston. There was a muffled chop; the tottering Hanrahan straightened, crumpled backward, turned, and doubled gently on his stomach across the bottom rope. He lay there folded like a tent.

Above Hanrahan's prone form, Biff saw Celeste's eyes grow wider, and her lips part. He stared in bewilderment. Before his unbelieving gaze, her face was gradually hardening into an expression of bottomless and utter loathing as the referee's arm rose and fell for the tenth time.

Riverside Drive that midnight was almost deserted. The last of the liberty leave had taxied luxuriously downtown to fling their fresh-won wealth on the more attractive vices; the concrete benches were bare and empty, and a few old newspapers blown beneath them rustled loosely in the faint night breezes. Occasional cars whined by on tread tires. Two tugs howled mournfully to each other from the velvet depths of the river; a lone freight rattled nearer, the locomotive snorting steadily, and the bellying white smoke was tinged for a moment with pale salmon, as it passed and retreated in the distance. A black cat slunk into the shadow of a garbage can, and the cover clattered noisily onto the sidewalk. Across on the Jersey shore an electric sign reared its lighted slogan flatly against the pale lemon sky.

Upon the stone parapet, amid this desolation, a lone figure in blue brooded in silence. His white hat was shoved back upon the nape of his neck; he leaned forward with ankles locked together, his wide trousers swinging, his elbows resting on his knees and his slender chin resting moodily upon his fists. A cigarette drooped from his lips. Beneath his feet four more butts and a crumpled cigarette packet lay on the trampled earth.

A second figure in blue wandered slowly along the deserted sidewalk. He dragged his legs with weary and lagging steps; his massive shoulders seemed to sag, and his fists dangled loosely at either thigh. He paused before the first figure and halted irresolutely. The sailor on the wall did not raise his eyes.

"You ain't got a cigarette on you, by any chance?"

The first figure did not reply.

"I used up my last one an hour ago."

The figure on the wall stared at the crumpled packet in significant silence. With a little sigh the newcomer hoisted himself onto the stone parapet beside the first sailor, locked his ankles together, rested his elbows on his knees and his chin on his fists. They brooded side by side.

"You know—" began the second sailor.

His companion shifted away slightly.

"You know, Larry—" persisted the newcomer.

The tip of Larry's cigarette glowed an irritable red, and an impatient cloud of smoke wandered upward and disappeared.

"You know what I think about women?" repeated Biff after a pause.

His companion lifted his head and stared at him for a long moment. Then he rested his chin on his fists again. There was another long silence.

"I'll tell you what I think about women," resumed the second sailor, in a low and tragic voice. "They're all alike. You fool around 'em an' you get boint. Women don't care for nothin' except what they can get. You know what I think women is, Larry?"

BIFF paused. The bitter gorge of disillusion rose within him and suddenly gagged him. His mind's eye still carried that picture of loathing upon Celeste's face; his astounded ears echoed with her epithets of rage and stinging scorn. Biff could not understand. He only knew that his very soul had been bruised that night, and he would carry the scar always. He blinked, and swallowed twice before he could continue:

"Shallow water. Larry, I'm telling you. Women is shallow water."

His voice choked. Larry gazed at him again for a moment. He held his cigarette between thumb and forefinger and took a deep drag. He passed it over silently. Biff placed it between his lips and inhaled it until the tip glowed scarlet. He passed it back. Larry put it between his lips again.

A little eddy of wind rustled the old newspapers under the concrete benches, and they felt a few drops of rain.


# SHE DANCES WITH CHEERS IN HER EYES . . . YET SHE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Wonderful, too, for
SORE MUSCLES
lamed by spring activities. Rub in for quick relief to tired, aching muscles. Soothing, refreshing.

SO gay; so feather-light on feet that fairly flit across a gleaming floor. You'd say this laughing little lady didn't have a care in the world. But, while her eyes give three cheers to each new partner in the dance, there's a *bar sinister* on her happiness.

At the back of her mind, a vague worry begins to intrude. Even as she dressed for the party she noticed it again: An unnatural, moist whiteness between her little pink toes. It made her feel hardly dainty. What would her partner think of the twinges she feels —even i-t-c-h-i-n-g? She hates to ask even her dearest friend about it; doesn't know what to call it, though thousands of similarly immaculate people have this same trouble — "Athlete's Foot."

**Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?**

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us* because, unlike most diseases, it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker- and dressing-room floors; in gymnasiums. And from all these places it is continually tracked into countless homes. It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; and it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. In fact the U. S. Public Health Service has reported that "*probably half of all adults suffer from it at some time.*"

**It has been found that Absorbine Jr. KILLS this ringworm germ**

"Athlete's Foot" may start in a number of different ways.* All of them, it is agreed, are generally caused by the ringworm germ. And exhaustive laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. penetrates fleshlike tissues deeply and, wherever it penetrates, it *kills* the ringworm germ. Results in actual cases confirm these laboratory tests.

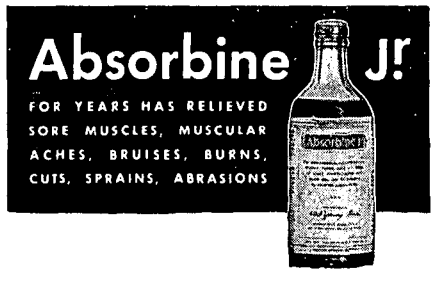
**Examine YOUR feet tonight**

It might not be a bad idea to examine *your* feet tonight for symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot." At the first sign of any *one* symptom, begin the free use of Absorbine Jr.—douse it on morning and night and *after every exposure of your bare feet on damp floors.*

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. You can get it at all drug stores—$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. *In Canada:* Lyman Building, Montreal.

***Watch for these distress signals that warn of "Athlete's Foot"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.





PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# For only $10 you can have the *twin* of the world's fastest racket!

PROBABLY you've wanted the super-speed of the Top-Flite—the speed that helped this famous bat *win 34 major championships in a single year*. But you may have decided to get along with a slower racket—a racket costing less than the $15 Top-Flite.

But now you can enjoy faster, finer tennis at the price you wish to pay. You can get the *twin* of the lightning-fast Top-Flite—the new Wright & Ditson Eagle—for only $10!

The Eagle is a sure-enough *twin* of the Top-Flite!—It has the same lighter, smaller head. The more easily gripped, smaller handle. The same delightfully balanced "feel." And best of all—*the Eagle has the identical speed-giving open throat of the Top-Flite!*

Only in the stringing do these two rackets differ—and that's what allows us to price the Eagle lower. For the $10 Eagle is strung with hard-wearing Damproof. Damproof is not so resilient as the split gut of the $15 Top-Flite. But it is so extraordinarily *durable* that the Eagle frequently can play right through an entire season of strenuous tennis *without a single restringing*.

Get the point-winning extra whip of the open throat into *your* game—play the Eagle! You'll find the one that suits you exactly in balance, weight and feel at your pro, your sporting goods dealer or department store. And remember—this twin of the Top-Flite costs but $10!

Two running-mates of the Top-Flite in popularity are the Davis Cup and Gold Star—both $15. Lower in price, the All-American, only $8. The Columbia at $6, and the Comet at $5, are both superb bats, too. Other models $2.50 and up. A. J. Reach, Wright & Ditson, Inc., New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Dallas, San Francisco and Brantford, Ontario.

Wright & Ditson
TENNIS RACKETS

© 1931, A.J.R., W.&D., Inc.

FREE—OUR NEW BOOK "TENNIS TIPS" C.-5-2-31

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, Inc., Dept. J, Tulip & Eyre Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free, a copy of your booklet "Tennis Tips."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____


# About the House

*Continued from page 18*

no more personality than a composite photograph.

An architect who has built some delightful small houses suggests this as a motto: More roof than lawn. The thatched cottages of Brittany are lovable largely because of their overwhelming roofs.

A small house of five or six rooms should never be two stories high. The broad, low house is always more attractive because it is more restful and homelike. A narrow, two-storied house on a site that is level with the street or higher than the street gives the effect of a jitney skyscraper. A house that is high rather than broad should be built only on a lot that is below the road level or on the side of a hill.

Windows offer knotty problems. It is best to realize in the beginning that one cannot have everything. Double-hung windows are waterproof; they are easy to operate and offer no difficulties in screening, but they do require weather-stripping. Steel casement windows sometimes are not air-tight; but they are being constantly improved and the newest types eliminate many of the defects of earlier ones. And they give full ventilation.

### The Inside Story

So far we have considered the outside of the house. Let us go in now and find out what we ought to know about the interior arrangement.

In working out a floor plan, if your house is small, all the rooms will probably be on one level. In a house of five rooms—kitchen, dining-room, living-room and two bedrooms—the living quarters may be down just a few steps from the sleeping apartments, because even so slight a difference of level increases the sense of privacy. This plan may be varied, for increased space, by adding a story-and-a-half gable at one end and putting in it four bedrooms with their two baths. The maid's room and bath, if there are service quarters, are often placed next the kitchen. But if you want the maid to keep an eye on the children it is wise to place her bedroom near the others.

Three notably false economies should be avoided. It is a mistake to omit a dining-room for the purpose of cutting down costs or of reducing housework on the theory that a small family can perfectly well eat in the living-room. All who have tried this plan testify to its inconvenience, and a house with such an important omission is hard to sell.

It is equally an error of judgment to build a one-car garage, no matter how small the house, because cars are now so inexpensive and bring such freedom and independence that every family will soon have two.

The third mistake that many people make is to have the main doorway open directly into the living-room. There should always be an entryway, however small, with a coat closet in it. A door opening into the living-room means frequent drafts, dripping umbrellas, muddy rubbers and a complete loss of privacy for those who use the room.

The garage should be included as part of the house, in design as well as in fact, because that is the most economical way to build it, because it is more readily heated and because the space above it can be used for a maid's room or left as an attic.

A big cellar is unnecessary, though useful for storage space and playrooms. Where excavation is very expensive, cellar space may well be limited to accommodate only the heating plant, and a coal bin if one is needed. A little space can usually be found on the main floor just outside the kitchen for a small laundry, where it is very handy.

In the house with four bedrooms a dressing-room connected with the largest one will be welcomed by shivering souls who object to dressing in a cold room. And who doesn't?

Sleeping porches and screened terraces for sunrooms or for dining should be carefully worked out in the plans so that they may be part of the design.

Two further considerations are important, whether you buy or build: the planting around the house and the walks leading to it. The man who wants to buy outright will do well to be suspicious of the house masked with evergreens. A pleasing façade no more needs such a growth around its foundations than a handsome man needs whiskers on his chin. The man who builds will do well to remember that evergreens are expensive, that they require careful placing. Only a landscape architect can be trusted to use them effectively. Flowering shrubs are cheaper and more hardy, and they are more appropriate to the informal character of the small, inexpensive house.

The same architect who urges care in the matter of evergreens pleads for the straight and narrow path. Flagged walks, he says, should never be laid in meaningless curves that serve no purpose except, possibly, that of testing the sobriety of visitors.

Now just a word about architects. An architect is not a luxury, even for the person building a very modest little house. The fee you pay him insures full value for the money spent, individual design and the services of a specialist during the entire work of construction.

Choose a local architect, or at least one who will be on the job personally during the construction work; one who knows local conditions, prices, builders and laws.

Avoid the man who shows you only pretty pictures, in perspective, of the house he will build for you, with trees fully grown, birds singing in the branches, a flower garden in full bloom and a fountain playing in its midst. Such a picture is like a soft-focus photograph; it is intentionally deceptive. Insist upon seeing the line drawing from which he made his rendering, because it alone can be depended upon to show the true design of the finished house.

### Your Best Protection

Your architect will give you a careful estimate of the cost for which he can build your house. This is closely figured and the fair-minded man must realize that each thing he adds or changes definitely increases the builder's cost either for materials or labor, or both. If you do want any changes made, find out from your architect first exactly how much they will cost so that you can avoid any unpleasant dispute later over "extras."

It is as important to choose a good contractor as it is to have a good architect. Get bids only from contractors whom you and your architect know to be dependable, and then you can feel safe in accepting the lowest bid, without the fear that low price may mean inferior work and material.

The architect is your safest protection against error. And errors are costly. They cut down your enjoyment of your home and they invariably cut down the price you can get if you are forced to sell.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# What was the Shooting about?

*Continued from page 20*

in some instances by ages, and until the last few years transportation and communication to the outside were almost nil. Three million souls, two thirds of them Indians, the others half-breeds or of varying degrees of mixture, with a meager sprinkling of descendants of the Spanish conquerors, are scattered among its half-dozen straggling cities and mining centers.

Bolivia has a political past envied by none—seventy governments or presidents in a century. Most of them came in by revolution and went out the same way. Nearly all of them were dictatorships in one form or another. But in 1926 Hernando Siles came to office after a duly held election that satisfied most Bolivians. Indications pointed to his being able to serve out his term and pass on the office in an orderly manner; but he showed strong evidences of an ambition to perpetuate himself, a move highly obnoxious to the civilian public. The military, too, had a grievance. A Prussian general had been imported to give the army the proper punch. To all of which not only politicians but business men, educators, students and soldiers objected. The result: Siles slid down the Andes into exile.

### Peru Looks Forward

A junta made up of men of unquestioned sincerity shouldered the task of reorganizing government and institutions, its members pledging themselves not to run for office and to make it impossible for any president hereafter to prolong his term or seek reëlection. They appointed a supreme economic council to study business conditions and map out definite relief measures which became law. Everybody's salary from president to floor-sweeper was cut to the bone for economy's sake. They also made immediately effective the plans for revamping the fiscal machinery recommended by the Kemmerer Financial Mission of two years ago. National elections have been held in which all pledges were carried out. The newly elected president and congress have been installed and, despite increasing depression and widespread suffering among the population, every effort is being put forth to stem the unprecedented tide of economic and political unhappiness.

Not long after Bolivia's housewarming for Siles the most powerful ruler of the Andean republics, Augusto B. Leguia of Peru, gave up the struggle and fled in the early hours of a late August morning to a warship in the harbor of Callao, a discouraged, broken and beaten old man.

To the outside world Leguia and modern Peru were synonymous. A journalist dubbed him "The Roosevelt of South America," a comparison which must have required a contortion of the imagination. No two men were ever so little alike. No man kept his ear more keenly attuned to the voice of the people than Roosevelt, but no man ever listened so little to the people, their wishes or desires as the Peruvian dictator.

An American business man, long resident in Peru and high in the councils of one of our largest concerns there, gives an interesting sidelight on Leguia:

"A group of bankers and investors were dining with the president to discuss future loans and financial arrangements. The president told them of the vast projects he contemplated—further railway and highway extensions to the interior, public buildings and more irrigation developments in the desert lands.

"The guests listened in silence and with just admiration. But finally a very practical one among them spoke up and said, 'Mr. President, those would be estimable and wonderful things to do. They would make Peru one of the leading countries of the New World. But they would hopelessly bankrupt it.'

"The little man's eyes flashed and, with a smile that covered up a ruffled pride, he said, 'Bankrupt Peru? Oh, I would gladly bankrupt Peru for fifty years in order to do these things.'

"Leguia was an idealist, but an idealist can be impractical, and he was. He did build some splendid highways, and paid twice as much for them as they should have cost. He started a seaport at Callao that will be adequate for a trade twice as large as Lima's for a quarter of a century—these and other things, and he left the country practically bankrupt."

Leguia brooked no opposition. The press was silenced. To insure proper publication of his own edicts and opinions he established his own newspaper. He jailed or banished those who criticized him. Peruvian exiles languished in many countries of the world.

The accumulation of grievances became so great that an explosion was inevitable, and when a colonel in a distant Andean post dared to raise the banner of revolt the conflagration spread like a match touched to tinder, and Leguia tramps the trail toward political oblivion.

This upheaval has been followed by several sudden and dramatic changes in the revolutionary personnel. But waves of disagreement and confusion may be expected to follow the breaking up of a decade of iron dictatorship. One thing is certain though, one thing those in charge will see to: Leguia will not return to power. His régime has gone to keep company with the mummies of its predecessors.

"What of the future?" I have asked numbers of Peruvian business men, intellectuals and statesmen. One has given a striking answer:

"We can only hope, señor. But we shall not be the same. The breezes of the new age are blowing in upon us, arousing us, filling us with curiosity, a desire to see the outside and to possess some of its wonders. New things—radio, airplanes—have opened up the air-tight doors of this ancient stagnant land, and the pent-up forces have swept the old order before them."

### Chile Marks Time

Evidences of these suggestions I had already observed. I had flown down from the north over the desert and waste lands—strewn with the skeletons of ancient cities and civilizations, stopping in once-remote towns and communities. Men, women and children took the air from village to village, and all the way to Lima, the capital, as nonchalantly as they once traveled on foot or mule back.

Although Chile did not join in the chorus of revolt it sang one verse, stuttered and stopped. And while Chile has its own economic difficulties in the low price of nitrates, bad business was not the source of grievance in this instance.

Chile has a strict military government, a government that brooks no opposition and little criticism, a government that has banished its enemies and sent its critics abroad for their health, and runs the country quite efficiently but strictly to its own liking.

*(Continued on page 56)*

In training for a permanent

SMART GIRL! She knows that a permanent wave is apt to make the hair dry and brittle, unless it is in the best of condition beforehand. So she goes in training.

Why not try it? It's a great idea—really. And so simple. For a month or two before you plan to have your hair permanently waved, give yourself a weekly treatment to cleanse and tone the scalp and improve the texture of the hair. First, apply "Vaseline" Hair Tonic to the scalp directly from the convenient shaker-top bottle. Next, massage the whole head gently but firmly until it feels pleasantly a-tingle. And then shampoo as usual.

It sounds almost too easy to be valuable, doesn't it? But just wait until you see the new softness and lovely lustre of your hair. And the permanent wave will look so natural and set so beautifully that you'll be telling all your friends to "go in training" too!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The nearest druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Two sizes of shaker top bottles. This is a product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 17 State Street, New York, N.Y.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd., 1931

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Enjoy Real Coffee and RESTFUL SLEEP

Does coffee keep you awake? Or affect your nerves? There's one coffee that won't—the new IMPROVED Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee.

Here are the facts. Only one thing in coffee can disturb your rest—caffeine. It is an odorless, colorless, tasteless drug. In Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee it is removed. Without affecting the glorious taste or aroma you love.

Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee is real coffee—a wonderful new blend of the world's choicest coffee beans. It absolutely will not keep you awake, even if you drink it at dinner, at midnight, or just before you go to bed. Thoughtful hostesses always serve it in the evening so all their guests can enjoy the friendly fragrance of fine coffee.

Now made by Kellogg in a modern new plant in Battle Creek. Sold at all grocers in vacuum tins. Or mail the coupon for a trial.

Kellogg's
KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. X-5, Battle Creek, Michigan
Please send me, postpaid, sample can of Kellogg's Kaffee Hag Coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin). *(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)*

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over* WJZ *and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at* 10.30 *E. D. S. T. Also* KFI *Los Angeles,* KOMO *Seattle at* 10.00, *and* KOA *Denver at* 10.30.

**It's go-as-you-please and do-what-you-wish in Glacier Park!** Here's the Old West—carefree, informal. Come climb a switch-back trail, a glacier, or a mile-high peak—swim, fish, hike, golf, dream, worship the sun—get a close-up of Nature from bus, launch, or saddle. Just let your fancy guide you! Write Great Northern Vacations, St. Paul, about Escorted Tours.

*The New*
**EMPIRE BUILDER**
*The Luxurious*
**ORIENTAL LIMITED**

GREAT NORTHERN

# The Laugh that Chills

*The Sinister Mandarin Yu'an Hee See in Collier's Radio Hour*

## TUNING TABLE

*Note* Time shown is Daylight time. If your community is on Standard Time deduct one hour.

**Every Sunday Evening**

| *East . . . 8:15 P. M.* | *West . . . 7:15 P.M. Central Time* |
|---|---|
| WHAM Rochester | 6:15 P. M. Mountain Time |
| WJZ New York | WREN Kansas City, Kan. |
| WLW Cincinnati | KYW Chicago |
| WBAL Baltimore | KOA Denver |
| WBZ Springfield, Mass. | KWK St. Louis |
| WBZA Boston | KSL Salt Lake City |
| WJR Detroit | |
| KDKA Pittsburgh | |

*Pacific Coast . . . 5:15 P.M.*
KHQ Spokane KFI Los Angeles KOMO Seattle
KGW Portland KPO San Francisco

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Co., Inc.

# Collier's NEW Radio Hour


*(Continued from page 55)*

Under the régime of President Carlos Ibañez, Chile's credit and financial standing in the world have been greatly enhanced. The president is personally popular, and his honesty and good intentions are respected both by natives and foreigners. But one of his well-wishing fellow citizens weighed the situation as follows:

"He saved the country from bankruptcy and bolshevism a few years ago. He balanced the budget. He cleaned up the cities and put the people to work. He is a patriot. But his friends, his army, the military, can be his undoing. If, unlike Leguia, he knows when to quit, Chile will be all the better for his businesslike statesmanship. But he cannot afford, for his own and his country's sake, to take the road of the self-perpetuating dictator. There is already that fear."

This mania for power and self-perpetuation was the root of the sudden shift in democratic Argentina.

### What Happened in Argentina

In October of 1929, exactly one year before Hipolito Irigoyen rushed from his dingy little apartment in a Buenos Aires side street to the governor's house in the provincial capital of La Plata to sign a forced resignation, I was the guest in Mendoza of Señor Francisco Morano, son of a famous Argentine statesman and educator.

"You will see in this rich, progressive province," said Señor Morano, "the beginning of a revolution within twelve months."

"What, revolution in Argentina?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, señor, revolution. A sad thing to contemplate, but if things go on in this way it is inevitable."

The provincial government had been deposed by President Irigoyen. His own personal representative was in control, under what was termed "temporary intervention," the excuse being dishonesty and graft among local officials. But the same measures had been imposed upon other provinces. In most cases these provinces had voted against Irigoyen's party in the previous election, an election in which he polled the overwhelming majority of the nation's votes.

Irigoyen was old and failing mentally, the latter fact unknown to the people, because he never appeared in public, never received newspaper men, and seldom talked to any but a few of his henchmen. The government was reduced to an oligarchy of grafters surrounding a mentally degenerated octogenarian.

"Even so, is there no recourse other than revolution in so modern and up-to-date a country as this? Is there no constitutional or legal machinery for the correction of such a situation?"

To one of Argentina's outstanding statesmen and diplomats I put these questions.

"I can appreciate," he said, "that the outside world was surprised when Argentina broke its record of orderly governmental procedure; that it should resort to this method of getting rid of an impossible situation.

"Irigoyen's ministers and party leaders were well aware of the tremendous dissatisfaction in the country. But the president was probably ignorant on the subject, due to his isolation from the public. His ministers also knew that efforts to correct the situation were on foot, but they kept this fact from their chief and proceeded to use methods of their own to frustrate it.

"Invoke the constitution? The constitution had already been reduced to impotency. The provinces had been violated—not only deprived of the management of their local affairs, but many of their elected representatives unjustly denied their seats in congress.

"The courts? They, too, were in the hands of Irigoyenists. Little could be expected from them.

"The Irigoyenists even organized a sort of vigilance committee, a terroristic society to work in secret, to spy on and intimidate the opposition.

"Meantime the country was traveling toward chaos. Economic conditions were growing tragic without any consideration from the administration. Our credit and standing in the world were imperiled.

"It was in this situation that General José F. Uriburu, the most popular military leader in the republic, backed by the sentiment of the country and supported by the army and navy, marched to Government House on the 6th of October and took over the affairs of the nation."

And the effects of the change may be judged by the fact that the banks of Buenos Aires celebrated the arrival of Uriburu and his army at the presidential palace by swinging wide their doors and inviting him to call upon them for what cash he needed. He asked for fifty million pesos; they subscribed one hundred million.

While Uriburu was sweeping up the débris of a discredited and shattered administration the Brazilians opened fire on the party in power.

Forty-one years ago November 15th the last remnant of South American monarchy went out into the cold world. Dom Pedro II took leave of Brazil, and a republic came into being. From that day until October 23, 1930, one party, one group, remained in control of the government. It never lost an election, because it counted the votes.

The board of directors of this party came principally from two of the twenty states—São Paulo and Minas Geraes, with headquarters in Rio de Janeiro. They dictated the laws and policies of the national administration, and alternated the presidency between them. Nothing was allowed to interfere with their favorite industry—coffee. The rich cattle and farming country of the South, the cotton and sugar industries of the North, every other section became a mere stepchild in the family of the nation.

### The Brazilian Bomb Explodes

In the South is a progressive, hard-working people, little diluted with the dark blood of the North, but strongly stocked with Nordic. They have long objected to the high-handed methods of the government party. In recent years their criticisms have gained the sympathy of the North and a large following in Minas Geraes and even in São Paulo.

By 1929 this liberal element had grown to such tremendous proportions and had become so powerful that independent and impartial Brazilians said there would be no doubt as to its success in the presidential campaign then approaching if an honest election were held. The same Brazilians felt the election would not be impartial. They never had been and wouldn't be then.

In September, 1929, I witnessed the proceedings of the conservative convention, or caucus, that nominated Julio Prestes as its candidate. It lasted two hours only. Its work was laid out before it convened.

Next day I went to see the distinguished Brazilian, Dr. Raul Fernandes, the great international lawyer who, along with our own Elihu Root, was a member of the commission that organized the World Court, and the head of the Brazilian delegation to the Pan-American Congress in Havana in 1928. I told him of what I had seen.

"Yes, Prestes will be elected. He is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Plaster for Patching

**anyone can use it**

Rutland Patching Plaster makes it easy to patch that crack or hole in wall or ceiling yourself. Requires no special skill. Just add water, then apply. Doesn't set too fast like plaster of paris. Gives you plenty of time to smooth it in place. Makes permanent patch. Won't shrink, crack, swell or fall out. Takes paint or wall-paper perfectly and won't show through. At paint or hardware stores. Made by Rutland Fire Clay Co., Rutland, Vt.

**RUTLAND**
**PATCHING PLASTER**

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
HOME STUDY COURSES

EDUCATION offers you culture, capacity to serve, and increased earning power. Whatever your objective may be, well directed study can make its attainment less difficult.

Over 300 subjects prepared especially for study at home are listed in our general bulletin which we shall gladly send without obligating you.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY
Home Study Department C New York, N. Y.
4373

**MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME**

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

**Learn Radio in 10 Weeks**
**TELEVISION**
**TALKING PICTURES**
Fascinating Jobs leading to $60.00 a week and up! You qualify in 10 weeks—not by correspondence, but by actual work on actual Radio, Television and Sound Equipment. No books or lessons. Free Employment Help. SEND FOR BIG, NEW FREE BOOK.
Radio Division, Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 31-9A
500 South Paulina Street Chicago, Illinois

**AUTOSHYNE**
KOLORTONE
"RESTORES THAT SHOWROOM COMPLEXION"
10 Colors—Matches all cars—At Dealers 50c. Pacific Coast 60c or sent on receipt of price. Mention color. THE AMERICAN POLISH COMPANY, Dept. 37, 220 N. Desplaines St., Chicago, U. S. A.
*"Makers of Eagle Brand Polishes for over a generation."*


a personal friend but I cannot vote for him. He is a child of a political system which is going to mean disaster to the republic or a revolution which may save it."

The elections were held. Prestes won. He went on a triumphal tour to foreign lands—the United States, England and France. The time was approaching for his inauguration. Suddenly, but not without careful preparations, the bomb exploded—the country chose the only remaining method of dismissing the bloated oligarchy.

To most informed persons the outcome was perfectly apparent from the first. Never before, not even in the overthrow of the monarchy, was there such a unity of effort and opinion. "The revolutionary party," said one Brazilian, "was as popular as the party of George Washington." It was unfortunate the outside world did not know this.

### Since the Year One

On the day our Secretary of State gave out the government's edict that sale of war materials would be permitted only to the federal forces, the revolutionary army was in control of the majority of the states. That same afternoon, in Buenos Aires, Argentina, I was talking with Dr. Lindolfo Collor, chief foreign representative of the revolutionists.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Well, suppose you win," I countered.

"But don't suppose; we will."

Then he added, "Mr. Stimson will be the first to recognize us, too. You are leaving tomorrow by steamer for Rio?" he asked.

"Yes, tomorrow."

"I'll be there when you get there."

I left for Santos and São Paulo, and later went to Rio. The morning I arrived in Rio I was received by Dr. Collor at his hotel. The revolution was over. Now, Dr. Collor is an outstanding member of the provisional government.

The same day I called again to see Dr. Fernandes, who greeted me with the words, "Do you remember what I said to you a year ago?"

Since Dr. Fernandes was an international personality and his friendship for the United States well known, I asked him if he would give me a special statement concerning his views on the revolution for the American people. He went to his desk and hurriedly penned these words:

"The Brazilian revolution was a disagreeable but necessary remedy for the abuse of power, which ordinarily could be corrected by legislation had not the congress entirely abdicated its rights and prerogatives.

"The revolution was immediately and immensely popular, therefore it made rapid progress throughout most of the states. Its promoters and its soldiers were principally civilians. Some military elements coöperated but were not the deciding factor in the victory.

"The program of the revolution is to place government upon a strictly legal basis. It can be summed up in one word —regeneration. By what methods is this to be accomplished? This is the hard task the provisional government must assume in the next few days.

"One thing is certain: the internal changes of men and laws will have no effect upon external policies. They will be directed by the same principle. One of these principles is the unbroken friendship with the United States."

Friendship with the United States remains "unbroken" as this goes into black and white. Still, two acts of the provisional government might easily be interpreted to suggest a lingering displeasure over the ill-timed and unnecessary statement of Secretary Stimson on the eve of the rebel triumph of October 23d.

The U. S. Naval Mission—admiral, staff officers and gobs—resident in Rio for many years as tutors of the Brazilian Navy, were told with polite regrets to proceed northward, as their services would be no longer required. And while the necessity for governmental economy was the excuse for the failure to renew the expiring contract, it is significant that invitations to continue were extended a similar mission of ours in Peru following the revolution in that country.

And when the Brazilians decided to inject new serum into the anatomy of the financial system they did not invite our well-known physician to fiscally ailing countries, Dr. Kemmerer, although he was at the moment on the southern continent at the bedside of stricken Peru. They invited the services of a British doctor of monetary diseases.

That the heads of various United States firms and enterprises in Brazil were, and are, anxious about our attitude toward the momentous events in that country has been unmistakably apparent.

Just as I was leaving Brazil the head of one of our largest branch banks there called to see me and said, "I'd like to suggest that you go a little easy on these people when you get back."

"Go easy?" I inquired.

"Yes, try to get away from the idea that so many of us have held about revolution being a South American, or Latin-American industry. This has been one of the sorest points in our relations with these countries. Of course they have had revolutions, but this is a world business. Like the course of empire it has moved westward—from China to Chile. Since the year one of this century the world has been on a rampage.

"The Celestials cut their queues and chased the Manchus out; the Russians took the czar and his unfortunate family for a Siberian ride, while William Hohenzollern found his health better in domestic Doorn than in political Potsdam. Even the Turks went modern, deposed the sultan and discarded the fez; Austria got tired of the Hapsburgs. Greece put the skids under its George and Portugal sent its Manuel to live quietly in England. Upholding the histrionic traditions of his race, a live Italian newspaper man gathered up a host of his fellows, dressed them in black shirts and marched upon the Eternal City only to have politicians, statesmen and royalty come out to meet him. Soon afterward a Spanish general rattled his sword a little briskly and put to flight government and parliament.

### Lest We Forget

"In political disturbances, violent upsets of institutions and carnal holidays the countries of the Old World take the blue ribbon. Yet no reasonable person doubts there is still some good left in them.

"Latin America is another story, though. We seem to think there is no possibility that among twenty nations with 110,000,000 people there may be some honest, sincere and high-minded men and women. This in spite of the fact that our bankers, industrial leaders and business men have had enough faith in them to plant $6,000,000,000 in their resources, half of it on the continent.

"Besides, we of the United States sometimes forget that our own republic came into being by a revolution. And what is more, when it had passed the age of three score and ten it furnished an example in civil war that for terror and destructiveness has remained unequaled in this hemisphere."

**MENNEN**
**IS MADE *specially* FOR YOU**

THIS is a discussion for men to whom Nature has given a steely stubble and a barbed wire beard.

Certainly—the daily process of shaving such a beard is no cinch . . . No ordinary shaving cream can do this tough work. What *you* need is a cream specially and specifically made for tough beards. That cream is Mennen.

Mennen contains specially processed tristearin $(C_{18}H_{35}O_2)_3C_3H_5$. It's that ingredient which builds a unique lather—lather that can soften the wiriest whiskers and tame the spikiest stubble . . .

When you start to shave, your beard is *completely* wilted. Your blade cuts clean and sharp. No yank. No pull. You get a *comfort* shave—even on a tender skin . . .

After the shave, finish with Mennen Talcum for Men—the man's powder that doesn't show.

2 KINDS · *Original and Menthol-iced*

NEW TUBE
NEW PRICE
35c
GIANT TUBE
50c

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# MORNING MOUTH
## *Everybody has it*

## ASTRING-O-SOL
## *corrects it*

ASTRING-O-SOL Mouth Wash is antiseptic, germicidal, and *concentrated*. It penetrates deep into the tissues. Exerts powerful germicidal action. Kills the disease germs embedded there. Does not harm delicate membranes. Produces an astringent action that checks bacterial growth and activity. And leaves an antiseptic after-effect that remains for hours.

Unbiased investigations by foremost bacteriological laboratories prove that Astring-o-sol is the new leading oral antiseptic that does all these vital things. Astring-o-sol also rids you of that unpleasant, waking-up taste instantly. Refreshes, cleanses, protects your mouth and throat. Purifies your breath. Leaves a sparkling after-taste. And costs less to use. Get a bottle today.

A 4-ounce bottle makes 12 full pints of refreshing mouth wash when diluted as you use it twice daily.

Frederick Stearns & Co.
Manufacturing Pharmacists
DETROIT, MICH.
Windsor, Ontario
Sydney, Australia

Please send me a trial bottle of Astring-o-sol. I enclose ten cents in stamps to cover postage.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____ COL 5-2-31


# Not Guilty

*Continued from page 13*

on the bus trip Kimball claimed he had taken denied he had been aboard. Funicielo vehemently repeated his identification. Then came a surprise prosecution witness—Joseph Elsie of Canton, Ohio, who claimed he had been defrauded of $17,000 in Chicago by a scheme similar to that played upon Funicielo and by the same trio. Elsie recognized the rogues'-gallery photographs of two notorious confidence men as Costello and Moyer; and then, staring at Kimball, Elsie positively identified him as the third sharper, Rose.

In Kimball's behalf there were his own point-blank denial of guilt and the testimony of his wife and friends as to his law-abiding character, to his membership in an old and excellent Massachusetts family, and to the ridiculousness of the suggestion that he might have been connected in any way with the crime. Also, certain hotel records were introduced to show that Kimball's movements could not have been the same as those claimed for him by Funicielo. These points were not sufficient to upset the jury's belief in the direct identifications, and it found Kimball guilty.

### Who Stole the Money Orders?

Judge O'Dunne turned to the jury at once and remarked: "Gentlemen, I hope you have convicted the right man, but I am personally satisfied you have made a terrible mistake."

Kimball had the means and the friends to keep his fight active. Eminent counsel was retained and a new trial won, in which all the prosecution's testimony except Funicielo's identification was shattered. But this time a jury was convinced that Funicielo, under the strain of his grief and rage, had made an honest mistake. Judge O'Dunne, concluding an official apology to Kimball, expressed regret that the state of Maryland did not provide compensation for him.

Such unfortunate errors of justice do not seem peculiar to any section or state. We have seen the result of mistaken identity in the courts of California and Maryland, the Pacific Coast and the Atlantic Coast; now consider the misadventures of Irving Greenwald, whose prosecution was a Federal matter.

In January, 1924, a number of money-order blanks were stolen from Post Office Substation 28, located in a drug store in Buffalo, by some man who came into the store apparently to use the telephone. The man was of not unusual appearance, around twenty-five years of age, and he had blond hair and blue eyes.

The stolen orders began to appear in New York City two months later. One was cashed in a trunk store; another in a department store; a third in a drug store. Various dates were on them, but all purported to have been issued at Substation 28 in Buffalo. The payee gave the name of Alderman. Inspector Gurnie Smith of the Post Office Department followed the trail closely and arrested a man in Wall Street, who insisted he was Irving Greenwald and who was somewhat amused by the whole performance. However, when the persons who had been tricked identified Greenwald as the crook, things looked serious for him. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven and a half years in Atlanta Penitentiary by Judge Francis A. Winslow. However, after Greenwald was safely behind the bars of Atlanta the stolen orders continued to turn up, to the astonishment of Inspector Smith, who resumed the trail. Two months later he arrested another blond and blue-eyed man, this one named Barry, in Philadelphia; and the same witnesses who had identified Greenwald as the man who had imposed upon them, now trooped up and said that Barry was the man. The disturbing thing, when we consider the possibilities of finding ourselves in a similar fix, is that there was no striking resemblance between Greenwald and Barry, who admitted he was the culprit.

Now there were two men in Atlanta Penitentiary for a crime of which only one could have been guilty. You might think that Greenwald's release was easy, speedy and automatic. But a world of red tape piled up, and it eventually required a Presidential pardon to clear his way.

"But I suppose," I ventured hopefully, "these cases of miscarriages of justice are rare; or, at least, the mistakes are soon found out and corrected?"

Professor Borchard shook his head and there was little comfort in his reply: "I believe many persons are in jails throughout our country suffering for crimes of which they are wholly innocent. And our legal processes have sent many innocent victims of mistaken identity or circumstantial evidence to death in the electric chair or on the gallows.

"If you believe that these legal mistakes are always providentially found out so that imprisonment is usually brief, let me tell you about an instance in Pennsylvania in which it might be said that a laugh cost twenty years of a good-natured man's life.

"Andrew Toth was thirty-six years old when, in 1885, he came from his home in a small Hungarian village to make his fortune in this land of liberty. He went to Braddock, Pennsylvania, to work in the Carnegie Steel Mills. In the fall of 1890 there was a great deal of unrest among the laborers of the industrial and mining regions of western Pennsylvania.

"Numerous Hungarians in Braddock celebrated New Year's Eve with large quantities of 'polinky,' their favorite national beverage, and worked themselves into passion because their mill was operating on the holiday. At two o'clock on New Year's afternoon a mob of two hundred infuriated Hungarians, armed with clubs, made a sudden assault upon the workers at the furnaces, no doubt thinking thus to force them to join the strike. There was bitter fighting; and it took some time for the workers to gather their numerically stronger ranks and drive the drunken rioters off.

### Mullen's Mistake

"It was found that many of the workers had been injured. Michael Quinn, a furnace boss, was so brutally beaten that he died several days later. Public feeling ran high against the Hungarians and many of them—Andrew Toth included—were arrested on warrants sworn out by Charles M. Schwab. The authorities discovered several witnesses who said they had seen the beating of Quinn, and these were permitted to view the arrested Hungarians.

"One witness, Peter Mullen, stumbled awkwardly and nearly fell as he entered the room. This elicited a laugh from cheerful Andy Toth; whereupon Mullen, vexed, whirled and pointed at him, exclaiming, 'I saw that man, *Steve* Toth, beat Quinn with a shovel at Furnace C!'

"Two other men picked out Michael Sabol and George Rusnak as the men they had seen beat Quinn at Furnace A. Other witnesses remembered seeing all three among the rioters; so Toth, Sabol and Rusnak were tried and sentenced to be hanged for first-degree murder. Eventually the governor was prevailed upon to commute the sentences to life imprisonment.

"Five years later Sabol was pardoned; and in 1897 the Pardons Board, indicating its belief that Rusnak had not even been in the mill on the fatal day but had been mistaken for Martin Pekar, whom he resembled, gave him his freedom.

"Then, in 1911, news came from Hungary that one Steve Toth, on his deathbed, had confessed that he had attacked Quinn. It was recalled that Mullen, in his identification, had named Andrew as 'Steve' Toth. Steve, it seems, while not a relative, lived in the same house with Andrew and bore some resemblance to him.

"Edward H. Goehring, Andy's latest attorney, presented to the Pardons Board a remarkably clear analysis of the trial testimony, in which he brought out the fact that Furnace A was more than five hundred feet away from Furnace C. Medical evidence showed that it was a physical impossibility for Quinn to have been mortally injured by Toth at Furnace C and then to have walked to Furnace A, where he was proved to have arrived in sound condition and where he was later attacked by a group.

### Something to Remember

"Andrew Toth was set free after having served twenty years for a crime of which he was wholly innocent. A movement was started to secure state compensation for him, but the legislature, while apparently admitting that Toth had been erroneously convicted, decided such a grant would be unconstitutional. Andrew Carnegie, who had been Toth's employer, thereupon gave him a pension of forty dollars a month for life and he returned to Hungary, where he is still living.

"Why it should be unconstitutional to grant restitution to a man for the years of his life, from age forty-three to sixty-two, which had been wrongfully taken from him will be difficult for the layman to understand. Whenever you serve on juries, or whenever you exercise your privilege as a citizen to have an opinion about any case which is of public interest, you must remember how unreliable are the identifications made by victims of a crime when laboring under the excitement incident thereto; you must remember, also, how police and prosecutors sometimes suppress or disregard evidence through overzealousness; and you must bear in mind that perjured testimony is not infrequent in trials for murder and other felonies.

"And you should take an interest in the three reforms which are vital. You have considered indemnity. The other two are abolition of the death penalty in all cases of conviction on circumstantial evidence and an appellate review of facts as well as of law in all cases of capital felony."

---

**Another article by Mr. Courtney about Professor Borchard's investigations will appear in an early issue of Collier's.**

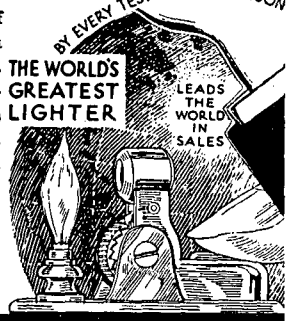
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAKE THIS LIGHTER

"A FLIP—and it's lit! RELEASE—and it's out!"

UNMATCHED simplicity and ease of action. By every test of comparison... "the world's greatest lighter"... leads the world in sales. $5.00 and up at every smart shop. *Ask to see one!* Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer.

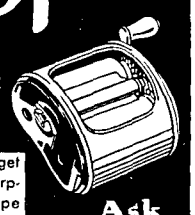
BY EVERY TEST OF COMPARISON THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER LEADS THE WORLD IN SALES



RONSON De-light

ART METAL WORKS, Inc., Aronson Sq., Newark, N. J.
In Canada: Dominion Art Metal Works, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Smashing Reduction
Anniversary Model
Twinplex Stropper
while they last
$1.69



Now you can get a perfect shave every time. Sharpen your Gillette or Probak-type blades on the new Twinplex. Only one million at this sensational price. They'll go fast. Get yours early... TWINPLEX SALES CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Ask your dealer

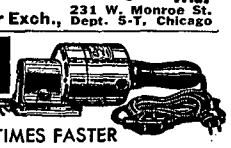
EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

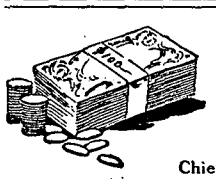
TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Save over ½-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.
SEND NO MONEY
All late models completely refinished like brand new. *Fully Guaranteed.* Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!
10-day Trial
International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 5-T, Chicago

Electrimmer



TRIM YOUR HEDGE 3 TIMES FASTER
With Electrimmer, *electricity does all the work!* Cuts the toughest growth easily and fast. Trims top and sides of all hedges, shrubs, bushes, lawn borders, etc. Weighs only 6 lbs. Operates from any light socket with one hand. A boon to every home owner and gardener. Price $39.50. Moneyback guarantee.
SKILSAW INC., 3326 Elston Ave., Chicago



REWARD!
For a little of your spare time between now and your summer vacation. WRITE TODAY.
Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

# A Party in the Park

*Continued from page 15*

visits to the Cuninghame mansion in Berkeley Square. Yet when he was shown into her suite at the Hotel Bristol that afternoon she had to heave up a lorgnette to assist her in recalling his name. She was that sort. Two fingers, coldly manacled in diamonds, she allowed him while she looked down her nose; then she discarded his hand for the dirt it was and turned back to her tea-fight. It was all the same to Winslow. He looked round for the girl.

Lounging on a settee, with a nine-inch cigarette holder delicately poised, she was entertaining a forest of young men at the other end of the room. Winslow walked over. An ash-blond with a perfect finish; this Aleyne, he had to admit, had looks and style.

IT WAS Teddie Frobisher, blinking behind his glasses like an owl, who presented him to this queen.

"Isn't it too amusing, Mr. Moult," this highly finished product flung at him, "all these dear people have simply poured on me since I arrived a few days ago, and yet I am most interested in this funny little man who keeps sending me the notes!"

Winslow had a feeling he had been drawn into the dialogue ahead of his cue. "Someone sends you notes?"

"Why, I thought all Paris knew about the notes!" this queen laughed. "When a girl has to submit to press photographers as much as I do, one realizes one has a certain duty to the public. But —this odd little man! And now he threatens to shoot himself on my doormat!"

In the general laugh that followed Winslow found himself elbowed back three rows by a monocled *hussard* with yellow stripes down his breeches and a face like a bulldog's seen over the fence on a misty night. His toe itched but he kept it on the carpet. He drew his old friend Teddie Frobisher into a corner.

"I hear, laddie," he opened, "that you have connected with the pile once more. Good stuff! I've been looking for you all over Paris. I want you to tell me a thing or two. This Aleyne Rivers-Marsh, for instance. She's a peach. Friend of your aunt's?"

A rich flood of color had come into his face at the mention of her name. "I think," offered Teddie, "she's the best-looking girl I've ever seen, Winslow. She's—she's jolly nice to me, too."

"Friend of your aunt's?"

"Aleyne's mother is Aunt Alice's oldest friend."

Winslow pursed his lips. With a face pink and open as a babe's, and a nature harmless and trusting as a puppy's, this man had been combing Paris for a job! Some might call it grit, but to Winslow it looked like a record of a man who only came into action when stung. It required a hard knock to awaken this Teddie Frobisher.

"I have a parcel downstairs," he said. "A load from the hock-shop. I had it from the concièrge at the place where you've been staying. The Rayleighs. You remember Lorna Rayleigh?"

The pink tinge had come into his face once more. "She's an awfully nice girl," this novice confessed. "She was awfully nice to me."

"Another one awfully nice to you?"

His spaniel-like eyes, magnified behind the lenses, peered up at Winslow uncertainly. "During the last few weeks, Winslow," he decided, "it's a funny thing, but I've sort of felt—different about girls. Could it be possible that—?"

Winslow was remembering that at school this man kept a menagerie of white mice and beetles and things—and that his highest ambition was to go on keeping them, with perhaps a few ferrets and canaries and goldfish thrown in. "Believe me, shipmate, it would. Anything is possible with a fellow like you." He pulled this friend of his childhood days farther into the palms as he noticed Lady Cuninghame casting about with the lorgnette. "Your feelings are different? Be frank. I only want to help."

For a moment he fidgeted with his tie. "I wish you would, Winslow. . . ." he said at length.

"Would what?"

"Help me—about Aleyne."

Winslow started. "You want my help in fixing things up for you with this queen? You've—you've fallen for her? Losing sleep, and off the feed and so on? You—love this woman?"

Dumbly he nodded, holding his friend round-eyed and tremulous.

"Suffering cats!" cried Winslow. "Can you imagine it!" Then, lowering his voice: "Meet me outside in ten minutes."

In less than ten minutes Teddie Frobisher was outside in the street, and, emerging from a telephone booth, Winslow took him by the elbow. Down a subway gleaming like a bathroom with its white tiles he pushed him, and into a train enameled in gilt and white.

"I have a surprise for you, shipmate," Winslow told him. "Someone to help us in getting this tricky business over. But never mind that. Let's get this clear. You want to make love to this girl? Work things up? You're not making a mistake? You wouldn't sooner have a nice white rat, say?"

"No, Winslow."

Winslow sighed. "Well, we're going along to my rooms to get down to the job. In the meantime tell me about this man who sends notes to this girl. Who is he?"

"Aleyne doesn't know who he is. She's never seen him. He keeps sending her poems he writes about her. Slips them under her door, and lately he's taken to calling her on the telephone, just to hear her voice, so he says. It seems he saw her in the street one day, and longs to meet her, only daren't. Her beauty is driving him mad."

TEDDIE moved uncomfortably on his seat. "Yesterday he said in a note he was going to wait outside the hotel after dinner until she came out. All that crowd of men laid for him to teach him a lesson, but he didn't turn up."

Winslow considered it. "They didn't call in any help?"

"Help?"

"To beat him up. This love-sick poet might have hurt them."

"Aleyne," stated Teddie Frobisher, "would never have allowed anyone to get hurt—"

His companion inclined his head. "This is where we get out," he said.

In the sitting-room of Winslow's apartment on the Rue Vernet, a figure in a fur coat and close-fitting hat rose to meet them.

"Why—Teddie!" exclaimed this girl.

"Lorna!" greeted Winslow's guest.

"My surprise," explained Winslow. "I telephoned to her to meet us here. She's going to help us. Aren't you, sister?"

The girl turned on him. "Help you do what?" Her fingers were itching to pull this man Teddie's tie straight and poke the handkerchief back into the

(*Continued on page 60*)

BABE RUTH
*Provides for his Future with an*
EQUITABLE
RETIREMENT ANNUITY

"Everyone has to look out for the future," says Babe Ruth, "no matter what business or profession he may follow. A few years ago Christy Walsh, my business adviser, told me about the Equitable Retirement Annuity policy. He explained how it would enable a fellow to invest a few hundred or a few thousand a year with a guarantee of a lifelong income when retirement age comes. So I signed up for enough to keep me comfortable when the balls and strikes and home runs will be but pleasant memories."

What about your own future—those days when you too may wish to retire? If you will tell us your present age and the amount you can set aside annually, we will tell you the guaranteed income for life that the Equitable will provide for any retirement age after 50.

THE EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE
UNITED STATES
THOMAS I. PARKINSON, PRESIDENT

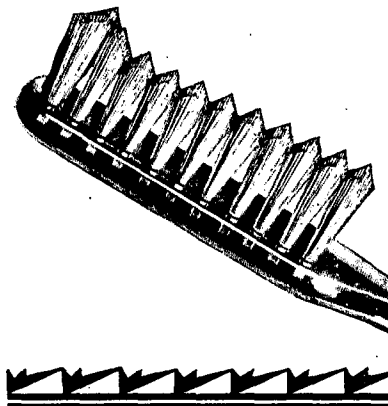
THE EQUITABLE SOCIETY
393 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Your Retirement Annuity adopted by Babe Ruth may interest me. My age at nearest birthday is..... C-1-C

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# TUFTED
## Pro-phy-lac-tic

IF you are open-minded on the subject of which tooth brush is best for you, these may be the most important 215 words you have ever read. So vital is a healthy mouth in preventing disease.

We make two styles of tooth brushes, illustrated. Both were designed by leading dental authorities. The Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic is medium size. The Masso Pro-phy-lac-tic is the newest small type. We are glad to sell either, although our profit on the Masso is slightly larger because it contains less bristle.

The Masso is a wonderful brush for those who will clean teeth *three minutes* by the clock, as dentists direct. But we cannot conscientiously recommend it, if you brush your teeth in a hurry. Instead, our professional advice is to use a brush *large enough* to clean, polish, and massage, in the reduced time. Obviously, hasty brushers will get more and better cleaning with a brush that has more bristle.

Buy a Tufted Pro-phy-lac-tic and use it for just one week. See the improvement. Note how much better it does the job. How thoroughly and yet how quickly! Observe, too, how the famous tufted toe reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth).

No matter what brush you are using now, try a Tufted . . . . You will thank us for the suggestion. PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

# MASSO
## Pro-phy-lac-tic

**Learn Electricity** In 12 Weeks by Actual Work in the Great Shops of Coyne—no books—no lessons. Earn while you learn. Aviation, Radio and Auto Electrical courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK!
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept 51-14
500 South Paulina Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**STAMP COLLECTING**
—a fascinating hobby. Learn about it! Illustrated booklet free. *Collectors!*—send 4c postage for big illustrated catalog. H. E. HARRIS & CO., "*Everything for the Stamp Collector*," 533 Commonwealth Ave., BOSTON, MASS.

**INVEST YOUR LEISURE HOURS**
In good magazine reading. Our sales representatives are highly trained, bonded experts, courteous and trustworthy. They know all magazines thoroughly and can meet your needs exactly—at lowest possible prices. You eliminate all risk when you buy your magazines from our representative. When he calls, have him show you his bond credential.
PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

For Well Brushed Hair All the Time, & a Healthy Scalp You Need
**GLO-CO** Unscented LIQUID HAIR-Dressing

**New Low Prices**
Canoes—Row—Sail—Motor and Outboard Motor Boats
CATALOG FREE
Two large factories. Write to either place.
THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (49)
216 Ann St., Peshtigo, Wis.
116 Elm St., Cortland, N. Y.

**The Little Ad with the BIG Bargain**
$1.00 POSTPAID 200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, each neatly printed with your name and address, sent postpaid for $1. Correct in style and quality. Order a package. If you don't like it we will return your money. You can't lose. • Listen to the Hon. Frederick Landis as "The Hoosier Editor," every Friday evening at 8:30, E.S.T. over station WLW.
The AMERICAN STATIONERY Co. 100 Park Avenue PERU, Ind.

**$1 Brings You this Marvelous $3.50 Lawn Sprinkler**
Standard Rain King
Sprays more water, spreads it evener, throws it farther on same pressure. Can be set instantly for mist-like spray, gentle shower, or drenching downpour. Use it as stationary or revolving sprinkler—for large circles, small circles, long strips or narrow strips, etc. — all sprinkler actions are combined in it, quickly set for *your* needs.
If not at your dealer's send us $1 and pay balance, $2.50, on arrival. Made and guaranteed by Chicago Flexible Shaft Company, 5601 Roosevelt Road, Chicago. 41 Years Making Quality Products.
**Rain King**
*The* BEST SPRINKLERS MADE

**GOLFERS!**
Jiffy-Shu, th new detachable steel link with regulation calks, makes any shoe a golf shoe. Clamps and locks to sole. On and off in a jiffy. Comfortable. Adjustable for all men's shoes sizes 6 to 12. Made of rust-proof cold-rolled steel
$2.25 per pair postpaid
Calks provide maximum foothold, for golf, hunting, fishing, and other sports. Guaranteed satisfactory. If your dealer or "pro" cannot supply you, send your order direct.
THE JIFFY-SHU CO.
1017 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio
JIFFY-SHU


(*Continued from page 59*)

breast pocket of his coat. "All you asked me to do was come on here."

Winslow turned his friend's face to the wall. "Teddie here has fallen in love," he said. "And he doesn't know how to get to work. He asked me to fix it for him, because this Aleyne—"

"Aleyne?" Her lips had tightened, but she managed a smile.

"Because she has such a crowd of admirers. He thinks he hasn't a chance. I thought you might be able to suggest something—give us a line to work on."

"But how can you expect me to do anything about it?"

"Would you," sought Teddie, "advise writing her a note? Or not?"

Winslow waved an urgent hand. "Hush, shipmate! It's coming!"

"Coming? What's coming?"

"The Big Idea! Great snakes! It'll do! Great!" He hit his friend a violent blow between the shoulder blades. "I've got it! Don't worry any more, shipmates. I knew the Big Idea would arrive."

Lorna fixed him doubtfully. "You have an idea that will help Teddie—with Aleyne?"

"A winner! Just drops in to fill the gap; I should have thought of it before. By tomorrow night we'll have the old boy fixed."

THE Hon. Winslow Moult entered the Hotel Bristol next morning swinging his cane freely and with the hat well over the left eye. Lady Cuninghame's maid directed him back from the suite to the Palm Court, and here Winslow found the queen. Her retinue consisted only of the dog-faced *hussard* and two burly friends in whiskers, but in spite of that she did not remember having met Winslow before. Winslow put her right.

"I went up to the suite," he explained, and fished in his pocket. "I found this on the mat. One of these notes?—what?"

As she took it, with a sharp intake of breath the retinue gathered round. "*Aha!*" breathed Dogface, licking his lips. "So he comes again tonight. Yes?"

In turn, Winslow took the note from him, and glanced over the message printed in penciled letters. "Narcissus?" he queried. "Is this the man? These folk, it seemed, were eating it.

But the cavalrymen ignored him. In the whiskers and sky-blue uniforms they looked wild enough to lynch a man in half a dozen different languages. "So tonight he waits by the Cupid Fountain in the *Jardin du Petit Palais*, hein?" muttered Dogface, massaging his gums with a thumb. "He waits for an answer to his notes under the trees! Good!"

"Good?" echoed Winslow.

Dogface removed the monocle and smiled. "*Mais oui!*" he laughed.

"May we what?" insisted Winslow.

"I hope you won't do anything, Henri," breathed the queen, "that will make a commotion and get into the newspapers at home. I hate romantic publicity." A look of pain stole into her perfect profile. "Imagine the headlines about Officers of the Cavalry Brigade avenging insult to Beautiful British Débutante. Poet Tarred and Feathered—"

The Cavalry Brigade snapped its fingers. "A good idea! The tar, yes! *Bon!*" Dogface collected a nod from his comrades. "We do tonight what we had prepared for the other day. We catch him, tie him up with ze sack over ze head, yes? and then off in the car to my house at Passy. *Chez moi* we hold ze court, and then, *ma chérie*, you watch us—*un-deux-trois*—and *Piff!* we throw this creature into the river, to swim home in the tar and the feathers."

"It looks," offered Winslow in the expectant pause that followed, "as if he were going to have a good time."

"I should hate," sighed the girl, "any unpleasantness. I hope you don't mean what you say. In any case, I couldn't drive out to your house in the same car with that man. Someone will have to stay away to drive me."

Three voices as one closed in on her, and Winslow slipped away. It was coming along better than he had planned. From a telephone directory he noted Dogface's address at Passy, and jotted it down on the back of the note he had found on the girl's doormat. He had taken a good deal of trouble with the block capitals in that note, and he hadn't been sure whether Narcissus had two s's, or three. Full of sweet thoughts of tar and feathers he applied himself to the next move.

He was half an hour late for lunch at the café-restaurant De La Croix D'Or off the Rue Du 4 Septembre, but Lorna and Teddie Frobisher had not noticed it. For thirty minutes the beetle enthusiast had been pouring his symptoms into the girl's receptive ear, and it looked as if it had done him a world of good. He had the dazed, happy look of a man conscious of someone handy who is being awfully nice to him.

"Shipmate," announced Winslow, "I've fixed it!"

"Fixed it?" Coming back to earth Teddie Frobisher grappled with it. "You—mean?"

"I only had to mention it to Aleyne," Winslow explained, "and she jumped at it. She has loved you all along."

"You saw Aleyne?" Lorna's voice was tense. "You told her that Teddie—"

"I arranged a meeting, sister. I thought it best to let the lad speak for himself."

"You didn't waste time," the girl said.

"Then," put in Teddie, awed, "she's going to see me? She understands?"

"I made it romantic," Winslow told him. "I know my stuff! I wanted to give you room. I wanted to give you atmosphere. I wanted to give you the Will to Win Through." He paused impressively. "You know that shady place among the trees in the *Jardin du Petit Palais* off the Champs Élysées? By the Cupid Fountain? That's the spot you meet her, shipmate! All you have to do is just wait there at ten o'clock tonight. The rest will just happen naturally."

The ferret and goldfish addict sighed happily. It seemed to him too good to be true. At twenty-three Cupid had got him for the first time and he did not know where he was. "Winslow," he managed huskily, "you're a good fellow. . . ."

"So they tell me," agreed his friend.

"I shall never forget this!"

"Believe me, you won't!"

"I feel so happy, I—I— You're sure there's no mistake?"

"There's no mistake, shipmate! Lorna and I are going to take you to this Cupid Fountain and see you in place."

The girl roused herself. "Me?"

"I ask you to come with me," pleaded Winslow, "as an old friend. Will you do it?"

For a moment she let her eyes linger on this love-stung young millionaire. If anyone ever hated four millions in steel, she hated it at that moment. Yet her soft smile was the smile of Mona Lisa. "I'll come," she agreed.

AS Teddie Frobisher waited by the Cupid Fountain for the magic hour of ten, the strains of a dance band faintly reached his ear. This spot, he was thinking, certainly afforded elbow room for romance. Not a soul was in sight.

Two minutes back, Winslow Moult had pushed him out of his car and indicated the chosen spot through the trees. As the car had moved off, a slim, gloved hand had waved a farewell

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through the window. Teddie, as he waited, was conscious of being troubled about this girl, Lorna. All day she had mixed herself somehow into the thrill of meeting this other—his queen. Was this dashing young fellow with a date to work off under the trees really himself? As he kept his solitary vigil, he doubted it. But of one thing he was certain: something wonderful was going to happen to him.

It did. One minute the moon above him was clear as crystal as he gazed at it, the next it was blotted out and something, it seemed, had been jammed into his mouth. A sack was pulled over his head, his legs swung up, his arms pinned, and the remarkable sensation of being carried rapidly away thrust upon him. Could this be love? he wondered. It seemed unlikely to him. He tried to shout, but the gag held firm. Inside a car as it hummed along, someone tied him up with rope, and folk were laughing as they prodded and pushed him. Strange feelings began to move the innermost parts of Teddie Frobisher. . . .

STRANGE feelings moved Lorna, too. From where Winslow had parked the car, she saw a limousine arrive—saw dim figures emerge and disappear into the trees—saw them come running back again with a kicking bundle in their arms. One moment it took to work it out, then Lorna stifled a scream.

"It's Teddie!" she cried.

But Winslow, stepping on the gas, was chasing the tail of that limousine.

When at length the car in front disappeared into the gates of a river-side house, the other car swung down a road to the left. A man with a rowboat was waiting at the quay. "Step in, sister," commanded Winslow. "We have to look into this business."

But Lorna shook her head. "I want to know," she stipulated, "what all this is about. Was—was that Teddie they had in that sack?"

Standing in the stern of the boat her companion looked grave. "I cannot deceive you, sister. It was."

She seized his arm, pulling from the shore. "Then why don't you do something! Oh, oh! if anything happens to him I think I'd die. . . ."

Recovering his balance with a long hop, the argonaut eyed her reproachfully. "Can I do more!" he demanded. "I'm going to get him in this boat—and you simply have to come aboard. Don't ask me who these fellows are. Did you think this was a petting party, or a pleasure cruise?"

From the terraced gardens adjoining came sounds of boisterous laughter and the scrape as of a body in a sack dragged over the gravel. With a handkerchief crammed into her mouth Lorna stepped aboard, and the argonaut doubled himself over the oars.

The next ten minutes for Teddie Frobisher marked an epoch in his blameless and inoffensive life. As they held him still to untie the sack against this parapet bordering the Seine, a new voice in the revelry reached his flaming ears.

"I think," it trilled, "you are all really too amusing! What an absurd little man!"

The iron entered into Teddie's soul as he recognized the cultured voice of his queen. Throned in a deck chair in the velvet darkness of the terrace, Aleyne was presiding at the revels. Something back from the days when Teddie once bit his nurse sketched up a picture of it for him. He set his teeth. If only, he was promising himself, they untied his wrists he was going to show this gang something Anglo-Saxon with both hands.

But he was denied the chance. With his wrists still bound, they whipped off the sack and thrust his head in a bucket of tar. Then as he spluttered they kicked him playfully around the terrace, throwing feathers. Good fun for the cavalry. But not so good for this nurse-biting buccaneer risen from the ashes of Edward St. Maur Frobisher. The slow-boiling blood of the Frobishers was blowing off steam.

With a gnash of the teeth he bit through the gag. With a corybantic heave he freed his wrists. Then, wiping the eyes clear, he took one look around and let himself loose. Dogface he laid stiff with the bucket; with the arm of a statue, torn off as he steadied himself, he sank two more; then launching a war howl into the night he got down to business.

It did not take long. Inside thirty seconds the field was clear. Drawing a deep, sweet breath, Teddie faced the girl rooted to her throne.

"Would you like me," he panted, "to show you some more?" In his fist the statue's arm quivered longingly, but chivalry held back that swipe.

"Why—Teddie!" gasped his queen.

"Yes—me." It surprised him too. "And let me tell you this! I don't admire your taste in jokes. I'm through." Away in the bushes something stirred: he loosed the masonry at it, pitching from the toes. "Next time you want to meet a fellow by the fountain, pick on some other fool."

"And—and they were going to throw you into the river!"

He laughed, turning back with a shrug toward the low parapet. "It would," he said, "take more than that to get me into this stream!" As he said it, his foot tripped over the spurred top-boot of Dogface and he took to the water in a pancake dive.

To the argonaut, backing water in midstream, it seemed to have been a long time arriving, but on the cue of that splash he wasted no time. When he had sculled to within a stone's throw of that black, swimming head: "Sister, I'm sorry," he said, and pushed his boatmate overboard. Then with the sigh of a man who has seen good work well done he pulled back to the steps and tied up the boat. . . .

HE PULLED them out of the water when they arrived, and fed them from a brandy flask. "Teddie, old scout," he confided to the dazed friend of his youth, "she jumped in to pull you out! It is not only the Great War that produces women such as these.

"At great risk of life and limb, laddie," expanded Winslow, "the girl jumped overboard. 'My man!' she cried. 'My man—'"

"Go away!" Teddie, it seemed, had noticed him for the first time. Her eyes were looking up at him now, timidly, he thought. And her lips were trembling. Instinct, as he tried to work this business out, was shouting advice in his ear.

"Just as you please, shipmate, of course. But—hang it all! When the girl has saved your life, and—"

"Push off!" As the bark of it died away, instinct had drawn this girl to him. Instinct was suggesting things now about those softly upturned lips. He found himself moving to do them.

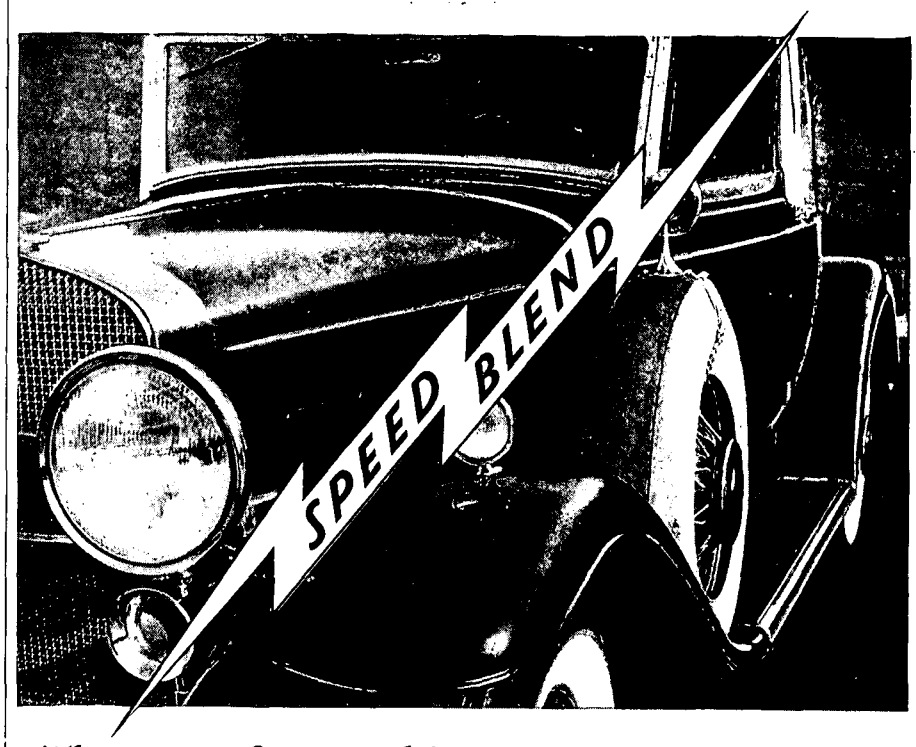
"Remember the tar, laddie!" warned his friend, and laid a restraining hand on his arm.

Sweetness and light had come to Teddie Frobisher. Without shifting the overlapping grip he lashed out backward with the right foot, transferring the scaremonger to the bushes.

"*Lorna!*" he gulped, seeing things clear, seeing them close, and seeing them in the round. "And all the time—"

"*Teddie!*" breathed the girl, and plucked a parking place clear of feathers. Tar baths, she was telling herself, were good for the complexion, anyway.


# DU PONT, *maker of DUCO, presents* SPEED BLEND




## The new, fast-working No. 7 Duco Polish to remove Traffic Film*

HERE'S *double-quick action* in restoring showroom newness to your car—cleans *and* polishes in one operation. *Here's ease*—a fraction of the work you formerly did in polishing your car. *And safety*—no acids or harsh abrasives in SPEED BLEND, made by du Pont, maker of Duco. No ordinary car polish can give Speed Blend results. *Be sure you get SPEED BLEND*—the NEW No. 7 Duco Polish.

**CARE WILL SAVE YOUR CAR**

**STOP RUST CHOKE!**
Clean out rust and scale with No. 7 Radiator Cleaner. More power, better engine performance.

**SAVE THE TOP!**
Restore the lustre, waterproof the top with No. 7 Auto Top Finish. You can brush it on in half an hour. It dries overnight. No. 7 is made by du Pont, the world's leading maker of auto top materials.

**QUICK CURE FOR WORN SPOTS!**

Touch up worn places and scratches on fenders, bumpers, tire carriers, etc., with du Pont No. 7 Touch-up Black. Brush supplied in can.

**KEEP BRIGHTNESS BRIGHT!**

with No. 7 Nickel Polish for radiator, lamps and hardware. Made by du Pont.

**WAX THE FINISH!**
After polishing car, use du Pont No. 7 Super-Lustre Cream to preserve gloss and protect finish against weathering. Much easier to use than ordinary waxes.

***TRAFFIC FILM**—Oily, sticky dust and grime, baked by the sun into a hard film which soap and water can't remove. Speed Blend takes it off—quickly—easily—safely.

• • •

**ON THE RADIO:** The du Pont *"SPEED BLENDERS"* each week over 30 radio stations from coast to coast.

**SEND COUPON—GET BEAUTY KIT**

Containing generous samples of (1) *No. 7 Duco Polish*, (2) *No. 7 Nickel Polish*, and (3) *No. 7 Auto Top Finish*. Enclose 10 cents to help cover postage.

• • •

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC., Desk C2, General Motors Bldg., DETROIT, MICHIGAN
*Canadian Industries Ltd., P&V Div., Toronto 9, Canada*

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay the mailing cost. (*Good only in U. S. and Canada.*)

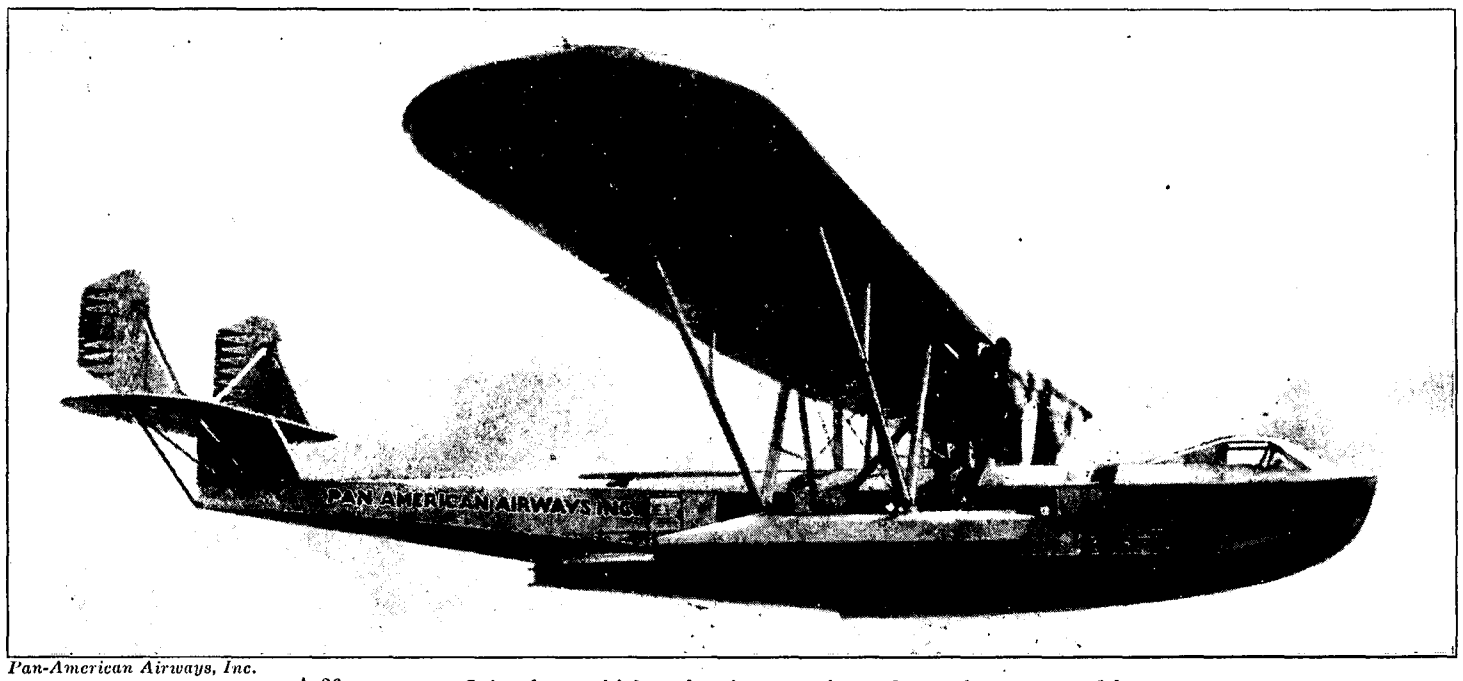
NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____


PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor




*Pan-American Airways, Inc.*

A 26-passenger flying boat which makes intercontinental travel a matter of hours

# Men of the World

YOU can now climb into an airplane and within a day or less arrive wherever you will in these United States.

Already scheduled commercial flights across the continent consume only about thirty-one hours. Soon the time will be less. Engineers are now making plans to bring the Atlantic and the Pacific ports no more than a long night's journey apart.

Chicago is already but a few hours from the other great centers of the Middle West. The territory within which a man can operate conveniently is being enormously extended. In the age of flight a continent becomes merely one neighborhood.

A hundred years ago thirty miles was a fair day's journey wherever in Europe or America roads were passably good. The railroad multiplied the horse's power twenty times, and it became possible for white men to populate the American continent.

The railroads made the United States a nation. Without the steam engine this nation could never have been. With the locomotive, the United States was inevitable.

As was the steam engine to the horse, so in time will be the airplane to the railroad. Flight is man's new possession. Speed is incalculably increased. Today already two and three miles a minute are the commonplace rates of fast planes. The day after tomorrow, five miles a minute may become practicable and safe. The plane multiplies by three or four the range of the locomotive.

Think, too, of the not less miraculous way in which you can extend your voice and make your desires known throughout the world. Take for instance the simple matter of the telephone. You can now sit in your own home and ask for practically any one of 20,095,000 telephones in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

You can talk, if the person at the other end of the line can understand you, to 338,000 stations in Chile, Argentina and Uruguay. You can talk to North Africa, to 9,633,000 phones in Europe, North and South, East and West.

You can call any one of nearly a half million phones in Australia and by next year you will probably be able to call up friends or business acquaintances in Asia.

The consequences of this are bound to be enormous and yet they are but one item in a vast tendency. Today motion pictures and talking pictures are being shown and heard throughout the world.

Primitive African tribes are seeing new ways of life, are absorbing new ideas and are responding to fresh aspirations because of what the cinema film tells them. Habits a thousand years old are challenged by these strange pictures which burst upon the native's vision. A picture of how men raise cotton in Nigeria is the yeast which changes the immemorial agricultural customs of the planters of Kenya. A film showing American actors changes the clothing of men and women who live in the heart of Asia or the depths of Africa.

Today the silent picture is a universal language. Everybody can understand simple pictures. What the cinema conveys to the eye the radio tells the ear, and soon television will reinforce the impression.

The radio is making for universal languages. English is being understood nearly everywhere because English is the speech of trade and trade is enveloping the globe.

We and our children and our children's children are stepping forward into a world different from anything men have ever previously known. Stupendous as were the revolutions of the nineteenth century, they were but paltry in comparison with the new things just beyond our horizon.

Today the new era is unfolding. Future historians will look back with wonder upon our generation. Living as we do in the backwash of a World War, we still cling to ancient prejudices, nationalistic urges and tribal pride as though we still were bound by the old fetters which tied us down to small areas and made it possible for us to see and know only those who lived close at hand.

Regardless of what politicians do, or fear to do, at Washington, London, Paris or Rome, governments cannot stem these onward rushing currents.

As we see more of each other and exchange words and ideas, we shall be closer together than ever before. Moreover, governments will have to accommodate themselves to the new facts.

In the years ahead some sort of world government is inevitable. We may not like a particular League of Nations but we shall like still less international anarchy.

As the automobile brought about good roads and traffic policemen, so the airplane, telephone, radio, motion picture and all the other paraphernalia of our time are making us conscious of new necessities if life is to be safe and comfortable.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Luck helps some but experience tells the story:

# Dill's Best SINCE 1848 is America's Best




J. G. DILL COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# An end to "Pink Tooth Brush"!

## Ipana with massage gives new firmness to lazy gums

YES—Ipana with massage is the beginning of new firmness, new health for those lazy, tender gums of yours! The soft foods we moderns eat do almost nothing toward keeping the gums hard and healthy. And lacking work to do, the gums become lazy, inert, tender—until "pink tooth brush" is likely to be a daily occurrence.

It isn't necessary to be an alarmist about an occasional "pink tooth brush." But dentists know that it is all too often the forerunner of any one of a whole group of gum troubles—of gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even the dread though far less frequent pyorrhea.

Neglected too long, "pink tooth brush" may lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth—may even threaten the teeth themselves.

The wisest course you can follow to check "pink tooth brush" is this. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, put some *fresh* Ipana on your brush or finger-tip and *lightly massage it into your flabby, touchy gums*. Very shortly you'll find that they're recovering that vitality and firmness they used to have when you were a child. There's ziratol in Ipana—and the ziratol plus the massage tones and stimulates the gums back to health. Keep on using Ipana with massage and you'll see no more of "pink tooth brush"!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-51
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

*Name*.....

*Street*.....

*City*..... *State*.....

© B.-M. Co., 1931

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED